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# THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1893.





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“WE SWEAR!”

*(Margarita, the Bond Queen of the Wandering Dhahs.)*  
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## *Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.*

### VII.—MARGARITA, THE BOND QUEEN OF THE WANDERING DHAHS.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

#### I.

“I declare that the Dhahs is a d Hassan—s expression n. nk that can be true,” responded Denviers; “it is hardly possible that any civilized human being would care to reign over such a queer race as those just described appear to be——”

“The Englishman is wrong in what he says,” interrupted an indolent-looking native, “for I once saw her myself!”

“You!” I exclaimed, “then tell us what you know about this queen.” The native was, however, by no means disposed to conversation, or indeed to do anything that disturbed his serenity.

From Southern India we had crossed over to Ceylon, and after a somewhat prolonged stay at Colombo, struck into the interior of the island. We visited Kandi, and having travelled for some days in the hilly district which surrounds it, arrived at the palm-covered hut of a Cingalese labourer, where, in spite of his protests, we stayed for a day to rest ourselves. Round the stems of the palms about us we saw, high up, that dead brushwood had been placed, by the rustling of which at night our unwilling host could tell if his few neighbours contemplated robbing him of the fruits of his toil. The only work, however, which he seemed to do was to stand at the door of his hut and gaze vacantly at the plantation of palm trees which he owned, and to

shake his head—usually in the negative—whenever we attempted to entice him into a conversation.

“Well,” said Denviers, looking with annoyance at our host, “if this Cingalese is too idle to tell us the full facts, I suppose we had better find them out for ourselves.” Then turning to the man he asked:—

“How far is the district over which these

“THE NATIVE POINTED TO THE NORTH.”

strange Dhahs are said to wander?” The native pointed slowly to the north and then answered:—

“The Dhahs were wandering afar in the forest when last I saw them, which was ful”



a day's journey from here, but the sun was hot and I grew tired." His remark certainly did not convey much information to us, but before an hour had elapsed we set out, guided only by the forest, which could be seen far away in the distance. Hour after hour passed until at last evening came, and even then we were only entering upon the fringe of the great forest which rose before us, and seemed to shut out the sky as we wandered into the thickness of the undergrowth and gazed up at the lofty tops of the trees which bent each other's branches as they interlaced one with another.

We stopped at last to rest and to refresh ourselves, after which we reclined upon the ground, facing a wide clearing in the forest, where we laid talking idly for some time, until the voice of Hassan warned us that someone was approaching. We listened attentively for a minute, but no sound could be heard by us save that of the fluttering of the wings of some bird among the branches above.

"You heard nothing, Hassan," said Denvers, "or else you mistook the rustling above for someone wandering in the forest glade." The Arab turned to my companion and then responded:—

"Hassan has long been accustomed to distinguish different sounds from a distance; the one which was heard a minute ago was caused by a human foot." He pointed to a tangled clump a little to the right of us, as he continued:—

"Listen, sahibs, for the sound of footsteps is

surely drawing near. From yonder thicket the wanderer will doubtless emerge." Presently a sound fell upon our ears, and a moment afterwards we heard the crackling of dead twigs as if someone was passing over them.

"The feet of the one who is approaching us are uncovered," volunteered our guide, whose keen sense of hearing was vastly superior to our own, and its accuracy was again proved fully, for, pushing aside the undergrowth which hindered his path, there stepped out upon the level track before us a singularly well-formed being, whose whole appearance was that of a man in his primitive, savage state. He was fully six feet in height, and wonderfully erect, his nut-brown skin

forming a warm setting for the rich, dark eyes which so distinguish Eastern races. His black hair clustered thickly above his forehead, on which we observed a circular spot, crimson in colour, and much resembling the *pottu* which Shiva women daily paint above their brows as a religious emblem. As Hassan had already said, the man's feet were bare of covering, while the single garment which he wore was a brightly spotted panther skin, which passed over the left shoulder to the right side, and then hung down carelessly to the knees. In one hand he carried a stout bow, and the band which

crossed his body over the right shoulder supported a quiver which hung gracefully behind. A savage, and in such a rude garb, the man seemed almost grand in his very simplicity.

"A Dhah!" exclaimed Hassan, quietly.

"A DHAH!"

"We have, indeed, met with good fortune." Again we heard the brushwood crackle, and a second man, resembling the first in appearance and dress, came forward, and together they held a conversation, interspersed largely with the gestures which play so prominent a part in the language of barbaric tribes.

"What can they be searching for?" Denviers asked Hassan, as the men seemed to be closely examining the trunks of several of the palm trees.

"I cannot tell, sahib," responded the Arab. Then he continued with a warning movement:—

"Hist! there are others coming, and they are bearing loads with them." Through the brushwood we next saw several Dhahs advance, each carrying upon his head a huge bundle of some twining plant belonging to a species which we had not observed hitherto during our wanderings in Ceylon. From its appearance we likened it to a giant convolvulus, for, while the pliant stem was as thick as a man's arm, there hung from it huge leaves and petals resembling that flower in shape. We moved cautiously into the undergrowth behind, thus getting a little farther away from the Dhahs, and, lying with our bodies stretched upon the ground at full length, we supported our heads upon our hands and narrowly watched the scene before us.

Following the commands of the Dhah whom we had first seen, one of the others deftly threw upwards a long coil of the climbing plant, which, on reaching a part of the trunk of one of the palm trees some distance above his head, twined round the stem. The rope-like plant was then fastened to another palm tree some little distance in front of the first, and lower down. Continuing this process in all directions we saw them construct before our astonished eyes a wonderful tent, the leafy green roof and sides of which glowed with a massy setting of white and crimson flowers. The front almost faced us, so that the interior of the tent was disclosed to our view, and then this strange tribe next placed within the tent a number of rich skins of various animals killed in the chase, the whole effect being viewed with satisfaction by the Dhahs when at last their labour was finished.

"What a curious tent!" Denviers exclaimed. "These Dhahs are indeed a strange people."

Just as he spoke a messenger came to them through the brushwood, whereupon the men who had constructed the tent threw

themselves down on either side of it. Within a few minutes we heard the sound of a number of footsteps approaching, and then a band of Dhahs stepped out from the brushwood through which the first had come, and joined those resting by the tent. Following these, we next saw a number of others, who ranged themselves before the men in a standing posture, and as they did so we judged from their attire that they were women.

Their raven hair was loosely twisted and threaded with pearls, while pendants of the latter hung from their ears. The garb which covered their forms was made of similar skins to those which the men wore, but more elaborately wrought, in addition to being gathered at the waist by a glittering belt made of the plumage of beautiful birds. Here and there a dark-eyed and lightly-clad child could be seen standing among the women. From time to time the glances of the Dhahs were turned in the direction whence they had entered the forest clearing, and the sound of their voices then ceased. They were evidently expecting someone, and we, remembering the strange rumour as to the nationality of their queen, began to watch the brushwood with considerable interest, being anxious to see her as soon as she emerged. That some event of unusual moment was about to take place upon her arrival we felt sure, from the disappointed looks which overspread the Dhahs' faces each time that their expectation of her coming was not realized.

"What do you think is about to happen?" I whispered to Denviers, as we kept quite still, fearing lest our presence should be discovered.

"Something strange, no doubt," he responded, "for I notice that the crimson mark which we saw upon the men's foreheads also adorns those of the women, and seems to have been recently placed there." Here Hassan interposed, in his usually clear, grave tone:—

"It is very rarely, indeed, sahibs, that the Dhahs have been seen wandering on the borders of the forest, for they usually keep within the wild and pathless interior; so, at least, your slave heard in Kandi."

"Well," I added, "we certainly have much to be thankful for, since there is every chance of our remaining here unobserved, and witnessing whatever ceremony is about to take place. The sun has not long set, and yet the moon is up already. The network of branches above us keeps out its light to some extent, still, we shall be able to see clearly what transpires."



"It will be unlucky for us if these Dhahs happen to discover our whereabouts," said Denviers, "for a shower of arrows shot from their stout bows towards us would make our present position anything but a pleasant one."

"They will not see us, sahib," continued Hassan, "unless we incautiously make some noise if anything unusual happens. They are not likely to cast many searching glances into the shadows which the trees cast, for they are apparently preoccupied, if we may judge from the excitement which they are evidently trying to suppress. We certainly must remain perfectly still when the queen appears, for thus only shall we see without being seen ourselves."

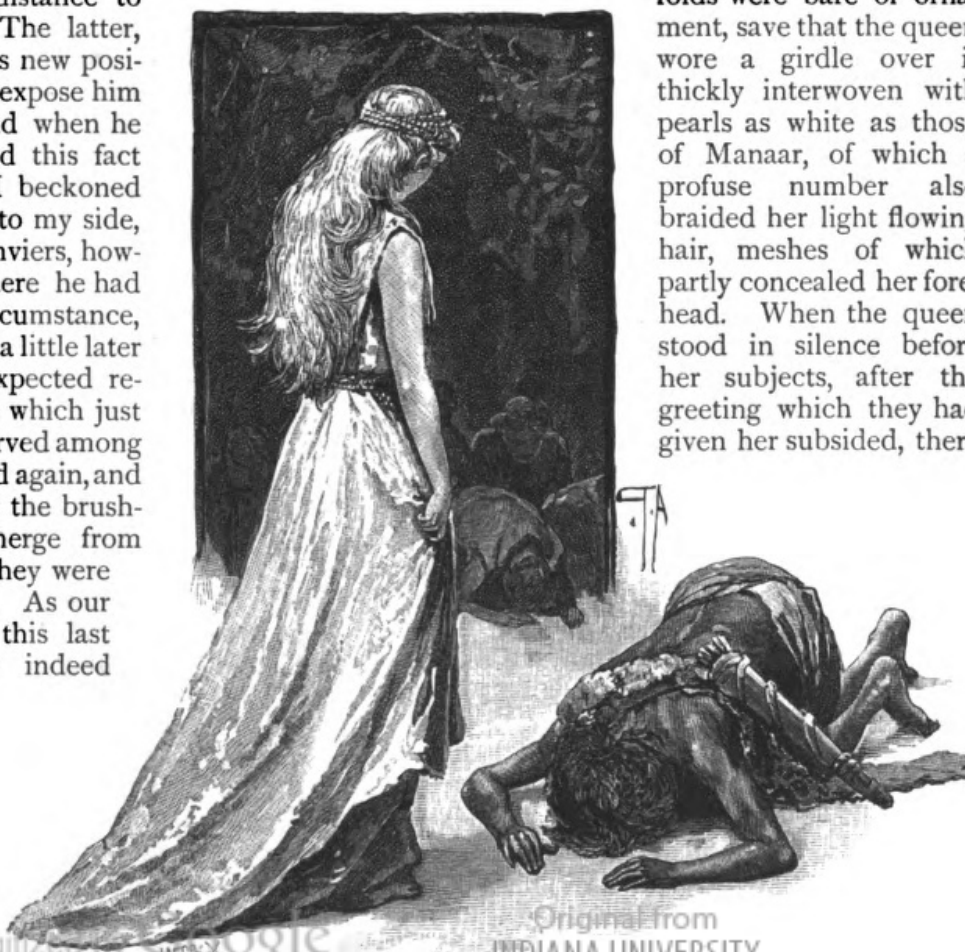
"That is easy enough to say, Hassan," I replied; "but in such a moment as that which faces us, we may easily forget to be cautious."

"Don't you think it would be a good plan if we were to separate a little from each other?" asked Denviers. Our guide seemed strongly in favour of this plan, and while I remained in the position which had been occupied hitherto, Denviers moved a few yards to the right, and Hassan about the same distance to the left of me. The latter, however, found his new position would readily expose him to observation, and when he had communicated this fact to me by signs, I beckoned to him to return to my side, which he did. Denviers, however, remained where he had gone, and this circumstance, slight as it was, led a little later on to a most unexpected result. The silence which just before we had observed among the Dhahs occurred again, and watching narrowly the brushwood we saw emerge from it the one whom they were eagerly expecting. As our eyes rested upon this last comer we were indeed startled, for before us was the Queen of the Dhahs, and we recognised in that moment that the rumour concerning her was true!

## II.

"SHE comes! Margarita!" burst from the lips of every assembled Dhah, as the queen slowly advanced and passed between her subjects, who lined the path leading to the tent. As she moved amid them they bent low, while here and there a warrior Dhah pressed with his lips her trailing garment as she passed. Reaching the tent the queen turned and faced the excited throng of subjects grouped round it, and then we saw more distinctly her features and the attire which she wore.

The age of the queen was apparently less than twenty, her clear, fair skin forcibly contrasting with the dark complexion of her subjects, whom she alone resembled in the colour of the soft, full eyes with which she glanced upon them. A look almost of sadness overshadowed her face, which all the adulation which she received from her subjects could not entirely banish. Her form, which was above the medium height, was clad in a flowing robe of a wonderfully soft and silky-looking material, woven possibly, we thought, from the inner bark of some tree. Its loose folds were bare of ornament, save that the queen wore a girdle over it thickly interwoven with pearls as white as those of Manaar, of which a profuse number also braided her light flowing hair, meshes of which partly concealed her forehead. When the queen stood in silence before her subjects, after the greeting which they had given her subsided, there



"PROSTRATING HIMSELF BEFORE HER."



issued from among the Dhahs that one whom first we saw in the forest. Prostrating himself before her he afterwards rose, and, having bent low his head, began :—

“Margarita, white queen of the dusky race whose habitation is the pathless forest, hail! Here, upon the border which limits thy domains, we pledge anew to thee the promise of fealty, of which the crimson star upon our foreheads is the token. By it we swear to thee that thy foes shall be our foes, and that over us, thy slaves, shalt thou have the power of life and death.” Then, turning to the Dhahs, who throughout this speech had maintained a death-like silence, he asked :—

“Swear ye this by the crimson star of blood which is placed upon your brows?”

The last word had scarcely left his lips when the subject Dhahs rose and, placing upon their foreheads their left hands, held aloft the right above their heads as they cried :—

“By the crimson tide, which rules the life of man, we swear!”

We watched the strange scene intently as each of the Dhahs, in turn, came forward and fell prostrate before the queen, then gave place to those who followed. The Dhah who had administered the oath remained near the queen until the ceremony was concluded, and seemed to number the subjects as they came forward. Then he fell before her and, for a second time, kissed the hem of her robe. Smiling gravely upon him, the queen extended to him her hand. Pressing his lips fervently upon it he rose, then, turning to those around, he exclaimed :—

“All have not sworn fealty. One among us has not taken the oath, and at sundown he did not bear upon his forehead the sacred mark!” There was an ominous frown apparent upon the brows of the Dhahs as these words were uttered, and when he added :

“Ye know the penalty which such transgression deserves; how then judge ye?” each man’s hand gripped his bow in a threatening manner, while even the faces of the women grew terribly stern. By one of those assembled was uttered a cry which leapt from lip to lip, for it was immediately caught up by all :—

“Death to the false one! Death when the day shall dawn!” A gleam of satisfaction, one almost of savage joy, passed over the face of the Dhah who stood beside the queen as he added :—

“The sentence upon the traitor is a just one; do thou then confirm it!” He turned as if about to seek himself for the one who was the cause of the tumult, when the momentary silence was strangely broken. Upon our ears was borne the sharp whizz of an arrow shot true from a tightly-strung bow; then the Dhah who had just finished speaking, with a wild cry that pierced the forest, threw his arms up as if grasping the empty air, and fell dead at the queen’s feet!

“Look yonder, sahib!” whispered Hassan, who was still beside me, “there is the one who sent forth the deadly shaft!” I turned my gaze hastily in the direction which the Arab indicated, and

“THE DHAH FELL DEAD.”

saw Denviers struggling with a fierce Dhah from whose hands he was trying to wrest a bow, and who had hidden in the brushwood near him without being observed hitherto! They were seen in a moment by the assembled Dhahs, and, with a wild rush, the latter poured down upon the combatants, seizing them as they still grasped the bow.

“Hassan,” I cried to our guide, “come on, we must get Denviers out of the hands of this horde somehow!” We dashed across the intervening space, and made a brief but desperate attempt to release our companion. It was as useless as it was rash, for we were

directly afterwards dragged, in spite of our struggles—as well as Denviers and his opponent—into the open glade, close to the dead body of the man lying there.

"We are betrayed!" cried one of the Dhahs. "The white spies have been led hither by the traitor among us that they may learn our strength, and then return with a force to destroy us! One of our number has already fallen; shall we not slay the captives over his dead body?" A fierce cry of assent rose from the others, as they fitted each a shaft to their bows and took deliberate aim at us as we were held fast by our captors. I saw the face of the queen grow pale as she rested her eyes, first upon the fallen Dhah and then upon us. Had men of her own race come that they might destroy the tribe which obeyed her slightest word? She made an imperative gesture, which caused the Dhahs to hold their arrows undischarged, though they still kept their bows bent, waiting eagerly for her to utter the word of command to slay us.

"Stop!" she cried, in a commanding tone. "Upon your foreheads ye wear still the pledge of obedience to me, with whom rests alone the power of life and death. Ye shall have justice to the full: I will hear what they can say in their defence, but if wantonly they have caused life to be taken, white though they be, I swear unto ye that they shall surely die." The Dhahs shifted their arrows from the bowstrings and seemed reluctant to give us even this short respite. I looked into the queen's face and read there that her threat against us was no idle one. She commanded the women and most of the men to retire—leaving us still held fast by our captors.

"We are not cowards," said Denviers, calmly, to her. "Hear what we have to say, and then decide our fate. Bid these savages release us from their grasp—we shall make no attempt to escape, I pledge my word." The queen glanced coldly at him as she responded:

"Be it as ye say." Then, turning to the Dhahs, she continued: "Take them within the tent, and then retire. Remain within an arrow shot from here, and if ye see one of the prisoners attempt to escape, slay him and spare not." We were conducted into the queen's tent, and there released. As the Dhahs withdrew Denviers turned to Hassan, and said:—

"Bid this savage who shot the arrow explain that we know nothing of him." The queen looked sharply at us, and then pointing to Hassan, asked:—

"Who is this whom ye have brought into the forest?"

I answered for us, saying: "He is our guide, with whom we have been wandering for some time. Why do you mistrust us, since you have ample proof that the fallen Dhah was shot by your own subject there?" and I pointed to the man, who, for a moment, had thrown himself down in the tent.

"Speak!" she commanded him. "Why did you shoot forth the winged messenger of death?"

To our surprise the man rose and confronted her boldly, as he answered:—

"Am I not a warrior? Can I not bend the bow and endure hardships better than anyone among the tribe over which thou rulest? Was not I prince of these Dhahs until the day when thou tookest possession of my right? Thou hast despised me and looked kindly upon another, wherefore have I sworn to refuse to take the pledge of fealty to thee when the time came round, and to stretch him dead at thy feet. Deliver me into the hands of the tribe if thou wilt, but thou art powerless to bring back life to thy favourite!" He stopped and drew himself up defiantly before her. The eyes of the imperious queen shone brightly with the fierce resentment which the Dhah's words roused in her.

"Darest thou then to confront thy queen so?" she asked, scornfully. "May not I choose whom I will upon whom to bestow my favours? Coward that thou art to shoot the shaft secretly, because thou darest not face thine enemy as a brave Dhah ever does! Thy crime has nearly cost these other prisoners dear; and I, ruling as I do this tribe without the exterminating feuds which distinguished it under thy misgovernment, doom thee to death. At sundown to-morrow shalt thou die; till then thou shalt live, scorned by the race upon which thou hast brought this stain." She moved to the front of the tent, and then we saw the Dhah dragged away by those whom the queen quickly summoned.

We were bidden to rest ourselves upon the piles of soft, rich skins which were spread there, and having promised to secure our safety, the queen, whose anger gradually subsided, observing the inquiring glances which we turned towards her, said, in a low tone:—

"The deed which ye have seen enacted to-night has smitten me sorely. For ten years have I lived among these Dhahs, for to-day is the anniversary of that upon which I





"TO-MORROW SHALT THOU DIE!"

came to them, and so it is that ye chance to see their promise to obey me renewed. To-morrow it is expected that I, too, will take in turn the oath, by which yearly I have sworn to them to remain in this forest until the seasons change and change again. At midnight to-night my last promise expires, and for a few brief hours I shall not be their bond queen. By your glances I judge that ye would learn my history. Strange as it is, I must narrate it briefly, for, because of the death which ye have witnessed, I now have a request to make which may sound unusual upon your ears."

### III.

THE dark eyes of the queen glanced at us as she began her story, the sequel to which we did not at all anticipate:—

"I was a mere child when it chanced that I strayed from the hut which my English parents inhabited on the borders of this forest. Of them I know nothing. I remember the cry of surprise which came from the lips of a Dhah woman when she found me, and then carried me among her tribeswomen to show to them. It is forbidden among us for a Dhah to ever pass beyond the limits of this forest, and so it transpired that, knowing nothing of other races, they were astonished at my strange whiteness. I have

heard that at first they contemplated my death, thinking that my presence would bring dire misfortune upon them. The woman who found me averred, on the contrary, that my appearance betokened great advantages to the tribe, as I was sent to dwell in the forest as a goddess. Afterwards, believing this, they paid me the most abject worship for years. When I grew older I longed to escape, but they were determined that I should not do so, and compelled me to take an oath to stay with them for a year, which I have renewed as often as the promise expired. Finding that I disliked the adoration which they paid to me, they deposed their prince—he whose hand shot the fatal arrow, as, alas! ye saw—and although for a time I refused to accept the position, I was eventually made their queen—even as I am now.

"Many times I desired to leave them, but of late that wish has grown feeble, for he, whom ye know now lies lifeless before the tent, bent his dark eyes, and looked into mine, which returned his glances. One day I thought to raise him even as a prince to my side, for all the tribe trusted in him as much as they disliked the one deposed. Now that he is slain, the wish to depart has again re-entered my breast, and ye, who are of the same kindred as I, surely ye will aid me? How came ye hither, on foot or otherwise?"

"We left our horses on the edge of the forest," said Denviers, "but we did not expect to be so long absent from them. How wilt thou depart from these Dhahs? Surely they will avenge themselves upon us, for they will assuredly think that we have influenced you to desert them." The queen paused for a minute, then answered:—

"I could not bear to leave them openly, for I have grown to be almost one of themselves, and they are dear indeed to me. I will accompany ye to where your horses are tethered; and waiting there for me I will come to ye again upon the steed which has never known saddle."

The plan of escape seemed simple enough, but the slightest mishap might bring us into conflict with the whole tribe of



Dhahs, who would doubtless be infuriated if they thought that their queen was lost to them through us, as Denviers had suggested. It seemed to us a strange termination to our adventure, but in obedience to a gesture from the queen we rose, and, accompanied by her, passed the guards in safety. As she emerged from the tent, the queen bade us wait for her for a minute, and stopping, we saw the woman bend down sadly over the silent form lying there under the trees, which half shut out the

now carried the weapon of the tribe over which she had so long ruled—a bow—and that across her fair shoulders was slung a quiver of arrows, when a sudden cry rose from the forest, and at the same moment Hassan exclaimed:—

“Quick, sahibs! The Dhahs are upon us!”

We leapt upon our horses and dashed away from the forest just as a heavy shower of arrows narrowly missed us. Hassan went on in front, while Denviers and I galloped on



HER HAND TOUCHED THE ARROW."

midnight sky. Her hand touched the arrow and gently drew it forth—tipped with blood! Then placing it within the upper folds of her dress she passed silently on through the clearing, and so accompanied us to the spot where our horses were, whence she departed.

"I am afraid that this affair may yet turn out badly for us," I remarked to Denviers, as we untethered our steeds and waited for the queen's return. "Where shall we make for when we start?"

"For the hut of the Cingalese, which we left some time ago," he responded. "It will afford her some shelter, and we can keep watch outside."

He had scarcely finished speaking when we saw the queen riding towards us upon a snow-white steed. As the moonlight touched her spotless robe and her floating hair, with the pearls which adorned it, she seemed to us to be more like some vision than a living reality. I had just time to notice that she

either side of the queen. Glancing back at the Dhahs I observed that they were massed already upon the margin of the forest, the flight of their queen having become rapidly known. The women raised a mournful and appealing cry of entreaty to her to go back to them, and, glancing at the queen, I saw that her face was wet with tears. We heard the hoarse shouts of the warrior Dhahs when they found that their arrows fell short, but they did not dare to pass the limits of the forest beyond which their strange law forbade them to go. We rode on for some hours at a rapid rate, then, on nearing the hut of the Cingalese, Denviers leapt down and succeeded in awaking its sole occupant, who was induced to vacate it. The queen dismounted and entered the hut wearied, as we thought, with the long ride, for the dawn had come before we finished our journey. Hassan secured the horses, and soon after we were all lying at a little distance from the hut fast asleep in the shade of some giant ferns.

The morning was far advanced when we awoke, but hour after hour passed and the door of the hut remained closed. Becoming uneasy, at last I ventured to open it. The queen had disappeared!

"Denviers!" I shouted. "Come here a minute!" My companion hastened towards the hut, and was considerably surprised to find it empty. Glancing round it we saw against one of its thin palm leaf sides an arrow projecting. Going close to it we found roughly scratched beneath it a message to us, which said simply:—

*"The Queen of the Dhahs could not rest away from her people and the forest where lies her dead lover!"* We stared at the writing incredulously for a minute or two, then a sudden thought occurred to me:—

"Hassan!" I shouted, "see to the horses." The Arab went slowly to the spot where he had secured them, but hastily returned saying, in an animated tone, somewhat unusual for him unless when excited:—

"Sahibs, the white steed is no longer there!" and he looked gravely at us as he spoke.

"Well," said Denviers, as Hassan finished speaking, "this has been a strange adventure from beginning to end. How could such a woman care to spend her existence with those Dhahs? It seemed curious to me at the first, but after seeing her and observing

the contrast between her and her subjects, I am still more surprised."

"The Dhahs are known throughout Ceylon," interposed Hassan, "for the honour which they pay to their queen, and that may influence her to remain with them; besides, they are a handsome race, very different to such as this man," and he pointed to the Cingalese, who was again vacantly staring at his plantation of palm trees.

"What do you think will become of the man who shot the Dhah, sahib?" asked Hassan, as he turned to Denviers. My companion was silent for a moment, then responded:—

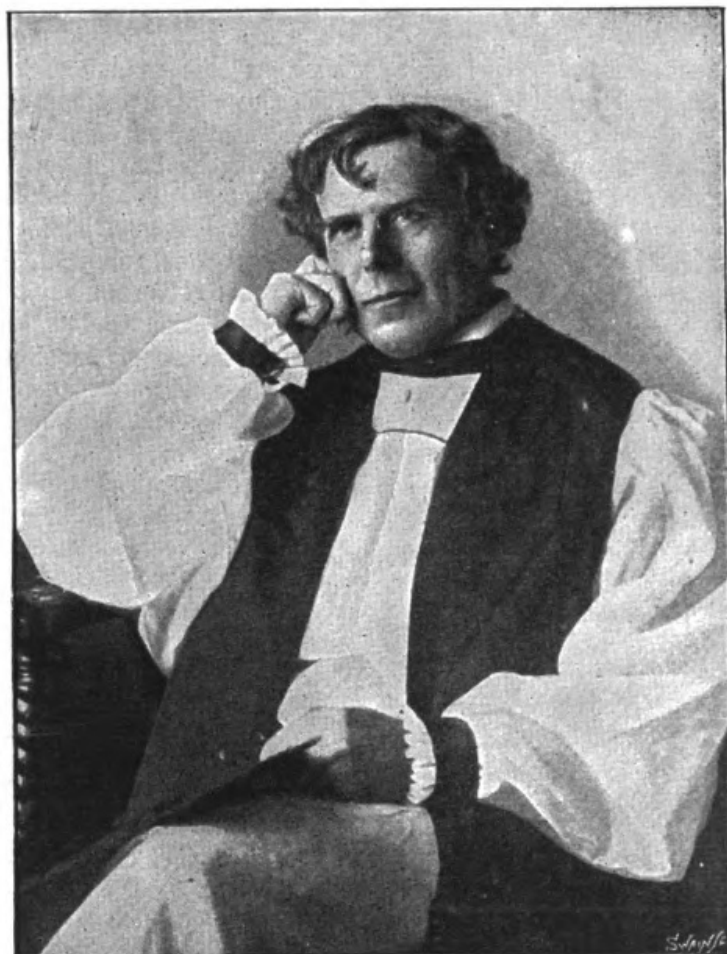
"I really cannot say. He is doomed to die at sundown to-day, but I daresay someone will intercede for him with the queen." Then, holding out towards the Arab the arrow which we had found within the hut, he continued:—

"Take care of that, Hassan, for if we are able I should like to keep it as a memento of this event." The Arab examined it closely to see what constituted its value, and Denviers, thinking that it might disappear like sundry other lost treasures of ours, added: "It is a poisoned arrow, and if put in that sash of yours might prove very dangerous." Hassan understood the hint, as subsequent events proved, and, calling upon Mahomet as a witness to his integrity under such trying circumstances, carried it cautiously away and placed it among our baggage.



## *Illustrated Interviews.*

### XIX.—THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.



*From a Photo. by*

THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*

**I**T was a long, cold journey to Ripon. When I reached the Palace the time of five o'clock tea had long since passed—it only wanted half an hour to the first dinner bell. But a cup of deliciously warming tea was ready for me. This kindly thoughtfulness seemed to break down every barrier calculated to make one feel anything but perfectly "at home." Then, when the Bishop returned from a long day's work, the impressions gathered over the refreshing cup with his wife became a reality. It may at once be said that there is very little difference between him who preaches from the pulpit and him who sits down and talks with you in his own house.

The Bishop of Ripon is acknowledged to be one of the most eloquent preachers of the day. He is as gentle in his manner as he is convincing in his utterances. He is

utterly free from anything suggestive of an over-estimated "I." He seems always to speak from his heart, and continually with the single thought of never giving a hurtful word. In truth, he is as impressive in the home as in the cathedral. Yet, when he is at home, there are his children, young and old. He is heart and soul with them in their play. Little Beatrice—whose pet name is Daisy—and five-year-old Douglas—familiarly known as Chappie—already know that there are merry games to be enjoyed in which their father watches over both.

We spent the evening after dinner in going through the house. The Palace, Ripon, is a semi-modern building, having been built some fifty years ago. The first stone was laid on Monday, 1st October, 1838, by Bishop Longley, and its correct entire cost was £14,050 1s. 8d. The rooms are large and handsome. The entrance-hall abounds in





From a Photo. by]

THE ENTRANCE HALL.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

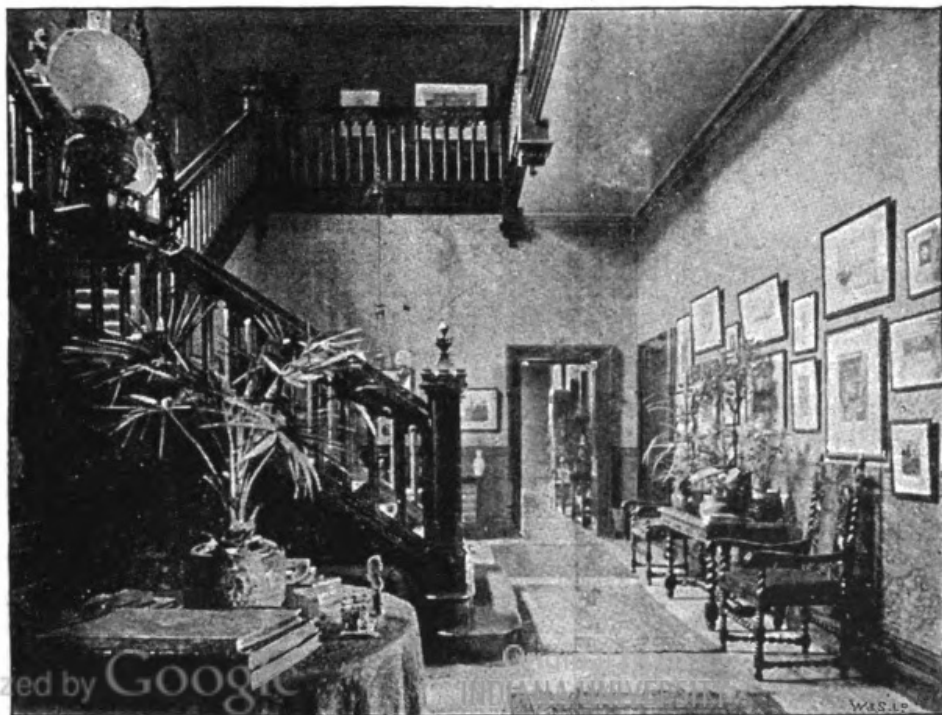
flowers and ferns, and contains at least two valuable canvases. One is a life-size picture by Grant of Archbishop Longley—the first Bishop—the other, by Watts, is that of Bishop Bickersteth, the second Bishop. Both of these are heirlooms of the See of Ripon. Just beyond is a second hall, where is the great oak staircase leading to the rooms above. This corner is rich in etchings and engravings. Paul Sandby, R.A., is well represented with his "Windsor"; works by Aumonier, Fred Slocombe, Charles Murray, David Law, Joseph Knight, Meissonier, and a striking etching of Napoleon, by Ruet, are noticeable. There are many quaint old views of "Ripon Minster," a Soudanese sword which one of the Bishop's sons brought from Egypt, whilst on a table is a very clever model of the Bishop's father's church at Liverpool. It was made by an invalid lady,

and her ingenious fingers have handled the cardboard and gum most artistically.

Immediately opposite to the hall is the Holden Library. A picture of the Rev. J. Holden, who not only founded it, but left a small endowment to keep it in good order, hangs over the fireplace. Here the clergy of the diocese may come and consult the volumes. It is a fine room, and its outlook upon the rising ground of

the garden is pleasantness itself.

We were just leaving the library when a soft pit-pat, pit-pat at our heels caused me to turn. The quiet, disturbing footfalls were made by a beautiful blue Angora cat, which was accompanied by George, the pug, who had made his presence known at the dinner table. Both Sultan, the cat, and George proved to be the most interesting of animals imaginable. Sultan's kittens are sold for charitable purposes, and a little litter realized



From a Photo. by]

THE INNER HALL.

[Elliott &amp; Fry



numberless portraits, and photographic reminiscences of travel. The curiosity, however, of this apartment is a replica of the bust of Dante at Naples. The Bishop of Ripon is a very earnest and enthusiastic student of the great philosophical poet. Pictures of Dante, indeed, abound throughout the house, and in the study—to be visited later—are to be found many

*From a Photo. by]*

THE HOLDEN LIBRARY.

*[Elliott & Fry.*

£10 for the Wakefield Bishopric Fund. George used to worry the sheep—he was the death of seven. He saw a St. Bernard causing trouble amongst the universal providers of lamb and mutton, and he could not resist the temptation to imitate his bigger brother. But he has long since been forgiven.

“Sultan and George,” said the Bishop, “were the greatest of rivals when they first came here—now they are the best of friends. One bitter cold night George set up a terrible barking. I left my room, went downstairs—nothing apparently the matter. But George would not let me go. He barked and ran to the door. Then I heard a low, piteous cry. I opened the door, and in walked Sultan from the snow-covered step, perished with cold!”

I gave George a pat on the head—I fancy he knew what we had been talking about. Away he cantered with Sultan, and we went into the drawing-room. There are two such apartments at the Palace, each leading into the other. Both look out upon the grounds, the trees in which now bear the golden-tinted reminders of autumn upon their branches, and the grass is plentifully strewn with the chestnuts blown down by the wind. The smaller of the two rooms abounds with dainty water-colours—light, bright and tiny paintings of sea-side views and flowers—

rare and valuable editions of him who conceived the never-to-be-excelled “Inferno,” including Lord Vernon’s, the Landino editions of 1481, and the Nidobeato of 1478.

The large drawing-room affords a distant and picturesque view of the great square tower of the cathedral. The Palace is really on a level with it, so great is the rise in the ground. This apartment, like all the rooms indeed, is richly perfumed by flowers; exquisite china and silver nick-nacks are everywhere, and the Bishop evidently does not believe in the untold troubles associated with the presence of peacocks’ feathers. There are several fans made from the “unlucky” stalks. One table seems given up to the congregating of tiny china animals—the most diminutive of pigs, kangaroos, rabbits, dogs, and ducks. The pictures are mostly marine subjects: two fine dockyard scenes are by Charles Dixon. Dixon—whose father,

*From a Photo. by]*

“GEORGE” AND “SULTAN.”

*[Elliott & Fry.*

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

it will be remembered, painted "The Pride of Battery B"—was only sixteen when he painted them. A grand skin from a St. Bernard has its story to tell. The Bishop had two such dogs. His lordship changed his coachman and groom. Together with his family the Bishop left the Palace for a time, and the dog pined away. His skin now lies by the window. Alas! his more callous wife is still alive in the stable. Two of its offspring are in the safe keeping of a well-known clergyman, who, being in doubt as to what name he should bestow upon his newly-purchased pups, out of gratitude for the invigorating influence of the Harrogate waters determined to call them Sulphur and Magnesia!

The dining-room need be of goodly size—frequently some thirty or forty people sit down at its tables. There are many fine oil-paintings here. Two bear the initials "A. S." "A. S." was Arthur Stocks. When the Bishop of Ripon was vicar of St. James's, Holloway, Arthur Stocks was a superintendent in the Sunday school. He used to travel backwards and forwards twice every Sabbath to the school, and when he died he left a wish that his quondam vicar should

*From a Photo. by*

have one of his works. It has the best place in the room, though there are several valuable works of the Titian School, and a striking canvas, believed to be a Mazzoni, which was picked up in a general shop in a western town.

A long corridor runs level with the dining-room outside. Its walls are lined with pictures and photographs, all reviving pleasant memories. A dual picture of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stanley is autographed by nearly all who signed the register on the occasion of their marriage—such names as W. E. Gladstone, Sir Frederick Leighton, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. It was the Bishop of Ripon who officiated at the ceremony—probably the first and only Bishop who has

conducted a wedding service the whole of which was "received" into phonographs placed in the Abbey. There are excellent portraits of Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor; whilst Archbishop Longley—who surely occupied more ecclesiastical Sees than any previous prelate—has signed himself as Ripon, Durham, York, and Canterbury to a striking portrait of himself. Henry Irving is not forgotten; but perhaps the most striking sketch is that of General Gordon—just by the side of a map of Khartoum. The inscription reads: "General C. E. Gordon, from an hour's sketch I made of him on 21st December, 1882.—Ed. Clifford." Mr. Clifford was the only English artist the Hero of Khartoum ever sat to. Above the frame

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*

is a *fac-simile* of his last message: "I am quite happy, thank God; and, like Lawrence, I have *tried* to do my duty."

A photographic group of his lordship's working men's committee hangs near—their willing and kindly work is much valued. The Bishop is a purely practical prelate. This working men's committee has been formed with the aid of the clergy in Leeds. Leeds has some fifty parishes, and five working men are chosen out of each—giving a body of 250 strong. They help chiefly at special services such as those held on Good Fridays.

As we were discussing the peculiar advantages of soliciting the services of the workman to meet his brother workman, the dist





From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

sound of the chapel organ was heard. Its echo came very sweetly through the corridor. It was the time of evening service. The dim glow from the lamps lent an air of solemnity to the little chapel, and when the service was over we remained behind for a few moments. I could just distinguish the altar steps of white, black and red—the Dante combination of colours—and the peaceful light from the moon streamed through the stained glass windows on to the oaken stalls, showing faintly the outlines of apostles and saints. One of these was put up in 1852, in remembrance of the Rev. Charles Dodgson, exarmining chaplain to Bishop Longley and the father of the author of "Alice in Wonderland." It was here in the morning that I witnessed the gathering together of twenty or thirty clerics, who were licensed to new curacies and livings. We left the chapel, and ascending the great oaken staircase entered the study. This is essentially a room for work. The bookshelves contain some thousands of volumes—the only photo about the place is that of a family group. In one corner of the room stands a tin box, in which are three volumes of autographs, and the pages of these valuable volumes may be gone through, and the autographs of nearly all the Archbishops and Bishops of England for the last 200 years may be seen, including Juxon, Bishop of London, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold. A book containing photographs of the churches in the diocese reveals that Bishop Longley—the first Bishop of Ripon—was of a dis-

tinctly practical character. He started this ingenious index to the state of his churches. As soon as any alteration is made in a place of worship it is photographed. This shows the Bishop at a glance exactly how his churches are progressing from an architectural point of view.

The Bishop sat down, and it was whilst listening to much of the deepest interest regarding his work that I noticed the Prelate

more closely. He is a trifle below the medium height, slightly whiskered, with iron-grey hair curled all about his head and brow. His face is intensely kind, and his every word and action suggestive of true and unaffected humility. Indeed, it is this very humility that has prevented his work becoming wider known. He is remarkably simple in his dress. Bishops, we know, have opportunity of seeing the sad, and indeed the seamy side of clerical life. If a man is a Bishop, he can still remain a brother. The putting on of the lawn lessens not his love for, and interest in, the young curate who only wears the linen surplice. He lives a quiet, homely, simple life, though always hospitable to others. How could he do otherwise, when he hears of cases like that of the poor cleric with a wife and eight children, who, after preaching his Sunday sermon, returns home to a meal of oatmeal gruel, and that meal would have been wanting had not a kindly farmer given it to his shepherd?

The Bishop of Ripon has a diocese extending over a million acres and numbering a million people. Between seventy and a hundred changes take place every year. He travels much. He estimates he covers between 10,000 and 12,000 miles every year.

We spoke about preaching. On this subject the Bishop believes that each man must use the method best suited to himself. There have been effective preachers both of written and extempore sermons. The question of memory came up, and the Bishop



said: "I learnt something of this from the biography of Chancellor Bird, of Lincoln, who said, 'The memory is very sensitive of distrust; if you trust it, it seldom fails you.' I have tested this more than once. On one occasion I was preaching at St. Paul's. When I got into the pulpit I thought I could not remember the number of the verse of my text. I knew the chapter, and opened my Bible there, but could not see it. People began to move about, but I hazarded a guess, and fortunately it was right."

I learnt yet another example of this whilst in Ripon, though not from the Bishop. He was preaching at Bradford one Sunday morning two years ago. One of his many

ing for the University extension movement. We said "Good-night."

When I reached my room I sat down by the fire and remembered that the Bishop was fond of his joke. He has a name—William Boyd Carpenter—the latter of which is capable of a very merry conversion. The story is told how, before being appointed to the See of Ripon, he once married a young couple with the assurance that he was not only a Carpenter but a Joiner. Only a few months ago he was about to lay the foundation stone of a new vicarage. The architect handed him the trowel, etc., inviting him to become "an operative mason for a few moments."



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

dramatic movements knocked his book from the pulpit cushion. It was just in the middle of the sermon. He never so much as glanced at the fallen volume, and my informant said he had never heard the Bishop more eloquent.

"You ask me if I advocate the preaching of other men's sermons," said his lordship, repeating my question. "There is one thing about it. It behoves every man to advocate the simplest honesty. If any cleric exchange his sermon with another, let him say from the pulpit, 'I'm going to give you So-and-so's sermon to-day.'"

We talked on, being joined by Mr. Harry Carpenter—the Bishop's eldest son—who frankly declared himself to be a happy, recently-called barrister, and just now lectur-

"I would rather remain a working Carpenter," was the witty reply.

I stirred my fire, and amongst the flickering embers I could almost see the faces of a happy pair at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. The Bishop was officiating. The charming though nervous bride experienced some difficulty in taking off her glove at the right moment to receive the wedding ring.

And a very soft whisper of kindly assurance came from the clergyman's lips.

"Don't be flurried," he said, *sotto voce*; "there's plenty of time, and they are bound to wait for us!"

When I awoke in the morning I looked from my window. It was very early, and the sun was lighting up the tower of Ripon Cathedral as it rose above the tree tops,





From a Photo. by]

THE CORRIDOR.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

It was a fair scene. You could count a dozen rabbits hopping about on the grassy lawn leading down to the tennis court, and sitting nervously for a few moments, and glancing anxiously this way, that way, and every way in expectancy of a disturbing footstep. And as I looked out upon the beautiful scene of autumn-tinted trees and grassy mounds, with just a last rose of summer here and there, I could almost distinguish those little Arabs from the by-streets and slums of Leeds. They were running about in tatters, shouting themselves hoarse with delight, and turning unlimited catharine-wheels in their happy delirium. I could hear them distinctly clapping their hands; I could not hear the patter of their feet, though—the poor little fellows were bootless. Then they ceased their play for a moment. Somebody was beckoning to them to follow him. He quietly led them beneath the branches of the very biggest tree in the garden. He pointed his finger upwards. It was a very short sermon—a sermon from a text set up by Nature which the tiniest mite amongst this tattered congregation could understand.

"Little children," he said, "I want you to grow up like this tree—with nothing between you and Heaven, nothing save the branches which you must shoot out—branches of help to others."

And the children went to play again.

Then I spied from my window a fine piece of level ground. The railway men

were playing cricket there. How they seemed to enjoy the huge plum-puddings after throwing down their bats and leaving the wickets! The toothsome puddings had been contributed by the ladies of the city, and made hot and steaming in the great copper of the Palace kitchen.

After breakfast, the Bishop and I went for a long walk around the grounds—there are sixty or seventy acres of land here, and a small home

farm. The Palace—which I now saw properly for the first time—is built of stone, the monotony of which is relieved by many a climbing nasturtium and cluster of ivy leaves. The chapel stands at right angles to the house. It was added later, and is the gift of the late Archbishop Vernon Harcourt to the See of Ripon.

There is rather a curious thing about some of the decorative work on the exterior of the Palace. An episcopal diary started by Bishop Longley, and preserved at the Palace, mentions that amongst many carved "heads" on the chapel was that of a Bishop. A strong gust of wind blew it down: all the others, which were decidedly unclerical, remained! But the most amusing entry in this book refers to two figures of angels at the south-east and south-west corners. Seeing that the Queen and Prince Consort had only been married a few months when the Palace was built, instructions were given to imitate in the carving of the angels the features of Her Majesty and her Consort. But the stone-mason, being possessed of a certain prosaic mind, was not content with the attempt to give the features of the Prince, but represented him as an angel arrayed in a field-marshal's uniform and wearing the ribbon of the Garter! Of course it was altered at once.

We had walked on and stood still for a moment at the end of a long avenue carpeted with fallen leaves.



"Now you can see Norton Conyers! It is about four miles from here," said the Bishop. "Charlotte Brontë once had a holiday engagement as governess there, and a room is still shown where it is said the mad woman was confined whose story the gifted authoress told in the pages of 'Jane Eyre.'"

Then as we wended our way across to the farm, down paths lined with hedgerows, and through many wicket gates, we paused at times as the Bishop looked back upon his quiet though useful life.

The Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter was born at Liverpool on March 26th, 1841. His father was vicar of St. Michael's there for twenty-seven years. His first schooling was obtained under Dr. Dawson Turner, at the Royal Institution School, and amongst famous boys of the Royal Institution were Bishop Lightfoot, Canon Duckworth, Professor Warr, and Mr. Crosse.

"Dr. Dawson Turner," said the Bishop, "was a sort of cosmopolitan—he tried to teach a little of everything. He was a good-hearted man. He loved to give threepenny-pieces to the boys who pleased him. I well remember one day during prayers—we were all assembled in the big hall—and the head master was reading them. Suddenly the door opened and a big boy, very nervous and conscience-stricken, who thought he ought to be at prayers, crept quietly in. Dr. Turner looked up and said, in the same tone as he was reading, 'Go out—go out! Somebody put that idiot out!' Then he went on with his reading exactly in the same voice.

"The man I learned most from was Albert Glyn, our mathematical master—one of the best teachers that ever breathed. He would never let you pass a thing unless you thoroughly understood it. It was he who made mathematics an interesting and fascinating study to me."

We spoke of the time when the Crimean war broke out, when the Bishop was full of the boyish ardour of thirteen years of age. His schoolmaster would not give him a holiday to see the troops going off, but his father did. It was a sight to be remembered when the troops embarked during the war. The news was watched for eagerly, and talked over nightly. The Bishop's family, like so many others, had relatives in the war. Captain John Boyd, the Bishop's uncle, who was in command of the *Royal George*, planted the only shot in Cronstadt. Later he lost his life in attempting to rescue the crew of a small brig off Kingstown harbour.

His monument is in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

At this point of our conversation the Bishop alluded to a well-known story and epigram.

The story on which the epigram is founded is of two Irishmen, one of whom challenged the other to a duel. But when the eventful hour arrived one sat down and wrote that, were it only his honour at stake he would meet his opponent, but his wife depended on him, so he begged to decline. The other individual sent a message to say that if honour were the only consideration he would come, but he

had a daughter and therefore prayed to be excused. So the epigram read:—

Two brave sons of Erin, intent upon slaughter,  
Improved on the Hebrew's command:  
One honoured his wife and the other his daughter,  
That their days might be long in the land.

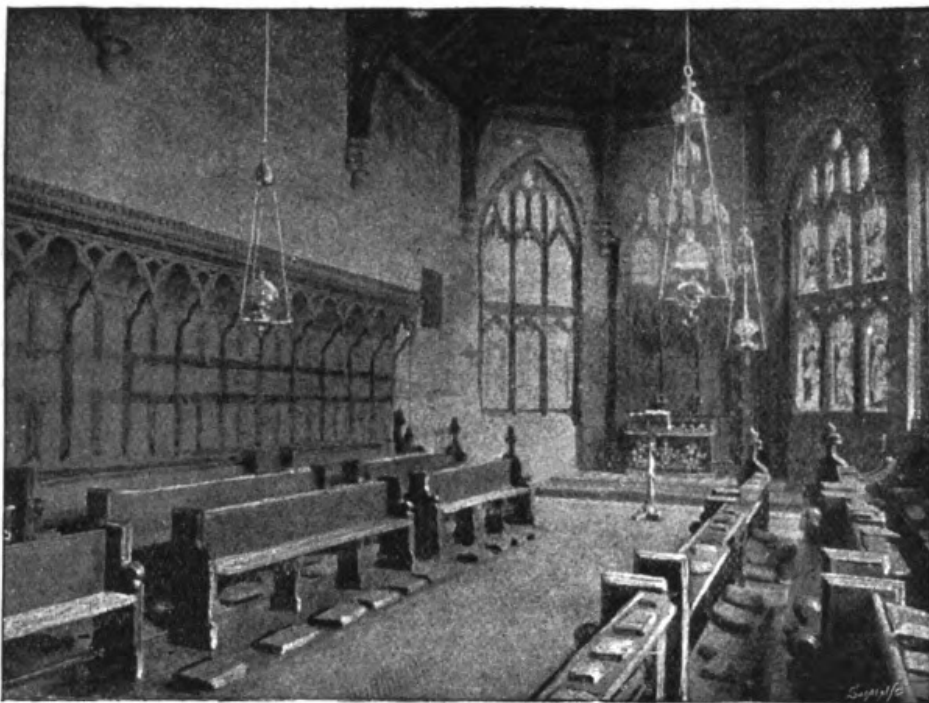
"This clever epigram," said the Bishop, "is popularly said to have been written by Flood, but I have always understood that it was written by my mother's mother."

That the Bishop's pen is occasionally employed in throwing off these epigrams is shown by the following. It will be remembered that at the time of the great storm at Samoa, Captain Kare, with a pluck and judgment which evoked the applause of the

*from a Drawing by* GENERAL GORDON.

*[E. Clifford.]*





From a Photo. by]

THE PRIVATE CHAPEL.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

American and German crews in the harbour, took his vessel out to sea and so saved her. When questions were asked in Parliament as to what honour would be conferred on Captain Kane in recognition of his services, the First Lord of the Admiralty replied "that Kane had only done his duty, and if he had lost his ship he would have been court-martialled." So the Bishop wrote :—

What shall be done for Kane?

Who brought his vessel safe through wave  
With skilful hand and heart as brave;

What shall be done  
for Kane?

What shall he have?

"We solve the  
knot,"

Cries the First  
Lord, impartial;

"If Kane had failed,  
he would have got  
Our pickle rod—  
court-martial."

Then talk no more of  
praise or gain,  
Our English principle  
is plain:

When storm winds  
rise to hurricane,  
If Kane escape he  
'scapes the cane!

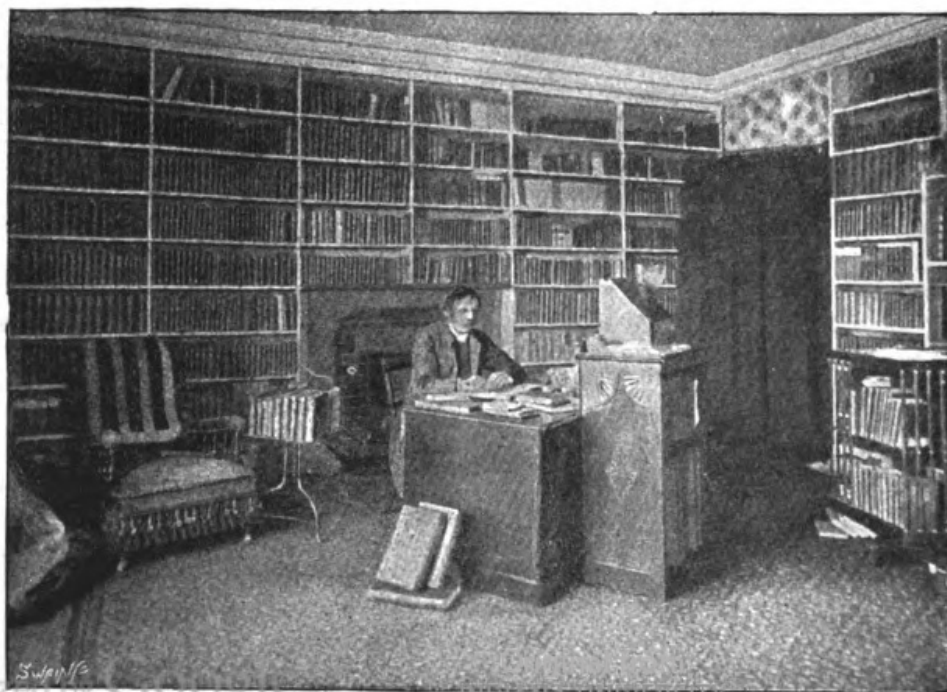
Here is another  
example :—

With regard to  
the recent confer-  
ence at Grindel-  
wald, which the  
Bishop had hoped

to attend, it would not, it appears, have been his first visit, for at the request of the Bishop of London he acted as his deputy in opening the new English church destroyed in the recent fire. This church was built by the brothers Boss, who with their family, to the number of seven, keep the adjacent hotel, called "The Bear." The following lines were written by the Bishop in their visitors' book :—

A sign upon the earth, behold !  
Competes with one in heaven,  
The Bear above, the "Bear" below,  
The stars that form them, seven.  
But when these signs comparéd are,  
Judge then the heavenly losses ;  
For all declare the earthly stars  
Most surely are the Bosses !

He won an open scholarship at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and remained there until he took his degree in 1864. The late Attorney-General was the repre-



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.





From a Photo. by]

THE CHOIR, RIPON CATHEDRAL.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

sentative of Cambridge in sports in those days. The late Mr. Parnell was at Cambridge at the same time, and Lord Carrington and Mr. F. C. Burnand were among the most important members of the Cambridge A.D.C., as it was called. The acting in those days was of a very high order. The Bishop was cox. of his college boat; not a very enviable position—"you've got all the responsibility and none of the kudos." A cox. is like a bishop: he can only guide, he cannot give strength.

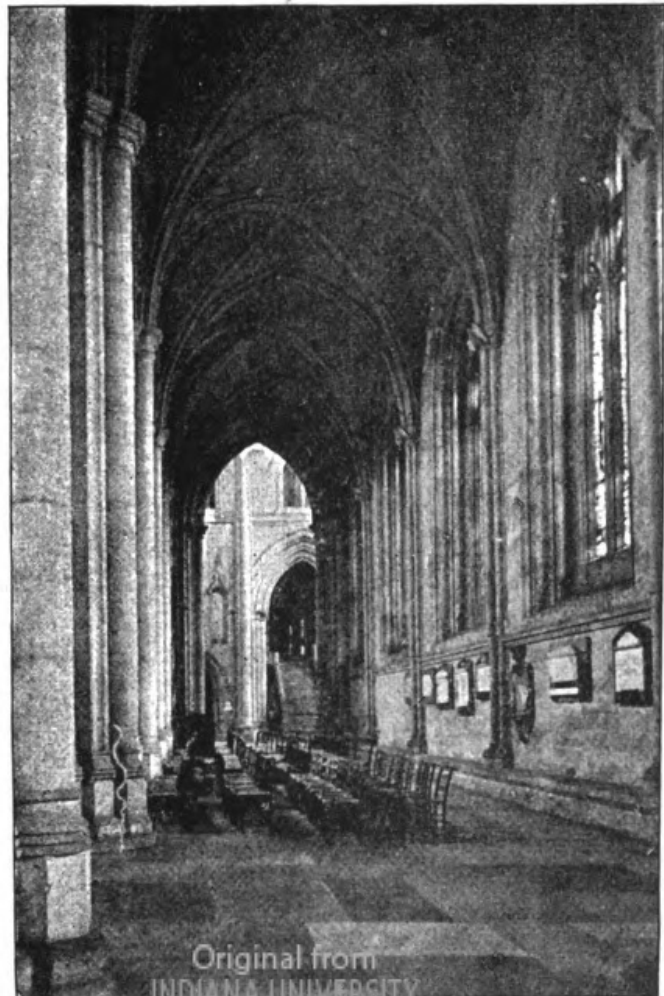
His lordship referred to the great improvement in University life to-day compared with thirty years ago. Much less wine is consumed now, and a man can go through the 'Varsity as a teetotaler without any inconvenience. At college the young man began a practical training for the ministry—giving lectures attending district meetings, and teaching in the Sunday school.

The Bishop's first curacy was at Maidstone, and, strangely enough, he was ordained by Bishop Longley. My visit to the Palace was in the full tide of the cholera scare, and the Bishop referred to his experiences of it at Maidstone.

"I was working there," he said, "when the cholera broke out in 1866. My vicar was away. I assisted a little, more especially at a rookery called Pad's Hole, then a den of thieves—now a low lying little spot. I well remember the

first case I visited. It was a poor fellow who was a very regular attendant at church. I went in at half-past ten to see him. I went again at half-past one. As I walked up the hill a woman met me and cried, 'He's gone!' He had been carried off in four hours. The truth is the people were taken by surprise, and few precautions were taken—there was no organized system of nurses then. The women who were sent to

attend the cholera-stricken people knew nothing about nursing. They drank the



From a Photo. by]

RIPON CATHEDRAL.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

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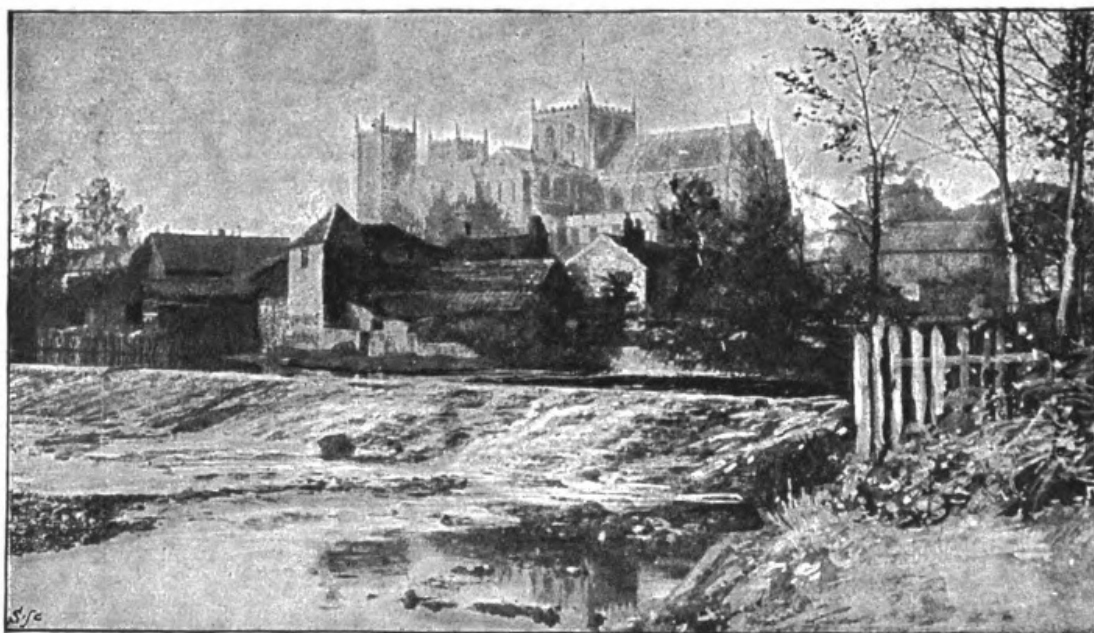
brandy intended for the relief of the sufferers. I went into one house to see a woman. The nurse was intoxicated. Shortly after the poor woman died. At the graveside stood the nurse, still suffering from the effects of drink.

"Whenever I walk along here I feel indebted to Longley for one great thing," continued the Bishop. "You see these trees?" pointing to a magnificent belt of trees immediately in front of us. "They keep away the cutting Yorkshire winds. Longley planted these." Some idea of the power of the winds may be gathered from a note in Bishop Longley's diary already referred to. It was on the nights of the 6th and 7th of January, 1839, and all the north of

there — the congregation was the choir. Here, in Yorkshire, choirs are invaluable. The people enjoy it—they will have a choir."

I asked the Bishop if he thought well of the introduction of orchestras into our churches. His reply was thoroughly frank and real.

"In the old days," he said, "men used to play in the churches, and never expected to be paid. The condition of life since then has very much changed. If every man will bring his instrument to church as a personal act of homage to the glory of his Maker, by all means let us have it. We are in danger of forgetting that if our acts are not the personal homage of our hearts, such are



*From a Photo. by*

RIPON CATHEDRAL.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*

England was affected by the storm. The Earl of Lonsdale lost 70,000 trees in his young plantation, and the magnificent avenue at Castle Howard was almost destroyed. The whole of the kitchen garden wall was blown down at the Palace. Bishop Longley very wisely put up that grand screen of trees.

His lordship entertains grateful recollections of his days at Maidstone under his vicar, the Rev. David Dale Stewart. He remained there two years, afterwards holding curacies at Clapham, and Lee in Kent. From Lee he went to St. James's, Holloway, to assist the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie.

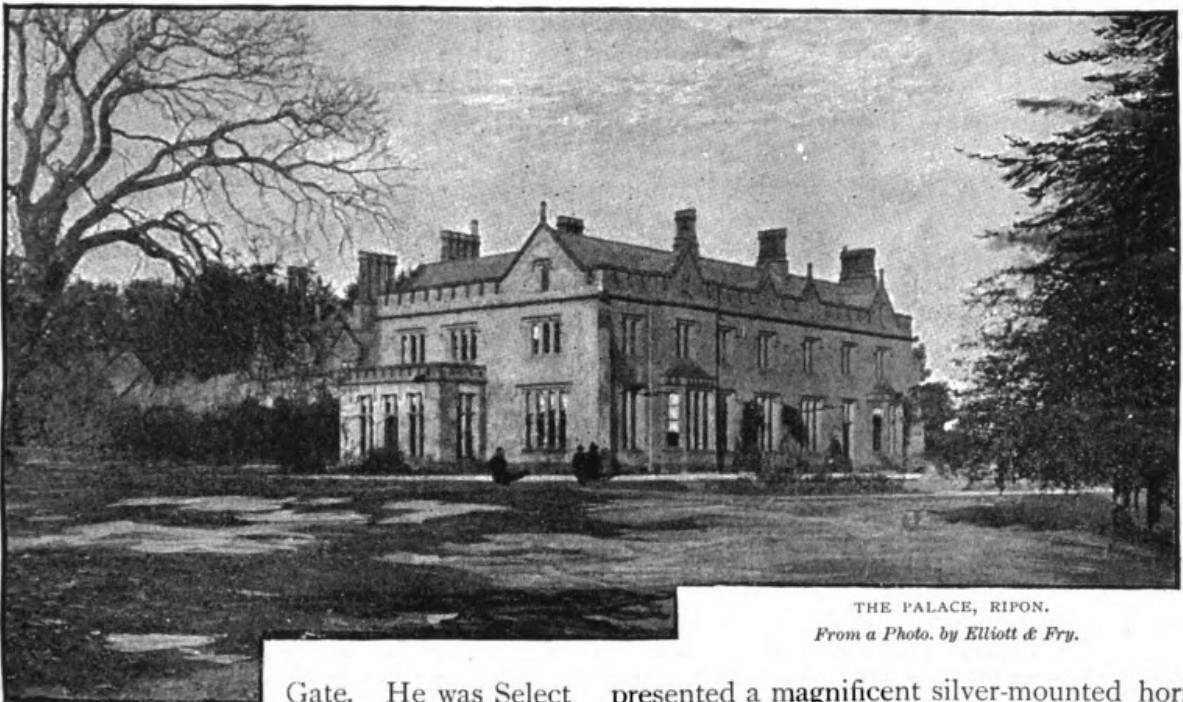
"Mr. Mackenzie," said the Bishop, "was a remarkable man; his power in church and pulpit was singularly great. He only had one curacy and one incumbency. I succeeded him as vicar, remaining there from 1870 to 1880. There was no choir

not acceptable service. I am a little afraid that we are just now passing through such days of activity as will possibly cause us to forget the reality of things. We want, as Lord Mount-Temple said, the Deep Church as well as the High and Low. Yes, let us have orchestras in churches if you will, but I don't want the man to go into a place of worship with his fiddle-case under his arm and the idea in his mind that he is going to take part in a mere performance!"

At Holloway he founded many excellent institutions—classes for French, German, shorthand, etc. The young men had their House of Commons, with their vicar as Speaker. Many of the "M.P.'s" who belonged to the Highbury Parliament have since turned out admirable speakers and useful citizens.

After leaving St. James's, the Bishop became vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster





THE PALACE, RIPON.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Gate. He was Select Preacher at Cambridge in 1875 and 1877; Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, 1878; Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, 1878; Select Preacher at Oxford in 1882, when he was also appointed to a vacant Canonry at Windsor; Bampton Lecturer, 1887, and in 1889 he received an honorary D.C.L. from the University of Oxford.

On the death of the late Dr. Bickersteth, in 1884, he was consecrated Bishop of Ripon. His duties at the House of Lords consist of a fortnight or three weeks in each year, for the purpose of reading prayers. This duty, which once devolved entirely upon the junior Bishop, is now undertaken in turns, with the exception of the seniors in rank.

It was market-day when we took our way through the streets and great square which forms the market-place of the more than a thousand-year-old city. It still keeps up the old-fashioned custom of the blowing of a horn at morning and night near the Mayor's house.

On the north side of the Cathedral stands the Deanery. The Dean of Ripon, who is eighty-four, was cox. in the Oxford crew of the first 'Varsity race, and he acted as page at the coronation of William IV. His picturesque and venerable figure is one of the best known in Ripon. Dean Fremantle has made Ripon his home in the truest sense, ever since his appointment to the Deanery, now sixteen years ago. He has thrown himself with vigour and devotion into every good work in the city and neighbourhood. In the Millenary year he

presented a magnificent silver-mounted horn to the Mayor and Corporation, as guardians of the city. More recently he presented a pleasant bathing shed and offices to the neighbourhood. He believes in the healthy exercise of swimming and boating and cricket. He still preaches with energy and impressiveness, and large congregations gather at the nave services in the Cathedral, where his voice is heard throughout the building. It is said that his portrait is to be hung up among the city worthies in the Town Hall. His sterling goodness, his generosity, his unfailing courtesy and kindness have endeared him to everyone; and all would readily allow that he is the best-loved citizen of the comely little Yorkshire town.

The near view of Ripon Cathedral is not particularly striking; its beauty is more impressive at a distance. Inside, however, though at first appearance somewhat bare-looking, there is much that is beautiful in architectural design. One is struck with its really magnificent width particularly, and the curious and sudden breaking up of the Norman arch, near the nave, by a Gothic pillar. The carving, however, of the stalls is very fine, and in many instances of great rarity. Beneath the stalls are many quaint specimens of the carver's handiwork. Beneath the Bishop's throne are the two spies of Joshua carrying the grapes, and a couple of giants are represented on either side, one all head and no body, the other all body with his head in the middle. Another stall shows Jonah being thrown overboard, with a whale waiting with open mouth to receive him, and near at hand is a

carving of Pontius Pilate wheeling away Judas in a wheelbarrow with his bag of silver.

Yet amongst all that is interesting in and about the cathedral nothing is more so than the Saxon Chapel under the crypt. It is the earliest known place of worship in the kingdom, its architecture being about the seventh century. We light our candles and follow the verger down the stone steps. The descent is a trifle treacherous. There are little niches in the wall where candles are placed. Then we enter the chapel. It is perfectly dark, and smells very earthy. A hole in one side of the wall is pointed out. Tradition says that in the old days, when people had anything suspicious against them, they

were brought to this spot. If they succeeded in crawling through to the other side they were blameless; if they could not, they were unquestionably guilty. It

is also said that the young damsel who creeps through is sure to get married within the year. Be this as it may, I was assured that very recently a Yorkshire farmer brought his three daughters and sought permission for them to crawl through the lucky hole. Another daughter who had been through succeeded in getting married, and the father of the remaining trio was anxious for them to see whether a journey through the wall might not help him to more readily dispose of his daughters!

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by] THE DEAN OF RIPON. [Elliott & Fry.



## A Little Surprise.\*

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF ABRAHAM DREYFUS

BY CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.



### CHARACTERS :

SIR WILLIAM BEAUCHAMP, BART. (43).    MR. JAMES DUGDALE (23).  
LADY FLORENCE BEAUCHAMP (39).    KATE DUGDALE (18).  
PORTER, the Lady's-maid (30).

*SCENE : A country drawing-room. A French window opening on to a flower garden at the back of the stage. Doors right and left. A sofa, arm-chairs, smaller chairs, etc.*

*At the rise of the curtain, JEM and KITTY are discovered sitting with their backs to one another, evidently sulking. JEM looks round every now and then, trying to catch his wife's eye, and she studiously avoids his glance. At length their eyes meet.*

**J**EM (*rises*): No! I tell you I can't stand it!

KITTY: And why not? I always went out with the guns at home.

JEM: "At home" and your husband's house are two very different places.

KITTY: So I find!

JEM: And I have told you over and over again I detest to see any

woman—more especially a girl of eighteen, like yourself—tramping over the moors in gaiters, and a skirt by a long way too short!

KITTY: Perhaps, with your old-maidish ideas, you would like to see me taking my walks abroad with a train as long as my Court frock!

JEM: Perversity!

KITTY: I only know that papa, mamma, and grandmamma always said—

\* The rights of representation are reserved.

JEM: Ah! But your grandmother——

KITTY: How dare you speak in that way of dear grandmamma?

JEM: I never said a word against her——

KITTY: But you were going to!

JEM: Nothing of the sort.

KITTY (*repeats*): I only know that papa, mamma, and grandmamma always said——

JEM: Oh, Heavens! (*He escapes.*)

KITTY: Was ever anyone so wretched as I? Only three months married, and to find my husband an obstinate, vindictive, strait-laced country bumpkin! Well, not a bumpkin perhaps, after all, but almost as bad as that! Why, oh! why did I leave my happy home, where I could do what I liked from morning till night, and no one was ever disagreeable to me? And yet during my engagement what a lovely time I had! Jem seemed so kind and gentle, and promised me he would never say a cross word to me! He declared our married life should be one long sunshiny summer day; whilst I promised to be his little ministering angel! I reminded him of that yesterday. And what did he say? That he had never thought a little ministering angel could be such a little brute! I can hardly believe he is the same man I used to love so dearly! (*Exit in tears.*)

(*After a moment, PORTER, the lady's-maid, enters, ushering in LADY FLORENCE BEAUCHAMP.*)

LADY FLO: Your mistress is not here, after all, Porter?

PORTER: No, milady! Yet I heard her voice only a few moments ago.

LADY FLO: Well then, Porter, you must go and tell her a lady wishes to speak with her in the boudoir, and be sure not to say who the "lady" is, however much she may ask. I wish this visit to be a little surprise to her. Nor must you mention that Sir William is here.

(*Enter KITTY, with traces of tears on her face.*)

LADY FLO: Kitty, darling, Kitty!

KITTY: Aunt! Can it be you? This is delightful! (*They embrace.*)

LADY FLO: I'm glad you call it delightful! I came here as a little surprise to you; but I daresay you will think me a great bore for taking you by storm, and interrupting your tête-à-tête with Jem.

KITTY: Oh! far from it! I am only too, too happy you've come!

LADY FLO: Is that the real truth?

KITTY: Indeed, it is!

LADY FLO: I thought I should find you as blooming as a rose in June; but you are

not quite so flourishing as I expected. Those pretty eyes look as if—as if—well, as if you had a cold in the head!

KITTY: They look as if I had been crying, you mean! And so I have. (*Bursts into tears afresh, and throws herself into LADY FLO's arms.*)

(*Enter SIR WILLIAM and JEM, the former standing amazed. KITTY, leaving LADY FLO's arms, throws herself into those of SIR WILLIAM, with renewed sobs. SIR WILLIAM turns in surprise to JEM. LADY FLO looks down in embarrassment.*)

JEM: Oh! yes, Kitty! This is all very well. Why not tell them I'm a monster at once?

KITTY: And so you are!

JEM (*aside*): Have you no sense of decency?

LADY FLO (*aside*): This is truly shocking.

SIR W. (*aside*): Good Heavens!

KITTY: Is it my fault that my uncle and aunt are witnesses of your ill-temper?

(*Enter PORTER.*)

PORTER: Your ladyship's trunks have just arrived from the station.

LADY FLO (*hesitating*): Let them be taken back again.

SIR W.: We had intended staying but an hour or two.

JEM (*to SIR W.*): But I beg you to stay.

KITTY (*to LADY FLO*): Never were you so much needed.

JEM (*to PORTER*): Let her ladyship's trunks be taken to the Blue Rooms.

KITTY: Not to the Blue Rooms. They are quite damp. (*To JEM*) I may speak a word in my own house, I suppose? (*To PORTER*) Let the trunks be taken to the Turret Room.

JEM: The chimneys smoke there.

KITTY: Excuse me. They do not.

JEM: Excuse me. They do.

SIR W.: They smoked once upon a time, perhaps, but may not now.

PORTER: Where may I say the luggage is to be carried?

JEM: Take your orders from your mistress.

KITTY: No! From your master!

JEM (*to KITTY*): Spare me at least before the lady's-maid!

KITTY (*to JEM*): Oh! nobody knows better how you behave than Porter. Our quarrels are no secret from her.

JEM: That must be your fault. How can she know of them but from you?

KITTY: I tell her nothing. But your voice would reach to the ends of the earth.

JEM: As for yours—why——

KITTY: Grandmamma always said my



voice was the most gentle she had ever heard.

JEM : But, then, your grandmother——

SIR W. (*to LADY FLO*) : I really think we had better leave, after all.

LADY FLO (*affectionately*) : No! dearest Will! I really think we had better stay.

SIR W. : For *my* part——

LADY FLO : I tell you we *must* stay.

SIR W. : Very well, Flo, as you wish. You always know best. (*They exchange smiles.*)

LADY FLO (*to JEM*) : Kitty will take me to my room. So I leave my better half in your good company. (*Exit with KITTY.*)

SIR W. : I can't help regretting I came here, old fellow. It was your aunt's idea. I made objections. But she insisted that you'd both be glad enough to have a little interruption in your honeymoon.

JEM : She never said a truer word.

SIR W. : Then the honeymoon is not so great a success, after all?

JEM : To tell the truth, it's all a ghastly failure!

SIR W. : Poor boy! Believe me, I'm awfully sorry for you. (*Puts his hand on JEM's shoulder.*)

JEM : I'm awfully glad you're sorry.

SIR W. : I pity you from my heart.

JEM : Thanks very much.

SIR W. : For my part, if I led a cat-and-dog life with your aunt, I should wish to blow my brains out.

JEM : So that's the advice you give me! (*Moves towards door*)

SIR W. : Oh! no! All I want is five minutes' chat with you. Anything that affects Flo's niece naturally affects me.

JEM : Naturally. (*Laughs.*)

SIR W. : Now come! Tell me! How did your misunderstandings begin?

JEM : I really couldn't say.

SIR W. : And yet quarrels always have a beginning.

JEM : Of course, when women are so confoundedly selfish.

SIR W. : Kitty is selfish?

JEM : I don't want to make any complaints about her. Yet I must admit that she takes absolutely no interest in anything which interests me. You know my hobby—fishing——

SIR W. : And Kitty doesn't care for fishing?

JEM : Not she! Though, finding myself here, surrounded with trout streams, you may imagine how I was naturally anxious to spend my days. Kitty said fishing was a bore, and after having come out with me once or twice, she sternly refused to do so any more. And why? Simply because she wanted to tramp about with the shooters from Danby.

SIR W. : All this is but a trifling dissimilarity of taste, and insufficient to cause a real estrangement.

JEM : A trifling dissimilarity! Why, our tastes differ in every essential point! Kitty has got it into her head that a woman should take an interest in things "outside herself." A friend of her mother's, who used to conduct her to the British Museum, taught her to believe in Culture—with a capital "C." To hear her talk of Pompeian marbles, Flaxman's designs, and all that sort of thing—why, it's sickening!

SIR W. : It strikes me you are unreasonable.

JEM : Oh, no! I'm not! A woman who takes an interest in things outside herself becomes a nuisance.



SIR W. : "IT STRIKES ME YOU ARE UNREASONABLE."  
JEM : "OH, NO! I'M NOT!"



SIR W. : And yet I believe that with a little tact, a little gentleness, you would be able to manage Kitty, just as I have managed your aunt all these long years. There is no doubting the dear girl's affection for you. Remember her joy when her mother's scruples as to the length of your engagement were overcome.

JEM : That's true enough. Kitty was very fond of me three months ago. But it isn't only fondness I require of a wife. She must be bored when I'm bored, and keen when I'm keen, and that sort of thing, you know.

SIR W. : Yes! I see. In fact, lose her identity, as your dear good aunt has lost hers!

JEM (*aside*) : Or, rather, as you have lost yours!

SIR W. : Well, I'll try and view things in your light, my good fellow. At the same time, you must have great patience—very great patience, Jem, and then all may come right in the end. It is true I never needed patience with your aunt. But had there been the necessity, I should have been equal to the demand. Now, I daresay your little quarrels have been but short lived; and that after having caused Kitty any vexation, you have always been ready to come forward with kind words to make up your differences?

JEM : Yes, ready! But not *too* ready, as I feared too much indulgence might not be advisable. Now, one morning, after having been out early, I determined to give up fishing for the rest of the day to please Kitty. On my way home—remember, it was before eight o'clock—I met her betaking herself to what she calls “matins.” Now, I like a girl to be good and strict, and all that sort of thing. But imagine going to church at eight o'clock on a Monday morning!

SIR W. : A slight error in judgment; you might easily forgive the dear child.

JEM : I didn't find it easy. I said so. And Kitty refused her breakfast in consequence—only to aggravate me.

SIR W. : No! No! Perhaps she fasted only to soften your heart!

JEM : Far from it. In fact, to sum up the whole matter, we have no common sympathies. Kitty has not even any ambition, for instance, as to my future. You know I wish to stand for Portborough one day?

SIR W. : *You!!*

JEM : Why not?

SIR W. : Oh, no! Of course! Why not, as you say?

JEM : Yet if I begin to discuss it all with

her, *she* begins to yawn; and her yawning drives me nearly mad, when I am talking on a matter of vital interest.

SIR W. : Dear! Dear! I begin to find all this more serious than I thought. For it does seem to me as if you differed on most subjects.

JEM (*moodily*) : So we do.

SIR W. : Ah! I am afraid it may be pretty serious! And after listening to all your story I can't help feeling, my dear fellow, that there is not the chance of things bettering themselves, as I had hoped in the first instance.

JEM : You feel that?

SIR W. : I do! I do! This divergence of taste and sympathies is no laughing matter. It rather alarms me when I think that the abyss between you and your wife as time goes on may only widen. (*He indicates an imaginary abyss, which JEM stares at dubiously.*) Yes! widen—and widen!

JEM (*after a moment's pause of half surprise, half pain*) : What you say is not consoling.

SIR W. : At first I thought differently; but now I hesitate to mislead you, and I admit my heart sinks when I think of your future, after hearing all you have to say. Indeed, I hope I may be mistaken. I have, as you know, but little experience in these matters. Your *unt* and I have lived in undisturbed harmony these fifteen years. Never has an angry word been heard within our walls.

JEM : Whilst Kitty and I squabbled as soon as we had left the rice and slippers behind us! And since then scarcely an hour has passed without some sort of difference. I declare, when I think over it, that it would be best for us to plunge into the ice at once. A separation is the only hope for us. But, hush! I think I hear Aunt Flo's and Kitty's footsteps! (*Lowers his voice, speaking rapidly*) For Heaven's sake, don't breathe a word of what I have said! Fool that I've been! Worse than a fool—disloyal! Not a word to my aunt!

SIR W. : Oh! I promise you! (*Mysteriously into Jem's ear*) Women are so indiscreet. Now, I wouldn't tell your aunt for the wide world!

(*Enter LADY FLO and KITTY, who have overheard the last words.*)

LADY FLO (*ici'*) : I beg pardon! We interrupt!

JEM : Not at all! We were merely discussing the relations of man and wife! Uncle Will has been telling me that a wife—you, under the circumstances—has everything in her own hands.



SIR W.: "WOMEN ARE SO INDISCREET."

LADY FLO (*flattered*): Indeed!

KITTY: Indeed! I must say that no one could appreciate Aunt Flo's virtues more than I, although at the same time I am certain she would very soon have lost her sweet temper if her husband had been aggravating, ignorant, domineering!

JEM: Why not call me a savage at once?

KITTY: A savage! Yes! A savage!

LADY FLO: Oh! Kitty! Kitty! Is this the way to make friends?

JEM: Come, Uncle Will! Let us go into the smoking-room! I shall choke here! (*Exit.*)

SIR W.: There's but little hope for them! Little hope! Little hope! (*Exit, shaking his head.*)

KITTY: Now, perhaps, you believe that I have something to put up with?

LADY FLO (*soothingly*): And yet there's no doubt Jem is extremely fond of you.

KITTY: He has a strange way of showing it! The other morning, after we had had one of our little scenes, I went down to the stream to find him when he was fishing. I would even have been willing to try and bait (*shudders*) his hook. But as I was starting off I met him coming up the garden, and he

stared at me like an avenging god (or demon, I should say), and asked if I wasn't on my way to matins? Naturally, I did not contradict him.

LADY FLO: Dearest! You distress me!

KITTY: There's another thing I can't endure! You know I took the pledge, so as to be a good example to the village people here. Well! Jem is furious every time

I refuse wine at luncheon or dinner. He declares that I *pose*! Can you imagine such nonsense?

LADY FLO: Well, dear! I confess I sympathize with Jem. I don't think any really nice women ever take the pledge—do they? I only ask, you know.

KITTY: Why, yes! Of course they do, aunty—when they want to be good examples. Jem cannot understand this; and, far from taking the pledge himself, he revolts me day after day by drinking—(*whispers mysteriously*)—Bass's pale ale!

LADY FLO: Ah! That's bad! But, oh! my dear, if you only knew the proper way to manage a husband!

KITTY: How could I? For Jem is as unmanageable as the Great Mogul.

LADY FLO: I see you don't realize how the most violent men are those most easy to subdue. Now, there's your uncle—

KITTY: I always thought him as mild as Moses!

LADY FLO: So he is *now*! But there *was* a time—

KITTY: Oh! Do tell me all about it!

LADY FLO: Well. There *was* a time when your uncle imagined he might be allowed to complain if dinner were late. One day he actually dared to ask, in a voice of thunder, "Is dinner ready?"

KITTY: Jem dares that every day.

LADY FLO: It happened to be the cook's fault.

KITTY: Ah! That would make no difference to Jem.



LADY FLO (*impatient*): I wish, darling, you would allow me to speak!

KITTY: Oh! I beg pardon.

LADY FLO (*continuing, blandly*): Not at all! Now, I replied: "The salmon has just fallen into the fire, and cook has had to send for another!"

KITTY: That was true?

LADY FLO: Not in the least! I had ordered red mullet. And Will ate his fish without noticing the difference.

KITTY: Jem would not have made that mistake.

LADY FLO: Oh, yes, he would, if you had just glanced at him in the right manner.

KITTY (*eagerly*): Show me how to do it!

LADY FLO (*drily*): It requires the inspiration of the moment. Ah! could you but see me with Will!

KITTY: It is certain you are very happy together.

LADY FLO: So we are; owing to my always using sweetness, firmness, and indifference just at the right moment. But all this, I confess, requires intelligence.

KITTY: Had I but the intelligence! It must be splendid to be able to avert a coming storm in this way.

LADY FLO: There never has been the question of a storm between Will and me!

KITTY: Happy, happy people!

LADY FLO: And you, my very dear children, must become happy, happy people too! William would feel your sorrow as deeply as I. We must do all in our power to restore peace and comfort between you! I shall try my very utmost to show you your little failings—here and there—you know. And as for Will! Why, he'll talk Jem over in no time! Before a week is out we shall see you walking arm-in-arm to matins—the happiest couple in all Yorkshire.

KITTY: Impossible!

LADY FLO: Nay! We can but try. (*Enter SIR WILLIAM.*) Ah! Here comes your uncle. Now, run away, dear, and leave us alone for a discreet little talk. Who knows but what we may hit upon a plan to help you! (*Exit KITTY.*)

LADY FLO: Will, dearest! We must talk very seriously over our niece and nephew together.

SIR W. (*aside*): It is high time!

LADY FLO: But, first of all, by the way, I want to know what it was you were saying to Jem, when I came into the room a few minutes ago.

SIR W. (*consciously*): To Jem? Why, I was saying nothing to Jem!

LADY FLO: Oh, yes, you were! Now try to remember. Kitty and I heard you talking in quite an excited manner as we came downstairs. Then as we came nearer the door you lowered your voice.

SIR W.: Indeed, *no*!

LADY FLO: Yes, yes, you did, dear!

SIR W.: No, no, I didn't, dear!

LADY FLO: Don't tell fibs, darling.

SIR W.: You want to know too much, my dear, good Flo.

LADY FLO: Too much? Oh, no! That would be impossible! However, I know you will tell me the whole truth by-and-by.

SIR W.: First let me know what you have to say.

LADY FLO: Well, I'm in the deepest distress about the two young people. They seem to be at terrible loggerheads. Now, perhaps Jem confided the secret of his unhappy married life to you?

SIR W.: He never said a word about it! (*Bites his lip.*)

LADY FLO: Nevertheless, I assure you they lead a cat-and-dog existence.

SIR W.: Oh, dear, dear! Is that so?

LADY FLO: Why, of course! You saw them quarrelling yourself. But still I have hopes we may be able to arrange matters a little better for them. Who knows but what we may see them re-united before we leave this house?

SIR W.: We will do our best to help them, poor young things!

LADY FLO: Yes! Poor young things!

SIR W.: And I've no doubt we shall succeed.

LADY FLO: At the same time, it seems to me as if the abyss between them *may* widen.

SIR W.: That may be so. The abyss *may* widen! (*Indicates an imaginary abyss, at which LADY FLO shakes her head.*)

LADY FLO: If a man and woman aren't made for one another—

SIR W.: Like you and me. I pointed that out to Jem.

LADY FLO: I'm afraid it didn't affect him as it ought. (*With a sentimental sigh*) The only consolation we can derive from the misfortune of our nephew and niece is that we are happier than they!

SIR W.: Clever little woman! (*Kisses her.*)

LADY FLO: Dear old Will! (*Kisses him. Then with a sudden change of tone*) But now I *must* hear what it was Jem was saying to you when I came into the room! You answered that "of course you wouldn't tell his aunt for the wide world." That must have been a *façon de parler*!





SIR W. : "THE ABYSS MAY WIDEN!"  
(INDICATES AN IMAGINARY ABYSS.)

SIR W. : Of course ! of course !  
And you shall know all about it  
as soon as I have asked Jem's  
leave. Meanwhile we must  
attend to the fates of these un-  
happy young people. We had  
better first try to show them their  
grievous fault as gently as pos-  
sible, and if gentleness does not  
answer——

LADY FLO : Oh, yes ! Gentle-  
ness is all very well ! But I tell you quite  
candidly, Will, that before we talk of gentle-  
ness I must insist on knowing what it is you  
told Jem that you would not let me hear.

SIR W. : The fact is, my dear—— (*Coughs.*)

LADY FLO : Tell me what the fact is, and  
at once, my dear !

SIR W. : The facts are, dear child——  
(*Coughs again.*)

LADY FLO (*irritated*) : Don't cough !

SIR W. (*continues coughing*) : Well ! it's a  
long story.

LADY FLO : Haven't you a lozenge ?

SIR W. : Never mind the lozenge ! The  
story, I say, is a long one.

LADY FLO : Long or short, I must hear  
it !

SIR W. : I'll tell it you, later on.

LADY FLO : I begin to suspect you can't  
tell me all about it, simply—because you  
*can't* !

SIR W. : Oh ! I can ! I could !

LADY FLO : Oh, no, you can't. You  
couldn't, and you ought to be ashamed of  
yourself !

SIR W. : You are going just a little bit too  
far, Florence.

LADY FLO : Oh, no ; it was *you* who went  
too far. Why, I knew it by the look on your  
face the instant I came into the room !

SIR W. (*aside*) : She is going very much  
too far. (*Aloud*) Nonsense !

LADY FLO : I beg pardon ?

SIR W. : I repeat "Nonsense." And  
*ridiculous nonsense* !

LADY FLO : Then, how dare you ?

SIR W. : You forget yourself strangely.

LADY FLO : Do not attempt to adopt  
your nephew's manner to his wife towards  
me !

SIR W. : It is *you*, my love, who are un-  
fortunate in your choice of a manner this  
morning ; and although pettishness in a young  
girl like Kitty has a certain little charm of  
its own——

LADY FLO : Yes !

SIR W. : When a woman has reached  
your time of life——

LADY FLO (*furious*) : Yes !!!

SIR W. : Petulance sits remarkably ill  
upon her—upon *you*, my dear——

LADY FLO : When a man has reached  
your time of life and remains as great a  
fool——

SIR W. (*furious*) : A fool ?

LADY FLO : Yes ! As great a fool and an  
idiot as ever——

SIR W. : I was always aware you had  
the very devil of a temper, Florence, and  
now, after fifteen years of married life, I



make the discovery that you can be excessively—ahem!—unladylike.

LADY FLO: It's highly amusing to hear you express an opinion on the subject of how a lady should behave. When one remembers your sisters, one is inclined to believe you were not, perhaps, brought up in a school of the very highest standard.

SIR W.: You insult my sisters! (*Becomes much excited and takes her by the arm.*) Repeat that again!

(*Enter JEM. Stands in amazement.*)

JEM: For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?

SIR W.: Ask your Aunt Florence, my dear boy.

LADY FLO: I feel positively ashamed that you should come upon us—upon your uncle, I mean—at a moment when he is behaving like a raving madman!

JEM: A raving madman! My uncle Jem!

LADY FLO: Man-like, you side with a

SIR W.: Florence! Once for all, I assert my authority. Be silent this moment, or I shall feel obliged to ask you to return home.

LADY FLO: Without you?

SIR W.: If that pleases you!

LADY FLO: It would suit me remarkably well.

SIR W.: In that case—"Go!"

LADY FLO: I shall, instantly; and when you desire to come home, I shall give the servants orders not to admit you—

SIR W. (*turning to JEM*): A man not admitted to his own house! That's rather too good, isn't it, Jem?

LADY FLO: We shall see! (*Turns to KITTY*) Meanwhile, Kitty, I bid you good-bye.

KITTY: Oh! Aunt! You can't mean that! Pray don't say good-bye!

LADY FLO (*dramatically*): Yes, I mean "Good-bye"! (*Brushes furiously past SIR WILLIAM, and exit. KITTY makes movement to follow, but returns to SIR WILLIAM and JEM.*)



JEM: "WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

man! (*With increasing agitation*) I have always known your uncle to be a weak, nerveless— (*Enter KITTY. Looks around, dumfounded.*)

KITTY: Dear aunty! I'm frightened! You can't be well! What does this mean?

LADY FLO: Only that your husband is inciting mine to be abusive.

KITTY: Impossible!

LADY FLO: Woman-like, you side with a man! Let me tell you that your poor uncle is pitiable in his foolishness this morning.

SIR W. (*bitterly*): Don't hold her back, Kitty.

JEM: You are mad!

SIR W.: Less mad than you, when an hour ago you told me you found life intolerable with Kitty.

KITTY (*moved*): He said that? Jem said that to you?

JEM: No, no! (*Compunctious.*)

SIR W.: Oh! It's an easy matter for two young people to kiss again with tears. 'Twill be a different matter between your aunt and me. Florence will have no chance, however much she may wish it. The time has come



for me to put down my foot at last. (*Exit, talking and gesticulating angrily.*)

(*After the exit of SIR WILLIAM, JEM and KITTY look up slowly at one another. Their eyes meet. They turn away.*)

JEM (*much embarrassed*): Kitty!

KITTY: Jem!

JEM: This is painful! In fact, it's worse than wicked—it's vulgar!

KITTY (*gently*): It's simply dreadful to see two people behaving in such a way.

JEM: And at their time of life!

KITTY: That's the awful part of it!

JEM: I wonder how they can do it!

KITTY (*archly, yet on the verge of tears*): So do I!

(*At the last words they turn; their eyes meet.*)

KITTY *falters*. JEM *falters*. After a moment they fall into one another's arms.)

LADY FLO: I wish to go this instant, and alone.

SIR W.: By all means, and to-morrow my lawyer shall wait on you.

LADY FLO: And mine on you. (*After a moment, they enter.*)

LADY FLO: And it has come to this, William!

SIR W.: By mutual consent. This is the happiest day of my life. I breathe again. I know now I have never breathed until this moment since the day I married you!

LADY FLO: This is beyond everything! (*Violently excited.*)

JEM (*whispers aside to KITTY, unobserved; play on both sides; then, after evidently agreeing on a plan, pretend to treat the matter as a joke; advancing*): Bravo! Bravissimo! Capital! (*Roars with forced laughter.*)

KITTY: Splendid! I never saw anything so well done! (*Joins her husband in laughter.*)

SIR W.: It's no laughing matter!



W. Stacey.

KITTY: "SPLENDID! I NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO WELL DONE!"  
SIR W.: "IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER!"

*Enter* PORTER: Her ladyship has bidden me to put her trunks together, ma'am.

KITTY: Wait a minute, Porter. Perhaps I can persuade her ladyship to stay. (*Voices from without.*)

JEM: Ha! ha! I daresay not.

KITTY: Irving and Ellen Terry are not in it! (*Continues laughing.*)

LADY FLO: What can you mean?

JEM: Oh, don't pretend that you and my

uncle have not been getting up this little comedy of a quarrel, merely to show Kitty and me what fools we look when *we* are fighting! Why! It was better than any play I ever saw!

SIR W.: It's all been in sober earnest, I assure you.

(LADY FLO *recovers slightly. Looks first at JEM, then at KITTY, and lastly at SIR WILLIAM.*)

LADY FLO (*slowly*): You call—all—this—a little comedy? (*Recovers more, but very gradually.*)

KITTY: Why, yes! Don't attempt to say it wasn't—(*slyly*)—especially after all you told me this morning about how cleverly you manage my uncle. Just let me see you glance at him in the way you said you could. (*Whispering.*)

(LADY FLO *further recovers herself. Her expression softens. After a minute or two she smiles meaningly to herself.*)

JEM: Now, Uncle Will, do finish off by pretending to make up the quarrel! There's my aunt waiting with her smile already!

SIR W. (*stupidly*): Pretend to make up the quarrel?

LADY FLO (*suddenly radiant*): Why, yes! You silly old goose! Don't you see the fun? Pretend to give me a kiss at once. (*They kiss.*)

JEM and KITTY (*aside*): That's a comfort. (*They walk up stage.*)

LADY FLO (*aside to SIR WILLIAM*): I can see you are dying to make amends for all you have just said!

SIR W.: I don't deny that I may be!

LADY FLO: Then tell me what it was you were concocting with Jem! There's an old dear!

SIR W.: Since we are all good friends again I don't mind telling you Jem was confiding his little troubles to me.

LADY FLO: But you had already found them out!

SIR W.: And also that there was a possibility of a separation!

LADY FLO: Silly children!

SIR W.: Had you not at once flown into a rage, I should have broken my promise to Jem, and have told you all!

LADY FLO: That was quite right of you. (*They walk up stage, amicably, arm-in-arm. JEM and KITTY walk to CENTRE.*)

JEM: You will find me ready dressed to start for eight o'clock matins, to-morrow morning, Kitty!

KITTY: Oh! That's very much too much to ask of you!

JEM: Not at all! Providing you won't insist on going out with the guns.

KITTY: I shall only wish what *you* wish from this day forward, dearest Jem!

JEM: That's all right! (*They kiss, laughingly, as the curtain descends.* LADY FLO and SIR WILLIAM *look on smiling.*)





UCH birds as, having wings, fly not, preferring to walk, to run, or to waddle, as legs and other circumstances may permit or compel—these are the cursores; such birds also as, having no wings, or none to speak of, run by compulsion on such legs as they may muster. These are many—so many that I almost repent me of the heading to this chapter, wherein I may speak only of the struthiones among the cursores—the curious cassowary, the quaint kiwi, the raucous rhea, the errant emeu, and the overtopping ostrich. But the heading is there—let it stand; for in the name of the cursores I see the raw material of many sad jokes—whereunto I pray I may never be tempted, but may leave them for an easy exercise for



"GET OUT OF THIS!"

such as have set out upon the shameless career of the irreclaimable pun-flinger.

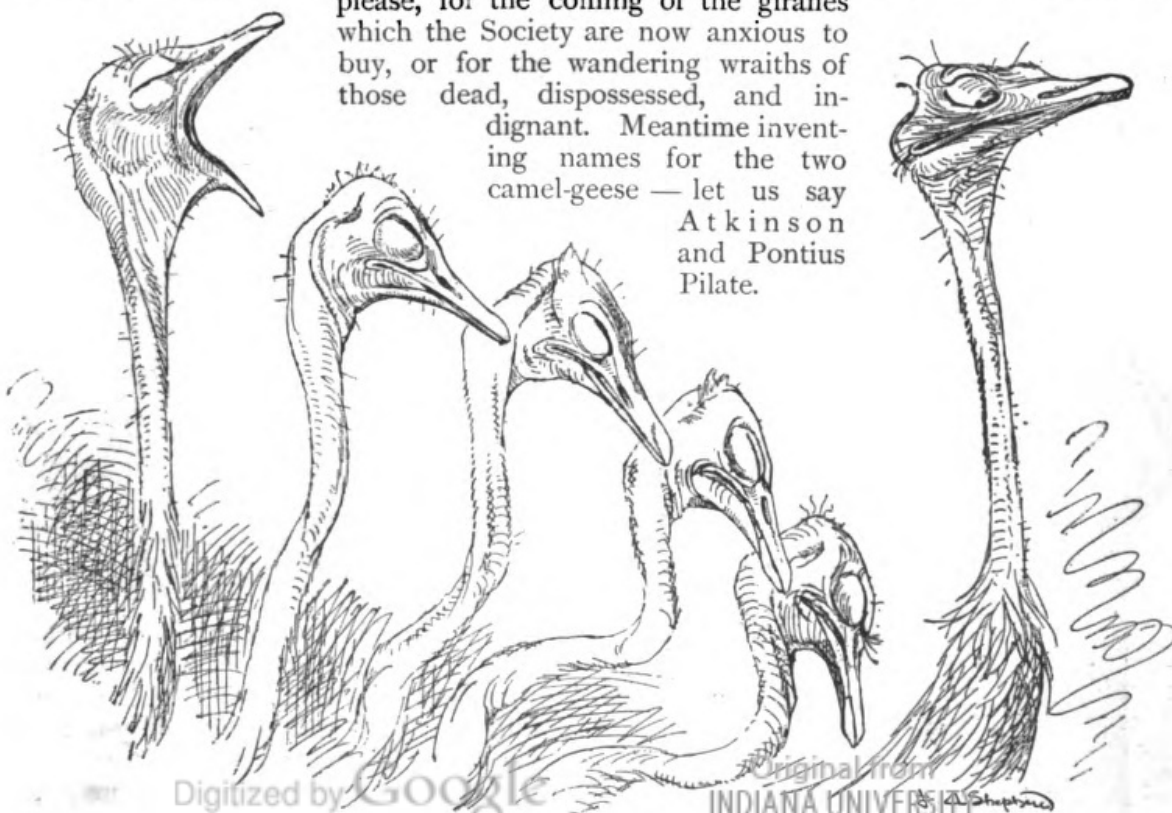
It was some time—years—before I got rid of the impression left upon me by the first ostrich with which I became acquainted. He lived in an old picture-book, and would nowadays be considered quite out of fashion by up-to-date ostriches, having webbed feet and an improper number of toes. I like to believe that feet of this sort were popular among ostriches at that time, being loath to destroy early beliefs. From the same cause, I have other little private superstitions about the ostrich; there was no ostrich, so far as I can remember, in my Noah's ark, whence I derive my conviction that the species cannot have existed at the time of the Deluge, but has been evolved, in the succeeding centuries, by a gradual approach and assimilation of the several characteristics of the camel and the goose.

The two ostriches here, at the Zoo, have no pet names bestowed on them by the keepers. This is inconvenient, not to say unfair. They have been placed, it will be observed, in the stables hitherto occupied by the late lamented giraffes. It is a striking and notable instance of care and the sense of fitness of things on the part of the Society. These stables, they probably reflected, have all along been

fitted with tenants twenty feet high—queer tenants, which were often called camelopards. We can't replace these with similar tenants, unfortunately, but we will do our best with animals as high as possible and with all available neck; and they shall be camel-geese. And here they are; a few feet short, unavoidably, but as high as possible; quite the equivalent of the giraffes so far as concerns the camel, and as much superior as one may consider a goose to a leopard. And here you may stand and watch them, or sit. And you may watch, if you

please, for the coming of the giraffes which the Society are now anxious to buy, or for the wandering wraiths of those dead, dispossessed, and indignant. Meantime inventing names for the two camel-geese—let us say

Atkinson  
and Pontius  
Pilate.



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HIGH KICKS.

I like to stand by Atkinson till he dozes. Atkinson is a fine, big fellow, and when he squats down his head is in a convenient position for observation. Presently he gapes; then his eyes shut, and his beak droops—just a very little. Then the beak droops a little more, and signs of insecurity appear about the neck. Very soon a distinct departure from the vertical is visible in that neck; it melts down ruinously till almost past recovery, and then suddenly springs erect, carrying an open-eyed head, wherefrom darts a look of indignant repudiation of any disposition to fall asleep; and so keeps until the eyes close again. I have waited long, but have never seen Atkinson fall permanently asleep.

The possibilities of the ostrich are not properly recognised. He is domesticated, and bred with the utmost ignominy in a poultry run, and his tail is pulled out with impunity. I am not quite sure that he habitually figures on South African dinner tables with his legs skewered to his ribs, but he has fallen quite low enough for that: submitting even to the last indignity of being hatched out by a common stove incubator. Now, the elephant has

also been domesticated, but he has also been allowed to adopt a profession. He dances on a tub and rides a tricycle at a circus. Nothing of this sort has been attempted with the ostrich, but much might be done. He would make a first-rate bicyclist, and could get through much of the business of the "eccentric comedian." A couple of them would go to make a capital knockabout act. High kicks of the very highest, floor-strides of the very longest—and there would be a world of opportunities in the neck. No end of possibilities lie in the neck—even the "legitimate." You could run in a forty-minute sketch, wherein two long-separated but faithful lovers should fall against each other and wind their necks about together like a caduceus, or barley-sugar—or anything. Also the camel-goose might fling his neck about the villain, and strangle him. But perhaps, after all, variety business would suit best. Pontius Pilate in a kilt and philibeg would bring down the house with a Highland fling or gillie callum. And Atkinson in a long-stride table chair and banjo act would be comforting to the perceptions.



LONG SEPARATED.

Whether the ostrich is actually such an ass as to hide his head with a notion of concealing himself I don't quite know, but there is certainly a deal of ass in the camel-goose. A

Hottentot will put an ostrich skin over his head, and walking with his natural shanks exposed get among an ostrich family and kill them off one after another, to the family's astonishment. Now, a bird who mistakes a nigger with a mask for an intimate relation plainly enjoys in his composition a large flavour of the ass. Not knowing it, however,



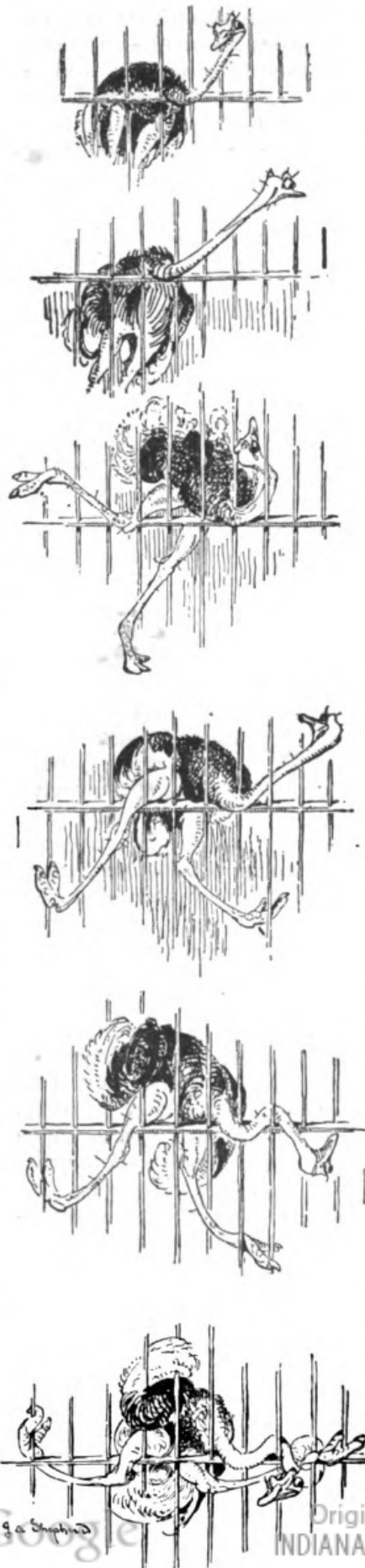
GILLIE CALLUM.



the camel-goose is just as happy, and neither experiences the bitterness of being sold nor the sweetness of selling. I don't believe that Atkinson was even aware of the triumphant sell which he lately assisted in administering to Mr. Toots, the cat from the camel-house.

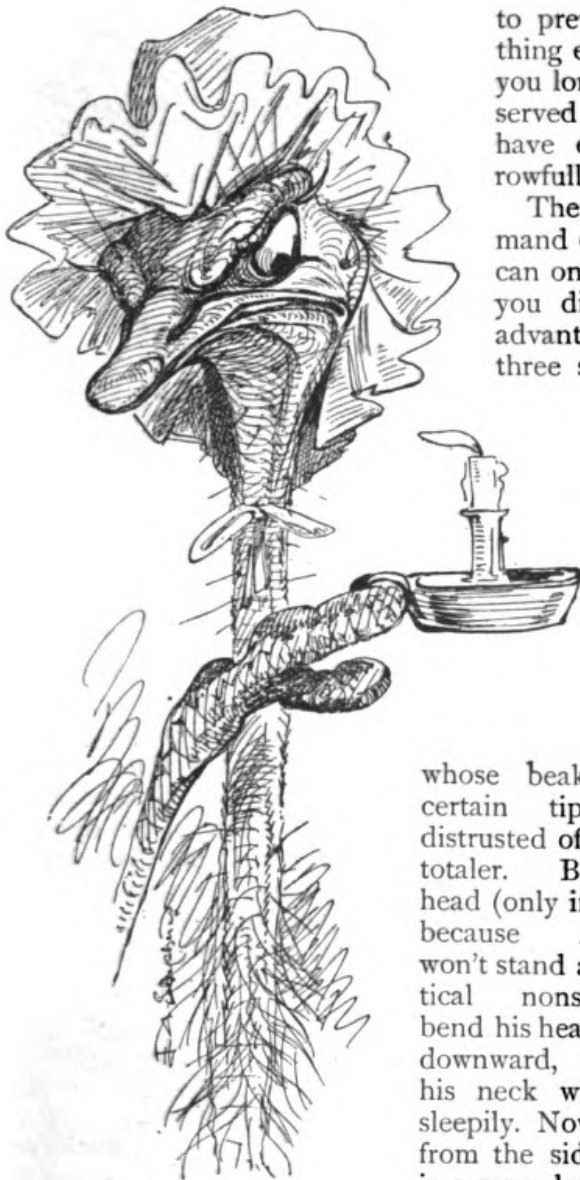
The cat in the ostrich-house is a sly fellow, and I believe he knows why there are fewer pigeons in the roof of the hippopotamus-house than there were. He horribly sold Mr. Toots, who was anxious to have a snack of poultry himself, for a change. "In my house," said this bold, bad cat, "there are the biggest pigeons you ever saw. Go in and try one, while I look out for the keeper." And the trustful Mr. Toots went in; and when, full of a resolve to make it hot for everything feathered in that house, Mr. Toots bounced into the presence of Atkinson, who is rather more than seven feet high, he came out anxious for the scalp of that other cat. I never mention this little adventure to Mr. Toots, who is sensitive, but all the other Zoo cats chaff him terribly. Even Jung Perchad and the other elephants snigger quietly as they pass, and Bob the Bactrian, from the camel-house, laughs outright; it is a horrid, coarse, vulgar, exasperating laugh, that of Bob's. Atkinson, however, is all unconscious of the joke, and remains equally affable to cats, pigeons, and human beings.

Pontius Pilate is just the sort of camel-gander that *would* bury its head to hide itself. Pontius Pilate is, I fear, an ass; also a snob. He has a deal of curiosity with regard to Atkinson,



who is a recent arrival, and lately belonged to the Queen. Also, he is often disposed to pay a visit—with his head—to Atkinson's quarters, and take a friendly snack—at Atkinson's expense; this by an insinuation of the neck out between his own bars and in between those of Atkinson, adjoining. But he doesn't understand the laws of space. Having once fetched his neck around the partition into Atkinson's larder by chancing to poke his head through the end bars, he straightway assumes that what is possible between some bars is possible between all; and wheresoever he may now be standing when prompted by companionable peckishness, straight he plunges among the nearest bars, being mightily astonished at his inability to reach next door, if by chance he have dropped among bars far from Atkinson's. He suspects his neck. Is the ungrateful tube playing him false? Maliciously shortening? Or are his eyes concerned in fraud? He loops his head back among his own adjoining bars, with a vague suspicion that they may be Atkinson's after all; and he stretches and struggles desperately. Some day Pontius Pilate will weave himself among those bars, basket fashion, only to be extricated by a civil engineer and a practical smith. Pontius Pilate is the sort of camel-gander that damages the intellectual reputation of the species. Of course he would bury his head to hide himself. Equally of course he would muzzle himself to prevent you from biting him, or tie his legs together





to prevent you from running and catching him, or anything else equally clever. Pontius Pilate, I have known you long—even loved you, in a way. But I have observed you closely, and though, like Dogberry, you may have everything fine about you, I am impelled sorrowfully to write you down an ass.

The ostrich is one of those birds whose whole command of facial expression is carried in the neck. He can only express himself through his features by offering you different views of his head. This is a great disadvantage. It limits the range. You may express three sentiments by the back, front, and side of the head, and something by way of combination in a three-quarter face. Then you stop, and have no further resource than standing on your head, one of the few things an ostrich is not clever at. But with such materials as he has, the ostrich does very well. Observe, his mouth is long, and droops at the corners; but the corners are wide apart, for there the head is broad.

Now you may present simple drama by the aid of this mouth—suitably disposed and ordered by the neck. Take Atkinson, here,

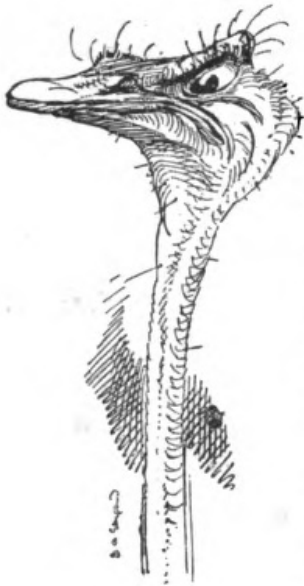
whose beak has a certain tip-tinting distrusted of the tee-totaler. Bend his head (only in theory, because Atkinson won't stand any practical nonsense) — bend his head to look downward, and let his neck wilt away sleepily. Now, viewed from the side, where is a more lamentable picture of maudlin

intoxication? What could improve it, except, perhaps, a battered hat, worn lop-sided, and a cigar-stump? He is a drunken old camel-gander, coming home in the small hours, and having difficulties with his latch-key. Straighten Atkinson's neck, open wide his eyes, and take a three-quarter face view of him. Sober, sour, and indignant, there stands, not the inebriated Atkinson, but the disturbed Mrs. Atkinson on the stairs, with a candle, and a nightcap, and a lecture. That awful mouth actually conjures that candle, that nightcap, and that lecture into existence—you see and hear them more clearly than you do Atkinson, although they are not there. But this is an advanced exercise in struthian expression—a complicated feat, involving various and complex elements. There is the neck-wilt and the bending of the head; also the three-quarter face, not a simple element.

The plain and elementary principles of struthian expression lie in the mere front and side views. The third simple view, the back, is not particularly eloquent, although practice might do something even for that. At the side the ostrich is glum,







GLUM SIDE.

savage, misanthropical, depressed—what you will of that sort. Let him but turn and face you—he can't help a genial grin. All done by the versatile neck, you observe, which gives the head its position.

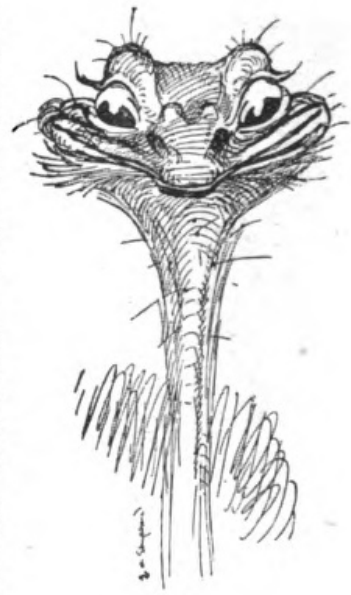
Man, instigated by woman, has a habit of pulling out the camel-gander's tail. This ruins the appearance of the site of that tail, without commensurately improving the head whereunto the tail is transplanted—an unprofitable game of heads and tails, wherein tails lose and heads don't win. Even the not over clever ostrich knows better than to wear those feathers on the wrong end. Perhaps he knows that he is enough of a fool already.

There is a deal of hidden interest about the ostrich's neck. It is the cleverest piece of an ostrich—unless you count his stomach; and even in the triumphs of the stomach the neck takes a great share.

When a camel-goose lunches off a box of dominoes, or a sack of nails, or a basketful of broken bottles, there is quite as much credit in the feat due to the neck as to the stomach; with anybody else all the difficulties of that lunch would begin with the neck—even a thicker neck. Parenthetically, one remembers that the ostrich's neck is not always thin. Catch Atkinson here in a roaring soliloquy, and you shall see his red neck distended as a bladder, with a mighty grumbling and grunting. This by the way. The neck makes nothing of the domino difficulty, or the tenpenny nail difficulty, or the door-knob difficulty, or the broken bottle difficulty—which are not difficulties to the camel-goose. On the contrary, the neck revels in them and keeps the dainties as long as possible. Give Pontius Pilate, or Atkinson—I am quite impartial—an apple. When he swallows it you shall see it, in a bulge, pass along and *round* his neck; down it goes and backward, in a gradual curve, until it disappears among the feathers—corkscrews, in fact. Observe, I recommend an apple for this demonstration. Dominoes and clinkers are all very well, but they rattle about inside, and disturb the visitors; and with an apple you will the more plainly observe that corkscrew.

Not satisfied, you perceive, with enjoying his domino or his door-knob all the way along that immense neck, the camel-gander must needs indulge in a spiral gullet. It is mere gluttony. Especially is it wicked of Atkinson, who has already the longest bird-neck in all these gardens. Look at the necks of all the cursors. The poor little wingless kiwi, with a mere nothing of a neck—for a cursor. *He*

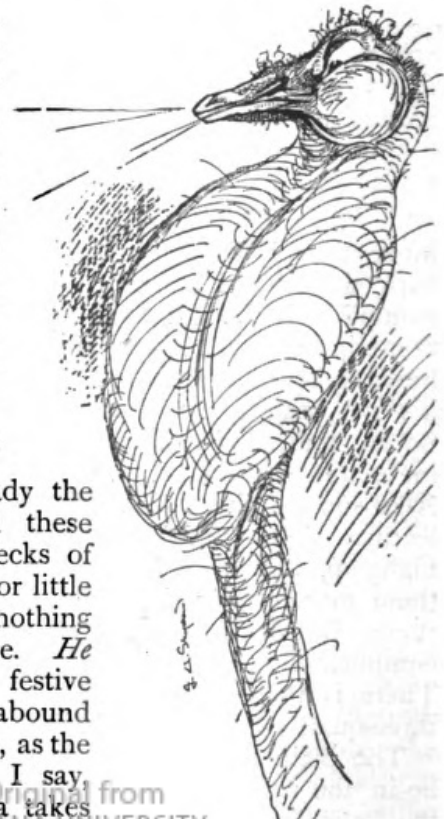
does without a spiral gullet. The festive cassowary—which, by-the-bye, *doesn't* abound—or exist—on the plains of Timbuctoo, as the rhyme says—the festive cassowary. I say, wears his gullet plain. The rusty rhea takes things below with perfect directness. The



GENIAL FRONT.



HEADS AND TAILS.



A ROARING SOLILOQUY.



lordly emeu gets his dinner down as quickly as the length of his neck will permit. It is only when one reaches the top of the cursorean thermometer, all among the boilings, so to speak, that the ostrich, with the longest neck of all, must poach another few inches by going in for a spiral. Pontius Pilate is bad enough, but a spiral for Atkinson!—well, there!

The partiality of the struthians for eccentric refreshments—clinkers, nut-crackers, and the like—leads many to a superstition that these things are as nourishing as they are attractive. They're not. Certain liberal asses have a curious habit of presenting the birds with halfpence. I scarcely understand why, unless modern environments have evolved penny-in-the-slotomaniacs. And I am prepared to bet that on occasions they are less generous with their pence. Nevertheless, they do it, and it kills the birds. One cassowary who died recently was found to contain one and eightpence in copper. I suggest that in future the experimentalizers confine their contributions to bank-notes. I have taken the trouble to ascertain that these will do no harm while their disappearance will afford an additional enjoyment to the contributors commensurate with their higher value.

Perhaps there is something in the habits of the cassowary himself that explains these offerings. The cassowary always comes to meet you at the bars with a look of grave inquiry.

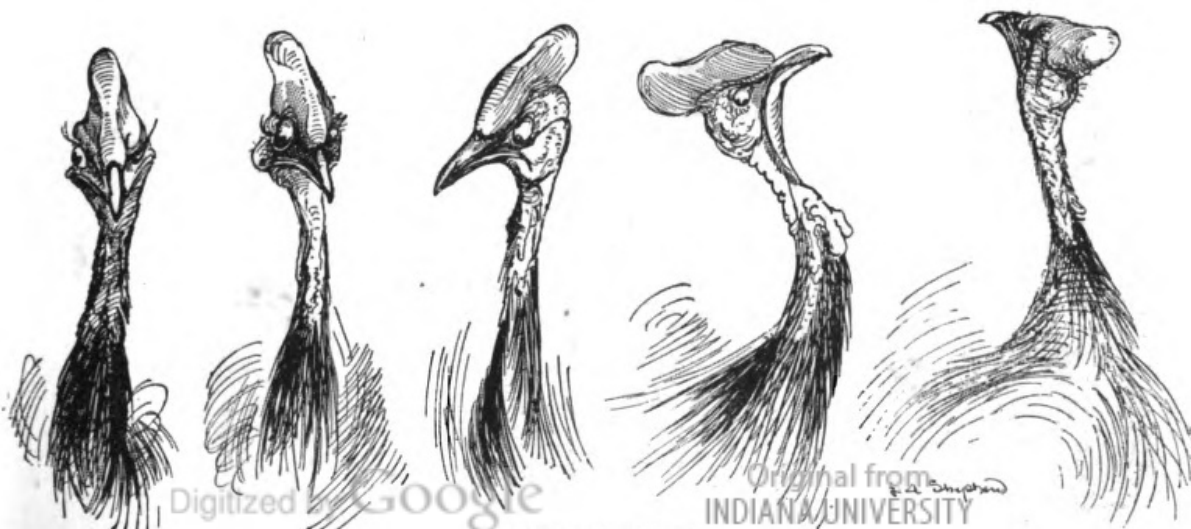


THE CURSOREAN  
THERMOMETER.

If you offer no tribute he turns off, with many cockings of the beak, surprised, indignant, and contemptuous. Very few people can endure this. They hastily produce anything they have—anything to conciliate the contemptuous cassowary. And as he takes it, an expression steals across the cassowary's face which seems to admit that perhaps the fellow isn't such a shocking outsider after all. When a man has nothing more nutritive about him, this form of extortion may produce halfpence.

The rhea is small potatoes beside the ostrich—merely a smaller and dingier camel-gander. But the emeu is a fine upstanding fellow, with his haughty sailing head and his great feather boa.

He is a friendly and inquisitive chap, and will come stalking down to the wires to inspect you. If you like to walk up and down outside his inclosure he will take a turn with you, walking at your side and turning when you do. He is justly proud of his height and his ruff, but there is nothing objectionably haughty about the emeu; I have always found him ready for a quiet chat. He will eat various things, like the ostrich; so that one regards him with a certain respect, not to say awe, for there is no telling what wonderful things may or may not be inside him. The biggest and handsomest emeu here is my particular friend. When he talks to you or walks by your side he is very fine; but when he walks



THE CASSOWARY DISGUSTED.





THE PROUD EMEU.

about a little way off, with his head to the ground, foraging, he looks rather like a tortoise on stilts, which is not imposing. Sometimes, when he thinks nobody is looking, he rushes madly up and down his territory by way of relieving his pent-up feelings, stopping very suddenly and looking cautiously about to assure himself that nobody saw him. I call this emeu Grimaldi; firstly, because Grimaldi is rather a fine name, and secondly, because when once you have had a view of his head from the back you can't call him anything else.

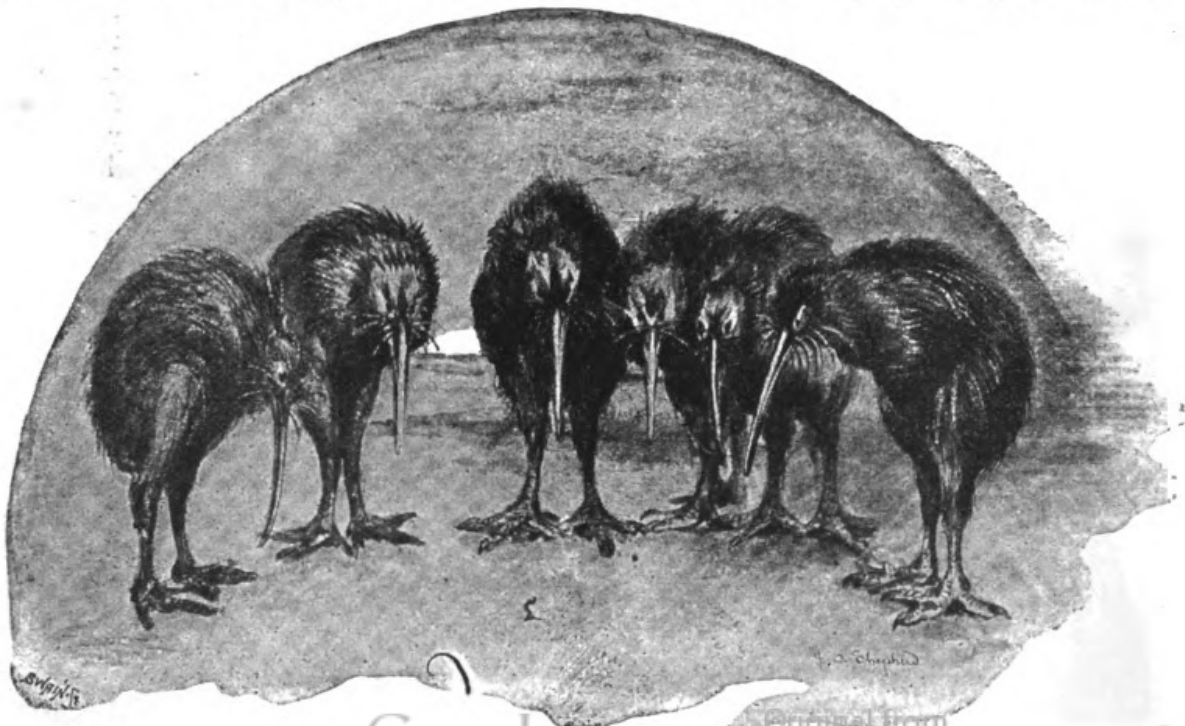


GRIMALDI.

The most extraordinary bird in the world is the kiwi. But it is not the most extraordinary bird seen by visitors to the Zoo,

because they never see it. The kiwi buries itself asleep all day, and only comes out in the night to demolish an unpleasant and inconvenient proverb. The kiwi is the latest of all the birds,

but catches the most worms. For this let us honour the kiwi, and hurl him in the face of the early risers. He stamps about the ground in the dark night, and the worm, being naturally a fool, as even the proverb demonstrates, comes up to investigate, and is at once cured of early rising for ever. The kiwi, having no wings (unless you count a bit



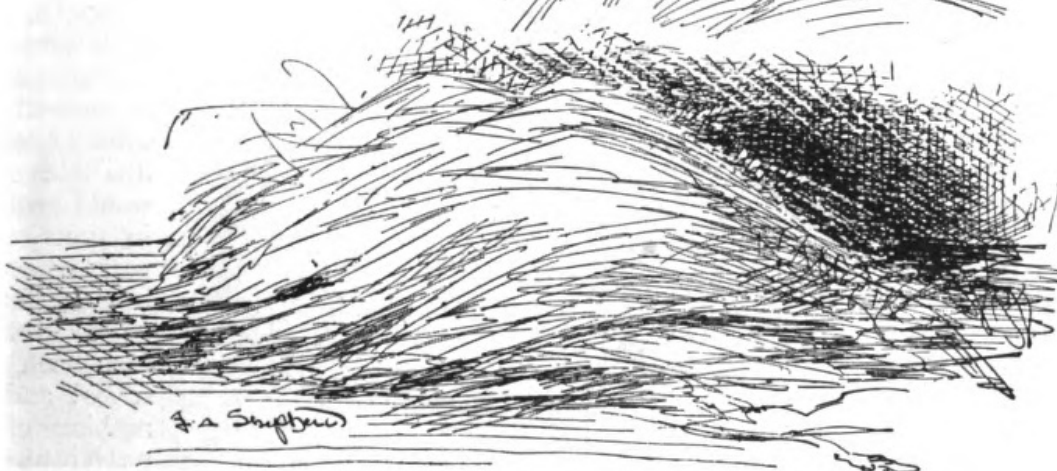




bably become extinct. Any glimpse here is short. Suddenly brought out

of cartilage an inch or so long, buried under the down), has the appearance of running about with his hands in his pockets because of the cold. And being covered with something more like hair than feathers, is a deal more like a big rat than a bird of any sort. Indeed, I don't believe the kiwi himself has altogether

made up his mind which to be. Before he decides he will pro- his friends have of him into the day, he stands for a moment, and blinks; then he puts his beak up and his legs apart, and there is a black streak and a heap of straw where it vanishes.



## One and Two.

BY WALTER BESANT

I.  
“**N**ELL!” cried the boy, jumping about, unable to stand still for excitement. “It is splendid! He has told me such things as I never dreamed. Oh! splendid things! Wonderful things!”

“Tell me, Will.”

“I am ashamed. Well, then, he says—he says”—the boy’s face became crimson—“he says that I can become whatever I please, if I please. It is all in me—all—all! If I want to be a statesman—I may. If I want to become a judge—I may. If I should like to be a bishop—I may. If a great scholar—a great writer—I may. All, he says, is possible for me, if I choose to work—all—if I choose to work. Oh! Nell—isn’t it—isn’t it wonderful?” He dropped his voice, and his eyes glistened—his large dreamy eyes—and his cheeks glowed. “If I choose to work.

As if I should not choose to work! Only those fellows who have got no such glorious prospects are lazy. Work? Why, I am mad to work. I grudge every hour. Work? You shall see how I will work!”

He was a lad of seventeen, handsome, tall and straight; his eyes were full and limpid;

his face was a long oval, his mouth delicate and fine, but perhaps not quite so firm as might have been desired. At this moment he had just held a conference with his private tutor. It took the form of a remonstrance and an explanation. The remonstrance pointed out that his work was desultory and liable to be interrupted at any

moment, for any caprice: that steady grind was incompatible with the giving away of whole mornings to musical dreams at the piano, or to rambles in the woods, a book of poetry in hand. The explanation was to the effect that the great prizes of the world are all within the reach of every clever lad who starts with a sufficiency of means and is not afraid of work; and that he himself—none other—possessed abilities which would justify him in aiming at the very highest. But he must work: he must work: he had been to no school and knew nothing of competitions with other fellows: he must make up for

that by hard grind. Think what it may mean to a young fellow of imagination and of dreams, this throwing open of the gates of the Temple of Ambition—this invitation to mount the steps and enter that great and glittering dome. The temple, within, is all glorious with crowns of gold set with precious stones and with crowns



“IT IS SPLENDID!”



of bay and laurel. Day and night ascends a hymn in praise of the living; they themselves—the living who have succeeded—sit on thrones of carved woodwork precious beyond price, and hear and receive this homage all day long. This lad, only by looking in at the open doors, gasped, and blushed, and panted; his colour came and went, his heart beat; he could not stand still.

His companion—they were in a country garden, and it was the spring of the year—was a girl of fifteen, who hung upon his words and adored him. Some women begin the voluntary servitude to the man they love at a very early age indeed. Nelly at fifteen loved this boy of seventeen as much as if they had both been ten years older.

"Yes," she said, timidly, and the manner of her saying it betrayed certain things. "And you will work, Will, won't you?"

"Work? Nell, since your father has spoken those words of encouragement, I feel that there is nothing but work left in me—regular work—methodical, systematic work, you know. Grind, grind, grind! No more music, no more singing, no more making rhymes—grind, grind, grind! I say, Nell, I've always dreamed, you know——"

"You have, Will."

"And to find that things may actually come true—actually—the finest things that ever I dared to dream—oh!"

"It is wonderful, Will!" Both of them began to think that the finest things had already been achieved.

"It is like having your fortune doubled—trebled—multiplied by ten. Better. If my fortune were multiplied by fifty I could spend no more, I could eat no more, I believe I could do no more with it."

"Genius," said the girl, blushing, because it really did seem an original thing to say, "is better than riches."

"It is, it is," the possessor of genius replied, with conviction. "To have enough is to have all. I can, if I please, become a bishop, a judge, a statesman—anything, anything. Nell," his voice dropped, "the thought makes me tremble. I feel as if I shall not be equal to the position. There is personal dignity, you know."

The girl laughed. "You not equal, Will? Why, you are strong enough for anything."

"I have made up my mind what to do first of all. When I go to Cambridge I shall take up classics. Of course I must take the highest classical honours. I shall carry off all the University scholarships, and the

medals, and the prizes. Oh! and I must speak at the Union. I must lead at the Union, and I must be an athlete." He was tall and thin, and he stretched out his long arms. "I shall row in the boat—the 'Varsity boat, of course. I shall play in the Eleven."

"Oh, Will, you are too ambitious."

"No man," he said, severely, "can be too ambitious. I would grasp all. I must sweep the board."

"And then?"

"Ah! There, I have not yet decided. The Church, to raise the world. The Law, to maintain the social order. The House, to rule the nation. Literature, Science, Art—which?"

"In whatever you do, Will, you are certain to rise to the front rank."

"Certain. Your father says so. Oh! I feel as if I was already Leader of the House. It is a splendid thing to rule the House. I feel as if I was Lord Chancellor in my robes—on the woolsack. Nothing so grand as to be Lord Chancellor. I feel as if I was Archbishop of Canterbury. It is a most splendid thing, mind you, to be Archbishop of Canterbury. What could be more splendid? He wears lawn sleeves, and he sits in the House of Lords. But I must work. The road to all these splendid things, as your father says, is through work. It wants an hour yet to dinner. I will give that hour to Euripides. No more waste of time for me, Nell."

He nodded his head and ran into the house, eager not to lose a moment.

The girl looked after him admiringly and fondly. "Oh!" she murmured; "what a splendid thing to be a man and to become Archbishop, and Lord Chancellor, and Leader of the House! Oh! how clever he is, and how great he will become!"

"I've had a serious talk with Challice to-day," said the private tutor to his wife in the evening.

"Will is *such* a nice boy," said the wife. "What a pity that he won't work!"

"He's got enough money to begin with, and he has never been to a public school. I have been firing his imagination, however, with the rich and varied prospect before a boy who really will work and has brains. He is a dreamer; he has vague ambitions; perhaps I may have succeeded in fixing them. But who knows? He is a dreamer. He plays the piano and listens to the music. Sometimes he makes verses. Who knows what such a lad may do?"

## II.

Two years later, the same pair stood in the same place at the same season of the year. Term was over—the third term of the first year at Cambridge.

"I haven't pleased your father," said the young man—he was slight and boyish-looking still, but on his face there was a new stamp—he had eaten of the tree of knowledge. "I have won no scholarships and taken no prizes. My grand ideas about University laurels are changed. You see, Nell, I have discovered that unless one goes into the Church a good degree helps nobody. And, of course, it ruins a man in other ways to put in all the time working for a degree."

"You know," said Nell, "we don't think so here."

"I know. Then you see I had to make the acquaintance of the men and to show them that I was a person of—of some importance. A man who can play and sing is always useful. We are an extremely social College, and the—the friction of mind with mind, you know—it is the best education possible for a man—I'm sure it is—much better than poring over Plato. Then I found so many things in which I was deficient. French fiction, for example; and I knew so very little about Art—oh! I have passed a most busy and useful time."

He forgot to mention such little things as nap, *écarté*, loo, billiards, Paris, and London, as forming part of his education. Yet everybody will own that these are important elements in the forming of a man.

"I see," said Nell.

"But your father won't. He is all for the Senate House. You do take a little interest in me still, Nell? Just a little interest—in an old friend?"

"Of course I do, Will." She blushed and dropped her eyes. Their fingers touched, but only for a moment. The touching of

fingers is very innocent. Perhaps it was accidental.

"Nell," said the young man, with deep feeling and earnestness, "whatever I do—to whatever height I rise, I shall always feel—" here he stopped because he could hardly say that she had stimulated him or inspired him—"always feel, Nell, that it began here—it began here." He looked about the garden. "On this spot I first resolved to become a great man. It was on the very day when your father told me that I might be great if I chose; of course, I knew so much before, but it pleased me; it stimulated

me. I told you here, on this spot, and you approved and cheered me on. Well, I don't, of course, tell any of the men about my ambitions. Mostly, I suppose, they have got their own. Some of them, I know, don't soar above a country living—I laugh in my sleeve, Nell, when I listen to their confessions—a country living—a house and a garden and a church; that is a noble ambition, truly! I laugh, Nell, when I think of what I could tell them; the rapid upward climb; the dizzy height, the grasp of power and of authority!"

He spoke very grandly, and waved his hand and threw his head back and looked

every inch a leader—one round whom the soldiers of a holy cause would rally. The girl's eyes brightened and her cheek glowed, even though she remembered what at that moment she would rather have forgotten: the words of her father at breakfast. "Chalice has done nothing," he said, "he has attempted nothing; now he will never do anything. It is just as I expected. A dreamer! A dreamer!"

"It was here," Will continued, "that I resolved on greatness. It was on this spot that I imparted my ambition to you. Nell, on this spot I again impart to you my choice. I will become a great statesman. I have money to start me—most fellows



"HE SPOKE VERY GRANDLY."



have to spend the best part of their lives in getting money enough to give them a start. I shall be the Leader of the House. Mind, to anyone but you this ambition would seem presumptuous. It is my secret which I trust with you, Nell." He caught her hands, drew her gently, and kissed her on the forehead. "Dear Nell," he said, "long before my ambition is realized, you will be by my side, encouraging, and advising, and consoling."

He spoke as a young man should; and tenderly, as a lover should; but there was something not right—a secret thorn—something jarred. In the brave words—in the tender tones—there was a touch, a tone, a look, out of harmony. Will Challice could not tell his mistress that all day long there was a voice within him crying: "Work, work! Get up and work! All this is folly! Work! Nothing can be done without work—work—work!"

### III.

IT was about the beginning of the Michaelmas term that the very remarkable occurrences or series of occurrences began which are the cause and origin of this history. Many men have failed and many have succeeded. Will Challice is, perhaps, the only man who has ever done both, and in the same line and at the same time. The thing came upon him quite suddenly and unexpectedly. It was at two in the morning; he had spent the evening quietly in the society of three other men and two packs of cards. His own rooms, he observed as he crossed the court, were lit up—he wondered how his "gyp" could have been so careless. He opened his door and entered his room. Heavens! At the table, on which the lamp was burning, sat before a pile of books—himself! Challice rubbed his eyes; he was not frightened; there is nothing to alarm a man in the sight of himself, though sometimes a good deal to disgust; but if you saw, in a looking-glass, your own face and figure doing

*something else*, you would be astonished: you might even be alarmed. Challice had heard of men seeing rats, circles, triangles, even—he thought of his misspent evenings which were by no means innocent of whisky and potash: he concluded that this must be an Appearance, to be referred, like the rats and circles, to strong drink. He thought that it would vanish as he gazed.

It did not: on the contrary, it became, if anything, clearer. There was a reading lamp on the table which threw a strong circle of light upon the bent head of the reader. Then Will Challice began to tremble and his knees gave way. The clock ticked on the mantelshelf: else there was no sound: the College was wrapped and lapped in the silence of sleep.

He nerved himself: he stepped forwards. "Speak," he cried, and the sound of his own voice terrified him. Who ever heard of a man questioning himself in the dead of night? "Speak—What does this mean?"

Then the reader lifted his head, placed a book-mark to keep his place, and turned slowly in his chair—one of those wooden chairs the seat of which turns round. Yes—it was himself—his own face that met the face of the returned reveller. But there was no



Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"

terror in that face—a serious resolve, rather—a set purpose—grave eyes. He, the reader, leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs.

"Yes," he said, and the voice again startled the other man. "You have a right—a complete right—to an explanation. I have felt for a long time that something would have to be done; I've been going on in a most uncomfortable manner. In spite of my continual remonstrances, I *could* not persuade you to work. You must have recognised that you contained two men: the one indolent, dreamy, always carried away by the pleasures or caprice of the moment—a feather-brain. The other: ambitious, clear-headed, and eager for work. Your part would give my part no chance. Very well; we are partly separated. That is all. Partly separated."

The dreamer sat down and stared. "I don't understand," he said.

"No more time will be lost," the worker went on. "I have begun to work. For some time past I have been working at night—I am not going to stand it any longer."

"That's what made me so heavy in the morning, then?"

"That was the cause. Now, however, I am going to work in earnest, and all day long."

"I don't care, if it's real; but this is a dream. I don't care so long as I needn't work with you. But, I say, what will the men say? I can't pretend to have a twin, all of a sudden."

"N—no. Besides, there are other difficulties. We belong to each other, you see. We must share these rooms. Listen, I have quite thought it out. At night we shall be one; at breakfast and in the Hall we will be one; you shall give me the entire use of these rooms all day and all the evening for work. In examinations of course you will remain here locked in, while I go to the Senate House. You will go to chapel for both."

"N—no. Chapel must belong to you."

"I say you will go to chapel for both." This with resolution.

"Oh!" the other Half gave way. "But what am I to do all day?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Do what you like. If you like to stay here you can. You may play or sing. You may read your French novels; you will not disturb me. But if you bring any of your friends here it will be awkward, because they will perceive that you are double. Now we will go to bed. It is half-past two."

#### IV.

IN the morning Will awoke with a strange sense of something. This feeling of something is not uncommon with young gentlemen who go to bed about three. He got up and dressed. A cup of tea made him remember but imperfectly what had happened. "I must have had too much whisky," he murmured. "I saw myself—actually myself—hard at work." Here his eyes fell upon the table. There were the books—books on Political Economy—with a note-book and every indication of work. More; he knew, he remembered, the contents of these books. He sat down bewildered. Then it seemed as if there was a struggle within him as of two who strove for mastery. "Work!" cried one. "I won't," said the other. "You shall." "I won't." A most ignoble quarrel, yet it pulled him this way and that towards the table or back in the long easy chair. Finally the struggle ended: he fell back; he closed his eyes. When he opened them again, the room was cleared of the breakfast things, and he saw himself sitting at the table hard at work.

"Good gracious!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Is what I remember of last night real? Not a dream!"

"Not a dream at all. I will no longer have my career blasted at the outset by your confounded laziness. I think you understand me perfectly. I am clear of you whenever I please. I join you when I please."

"Oh! And have I the same power?"

"You? Certainly not. You are only the Half that won't work. You have got no power at all."

"Oh! Well—I shall not stand that."

"You can't help yourself. I am the Intellectual Principle; mine is the Will: mine is the clear head and the authority."

"What am I, then?"

"You? I don't know. You are me—yourself—without the Intellectual Principle. That is what you are. I must define you by negatives. You cannot argue, or reason, or create, or invent: you remember like an animal from assistance: you behave nicely because you have been trained: you are—in short—you are the Animal Part."

"Oh!" He was angry: he did not know what to reply: he was humiliated.

"Don't fall into a rage. Go away and amuse yourself. You can do anything you please. Come back, however, in time for Hall."



The Animal Part obeyed. He went out leaving the other Part over his books. He spent the morning with other men as industriously disposed as himself. He found a strange lightness of spirits. There was no remonstrating voice within him reproaching him for his laziness, urging him to get up and go to work. Not at all; that voice was silent; he was left quite undisturbed. He talked with these men over tobacco; he played billiards with them; he lay in a chair and looked at a novel. He had luncheon and beer, and more tobacco. He went down the river in the college boat; he had an hour or two of whist before Hall. Then he returned to his room.

His other Half looked up, surprised.

"Already? The day has flown."

"One moment," said Will, "before we go in. You're a serious sort, you know, and I'm one of the—the lighter ornaments of the College, and I sit among them. It would be awkward breaking off all at once. Besides——"

"I understand. Continue to sit with them for awhile, and talk as much idiotic stuff as you please. Presently you will find that a change of companions and of conversation has become necessary."

Nobody noticed any change; the two in one sat at table and ate like one; they talked like one; they talked frivolously, telling stories like one. After Hall they went back to their chambers.

"You can leave me," said the student. "I shall rest for an hour or so. Then I shall go on again."

This very remarkable arrangement went on undisturbed for some time. No one suspected it. No one discovered it. It became quite natural for Challice to go out of his room in the morning and to leave himself at work; it became natural to go down to Hall at seven with a mingled recollection of work and amusements. The reproaching voice

was silent, the Animal Part was left at peace, and the Intellectual Part went on reading at peace.

One evening, however, going across the court at midnight, Will met the tutor.

"Challice," he said, "is it wise to burn the candle at both ends? Come—you told me this morning that you were working hard. What do you call this? You cannot serve two masters."

"It is quite true," said the Reading Half on being questioned. "I have foreseen this difficulty for some time. I called on the tutor this morning, and I told him of my intention to work. He laughed aloud. I insisted. Then he pointed out the absurdity of pretending to work while one was idling about all day. This is awkward."

"What do you propose then?"

"I propose that you stay indoors all the morning until two o'clock, locked in."

"What? And look on while you are mugging?"

"Exactly. You may read French novels: you may go to sleep. You must be quiet. Only, you must be here—all the morning. In the afternoon you may do what you please. I may quite trust you to avoid any effort of the brain. Oh! And you will avoid anything stronger than tea before Hall.

No more beer for lunch. It makes me heavy."

"No more beer? But this is tyranny."

"No. It is ambition. In the evening you may go out and play cards. I shall stay here."

They went to bed. It seemed to Will as if the other Part of him—the Intellectual Part—ordered him to go to sleep without further thought.

This curious life of separation and of partial union continued, in fact, for the whole of the undergraduate time. Gradually, however, a great change came over the lazy H



"WILL MET THE TUTOR."

—the Animal Half. It—he—perceived that the whole of his reasoning powers had become absorbed by the Intellectual Half. He became really incapable of reasoning. He could not follow out a thought; he had no thoughts. This made him seem dull, because even the most indolent person likes to think that he has some powers of argument. This moiety of Challice had none. He became quite dull; his old wit deserted him; he was heavy; he drifted gradually out of the society which he had formerly frequented; he perceived that his old friends not only found him dull, but regarded him as a traitor. He had become, they believed, that contemptible person, the man who reads. He was no longer a dweller in the Castle of Indolence; he had gone over to the other side.

Life became very dull indeed to this Half. He got into the habit of lying on a sofa, watching the other Half who sat at the table tearing the heart out of books. He admired the energy of that Half; for himself, he could do nothing; if he read at all it was a novel of the lowest kind; he even bought the penny novelette and read that with interest; if he came to a passage which contained a thought or a reflection he passed it over. He had ceased to think; he no longer even troubled himself about losing the power of thought.

Another thing came upon him; not suddenly, but gradually, so that he was not alarmed at it. He began to care no longer about the games of which he had formerly been so fond. Billiards, racquets, cards, all require, you see, a certain amount of reasoning, of quick intelligence and rapid action. This unfortunate young man had no rapidity of intelligence left. He was too stupid to play games. He became too stupid even to row.

He ceased to be a dreamer; all his dreams were gone; he ceased to make music at the piano; he ceased to sing; he could neither play nor sing: these things gave him no pleasure. He ceased, in short, to take interest in anything, cared for nothing, and hoped for nothing.

In Hall the two in one sat now with the reading set. Their talk was all of books and "subjects," and so forth. The Intellectual Half held his own with the rest: nay, he became a person to be considered. It was remarked, however, that any who met Challice out walking found him stupid and dull beyond belief. This was put down to preoccupation. The man was full of his

work; he was meditating, they said; his brain was working all the while; he was making up for lost time.

In the evening the lazy Half sat in an easy chair and took tobacco, while the other Half worked. At eleven the Industrious Half disappeared. Then the Whole went to bed.

They seldom spoke except when Industry had some more orders to give. It was no longer advice, or suggestion, or a wish, or a prayer: it was an order. Indolence was a servant. "You took more wine than is good for me at dinner to-day," said Industry. "Restrict yourself to a pint of claret, and that of the lightest, for the future." Or, "You are not taking exercise enough. If you have no longer brain power enough even for the sliding seat, walk—walk fast—go out to the top of the Gogs and back again. I want all my energies." Once Indolence caught a cold: it was a month before the May examinations. The wrath and reproaches of Industry, compelled to give up a whole day to nursing that cold, were very hard to bear. Yet Indolence could not resist; he could not even remonstrate; he was now a mere slave.

When the examinations came it was necessary to observe precautions of a severer kind. To begin with, Indolence had to get up at six and go for an hour's run, for the better bracing of the nerves; he had to stay hidden indoors all day, while his ambitious twin sat in the Hall, flooring papers. He had to give up tobacco in order to keep the other Half's head clear. "Courage," said Intellect, "a day or two more and you shall plunge again into the sensuality of your pipe and your beer. Heavens! When I look at you, and think of what I was becoming!"

Industry got a scholarship; Intellect got a University medal; Ambition received the congratulations of the tutor.

"How long," asked the Animal, "is this kind of thing going to continue?"

"How long? Do you suppose," replied the other Half, "that I have given up my ambition? Remember what you said two years ago. You were younger then. You would sweep the board; you would row in the University boat; you would play in the Eleven; you would be a Leader—in all, all! You would then take up with something—you knew not what—and you would step to the front. You remember?"

"A dream—a dream. I was younger then." INDIANA UNIVERSITY

"No longer a dream. It is a settled pur-



pose. Hear me. I am going to be a statesman. I shall play the highest game of all. I shall go into the House. I shall rise—slowly at first, but steadily.”

“And I?”

“You are a log tied to my heel, but you shall be an obedient log. If you were not——”

Indolence shivered and crouched. “Am I then—all my life—to be your servant?”



“INDOLENCE SHIVERED.”

“Your life? No—my life.” The two glared at each other. “Silence, Log. Let me work.”

“I shall not be silent,” cried Indolence, roused to momentary self-assertion. “I have no enjoyment left in life. You have taken all—all——”

“You have left what you loved best of all—your sloth. Lie down—and take your rest. Why, you do nothing all day. A stalled ox is not more lazy. You eat and drink and take exercise and sleep. What more, for such as you, has life to give? You are now an animal. My half has absorbed all the intellectual part of you. Lie down, I say—lie down, and let me work.”

The Animal could not lie down. He was restless. He walked about the room. He was discontented. He was jealous. The other Half, he saw plainly, was getting the

better share of things. That Half was admired and envied. By accident, as he paced the room, he looked in the glass; and he started, for his face had grown heavy: there was a bovine look about the cheeks: the eyes were dull: the mouth full. Then the other Half rose and stood beside him. Together they looked at their own faces. “Ha!” cried Ambition, well satisfied at the contrast. “It works already. Mine is the face intended for me: yours is the face into which this degenerate mould might sink. Mine contains the soul; yours—the animal. You have got what you wanted, Sloth. Your dreams are gone from you. I have got them, though, and I am turning them into action. As time goes on, your face will become more bovine, your eyes duller. What will be the end?” His brow darkened. “I don’t know. We are like the Siamese twins.”

“One of them took to drink,” murmured the inferior Half. “What if I were to follow his example?”

“You will not. You do not dare?” But his blanched face showed his terror at the very thought.

## V.

THE first step was achieved. The first class was gained. Challice of Pembroke was second classic; he might have been senior but for the unaccountable laziness of his first year. He was University scholar, medallist, prizeman; he was one of the best speakers at the Union. He was known to be ambitious. He was not popular, however, because he was liable to strange fits of dullness; those who met him wandering about the banks of the river found him apparently unable to understand things; at such times he looked heavy and dull; it was supposed that he was abstracted; men respected his moods, but these things do not increase friendships. Challice the Animal and Challice the Intellect weighed each other down.

They left Cambridge, they went to London, they took lodgings. “You are now so different from me in appearance,” said the Intellect, “that I think we may leave off the usual precautions. Go about without troubling what I am and what I am doing. Go about and amuse yourself, but be careful.”

The victim of sloth obeyed; he went about all day long in heavy, meaningless fashion; he looked at things in shops; he sat in museums, and dropped off to sleep. He strolled round squares. At luncheon and dinner time he found out restaurants where



he could feed—in reality, the only pleasure left to him was to eat, drink, and sleep.

One day he was in Kensington Gardens, sitting half asleep in the sun. People walked up and down the walk before him; beautiful women gaily dressed; sprightly women gaily talking; the world of wealth, fashion, extravagance, and youth. He was no more than three-and-twenty himself. He ought to have been fired by the sight of all this beauty, and all this happiness. Nobody in the world can look half so happy as a lovely girl finely dressed. But he sat there like a clod, dull and insensate.

Presently, a voice which he remembered: "Papa, it is Will Challice!" He looked up heavily. "Why, Will," the girl stood before him, "don't you know me?"



"PAPA, IT IS WILL CHALLICE!"

It was Nell, the daughter of his tutor, now a comely maiden of one-and-twenty, who laughed and held out her hand to him. He rose, but not with alacrity. The shadow of a smile crossed his face. He took her hand.

"Challice!" his tutor clapped him on the shoulder. "I haven't seen you since you took your degree. Splendid, my boy! But it might have been better. I hear you are reading Law—good. With the House before you? Good again! Let me look at you. Humph!" He grunted a little disappointment. "You don't look quite so—quite so—what? Do you take exercise enough?"

"Plenty of exercise—plenty," replied the

young scholar, who looked so curiously dull and heavy.

"Well, let us walk together. You are doing nothing for the moment."

They walked together; Nelly between them.

"Father," she said, when they arrived at their lodgings in Albemarle Street, "what has come over that poor man? He has gone stupid with his success. I could not get a word out of him. He kept staring at me without speaking."

Was he a lumpish log, or was he a man all nerves and electricity?

In the morning Will Challice partly solved the question, because he called and showed clearly that he was an insensible log and a lumpish log. He sat for an hour gazing at

the girl as if he would devour her, but he said nothing.

In the evening Cousin Tom called, bringing Will Challice again—but how changed! Was such a change really due to evening dress? Keen of feature, bright of eye, full of animation. "Why, Will," said Nelly, "what is the matter with you sometimes? When you were here this morning, one could not get a word out of you. Your very face looked heavy."

He changed colour. "I have times when I—I—lose myself—thinking—thinking of things, you know."

They passed a delightful evening. But when Will went away, the girl became meditative. For, although he had talked without stopping, on every kind of subject, there was no hungry look in his eye, such as she had perceived with natural satisfaction in the morning. Every maiden likes that look of hunger, outward sign and indication of respect to her charms.

They were up in town for a month. Every morning Will called and sat glum but hungry-eyed, gazing on the girl and saying nothing. Every evening he called again and talked scholarship and politics with her father, his face changed, his whole manner different,





"WILL SAT GAZING ON THE GIRL."

and without any look of hunger in his eyes.

One day after a fortnight or so of this, Will the Animal stood up after breakfast and spoke.

"There has got to be a change."

"You are changing, in fact," replied the other with a sneer.

"I am in love. I am going to marry a girl. Now hold your tongue," for the Intellectual Half bounded in his chair. "You have left me very little power of speech. Let me try to explain what I—I want to say." He spoke painfully and slowly. "Let me—try—I have lost, bit by bit, almost everything. I don't want to read—I can't play any more. I don't care about anything much. But this girl I do care about. I have always loved her, and you—you with your deuced intellect—cannot kill that part of me. Be quiet—let me try to think. She loves me, too. She loves me for myself, and not on account of you and your success. She is sorry for me. She has given me—I don't know how—the power of thinking a little. When I am married to her, she will give me more. Let us part absolutely. Take all my intellect and go. Nell will marry a stupid man, but he will get something from her—something I am sure. I feel different already; I said something to-day which made her laugh. What are you glaring at me for?"

"I am not glaring. I am thinking. Go on."

"This has got to stop. Now find some way of stopping it, or—or——"

"What can you do?"

"I can drink," he said, with awful meaning. "I can ruin you. And I will, unless you agree to part."

The Intellectual Half was looking at him with a strangely softened face. There was neither scorn nor hatred in that face. "Dimidium Animæ," he said. "Half of my Soul, I have something to say as well. Confess, however, first of all, that I was right. Had it not been for this step—the most severe measure possible, I admit—nothing would have been achieved. Eh?"

"Perhaps. You *would* work, you see."

"Yes. Well—I have made a discovery. It is that I have been too thorough. I don't quite understand how, logically and naturally, anything else was

possible. I wanted, heaven knows, all the intellect there was; you were, therefore, bound to become the Animal, pure and simple. Well, you see, we are not really two, but one. Can't we hit upon an agreement?"

"What agreement?"

"Some agreement—some *modus vivendi*. I shall get, it is true, some of the Animal; you will get some of the Intellectual, but we shall be united again, and after all——" He looked very kindly upon himself, and held out his hand. So they stood with clasped hands looking at each other.

"I found it out through Nell," the Intellectual Half went on. "You went to see her every morning—I went every evening. You were always brimful of love for her; I, who knew this, was not moved in the slightest degree by her. Oh! I know that she is the best girl that the world, at this moment, has to show; I am fully persuaded of that: yet she has ceased to move me. I think of her Intellect, which is certainly much lower than my own, and I cannot even admire her. In other words, I cannot be moved by any woman. This terrifies me."

"Why?"

"It threatens my future. Don't you see? He who cannot be moved by woman is no longer man. But man can only be moved by brother man. If I cannot move men my career is at an end. What they call magnetism belongs to the animal within us. When that is gone, I now perceive, when the



animal is killed, the rest of the man has no longer any charm, any attraction, any persuasion, any power of leading, teaching, compelling, or guiding. His success, whatever he does, is all glitter—evanescent glitter. He may sit down and hold his tongue, for he can do no more good."

"I only half understand."

"Intellect, in short, my lower Half, is of no use without human passion. That is what it means. We have gone too far. Let us end it."

"How? You despise the man who is only animal."

"No—no! The animal is part of man. I understand now. I have done wrong—brother Half—to separate myself so much from you. Only, you carried it too far. You *would* not work: you would not give me even a decent show. Suppose—I say suppose—we were united once more. Could I count on being allowed to work?"

"Yes," said the Animal, "I have had a lesson too. You shall work," he hesitated and shuddered, "in reason, of course—say all the morning, and, if you go into the House, all the evening."

"I would not be hard upon you. I would let you have a reasonable amount of indolence and rest. My success will be less rapid, on your account, but it will be more solid. Do you think that if we were to be lost again in each other, I should once more feel for that girl as—"

"Why," said the Animal, "you would be—Me; and what I feel for her is, I assure you, overwhelming."

That evening Will Challice sat at the open window in the dark, Nellie's hand in his. "My dear," he murmured, "tell me, do you love me more because I have realized some of our old dreams?"

"Will; how can I tell you? I love you, not your success. If you had not done so

well, it would have made no difference. Your success is only an accidental part of you." Oh! the metaphysician! "You are not your success. Yet, of course, I don't love you for your fine degree, you conceited boy, and yet it is for yourself."

He kissed her forehead. "The old dream time was pleasant, wasn't it? when we chose to be Archbishop of Canterbury one day and Lord Chancellor the next. To be Leader of the House of Commons is the present ambition. It is a most splendid thing"—the dreamer's eyes looked up into space with the old light in them—"a most splendid thing—to lead the House—to sway the House. But I don't know," he sighed, "it will take an awful lot of work. And the Cambridge business did take it out of one most tremendously. I didn't believe, Nell, that I had such an amount of work in me."

"You have been so gloomy lately, Will. Was that fatigue?"

"Ambition on the brain, Nell," he replied, lightly—as lightly as of old—success had not destroyed the old gaiety of heart. "I've consulted a learned physician, Dr. Sydenham Celsus Galen, Wimpole Street. He says that an engagement with the right girl—he is extremely particular on that point, so that I do hope, Nell, we have made no mistake—is a sovereign remedy for all mopey, glum, dumpy, moody, broody, gloomy, sulky, ill-

conditioned vapours. It is, he confessed, the only medicine in his

harmacopœia. All his clients have to follow that prescription.

You will very soon find that those glum, dumpy moods have vanished quite away.

You will charm them away. Oh!

I live again—I breathe—I think

—I don't work so infernally hard

—I am once more human—because

I love, and because—"

The girl's head rested upon his arm, and he kissed her forehead.



"HE KISSED HER FOREHEAD."



## Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

BORN 1844.



R. CLARK RUSSELL was born in New York of English parents. His literary taste is a natural gift, his mother being a niece of Charles Lloyd, the poet, and a cousin of Christopher Wordsworth, the late Bishop of Lincoln, and herself known as



From an

AGE 5.

[Oil Painting.

a poetess, and the authoress, among other things, of "The Wife's Dream." Mr. Clark Russell went to sea as a middy before he was fourteen, and during the next eight years picked up the thorough knowledge of sea-faring life which he afterwards turned to such good use in his novels. His first book was "John Holdsworth," but it was his second story, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," which he wrote in little more than two months and sold to a publisher for fifty pounds, which marked a new era in the evolution of the nautical novel. Since that time Mr. Clark Russell has had the sea to himself, and his



From a

AGE 17.

[Photograph.

(As a Midshipman.)

descriptions of sea-scenery, and his pictures of real-life sailors, are not likely soon to find a rival. Mr. Clark Russell's latest story, "List, Ye Landsmen"—one of his very best—is now appearing in *Tit-Bits*.



From a Photo. by

PRESENT DAY.

[Elliott & Fry.

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY





AGE 5.

*From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.*



*From a Photo. by* AGE 12. *{W. & D. Downey.*

## PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.

BORN 1875.



HE marriage of Princess Marie, the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, to Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, which is fixed to take place on January the 10th, will almost coincide with

the appearance of these portraits of the young Princess at different ages. A more charming set we have never had the privilege of publishing.

In offering our sincere congratulations and best wishes to the youthful pair, we are sure that every reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will cordially join us.



*From a Photo. by* PRESENT DAY *{Heath, Plymouth.*

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

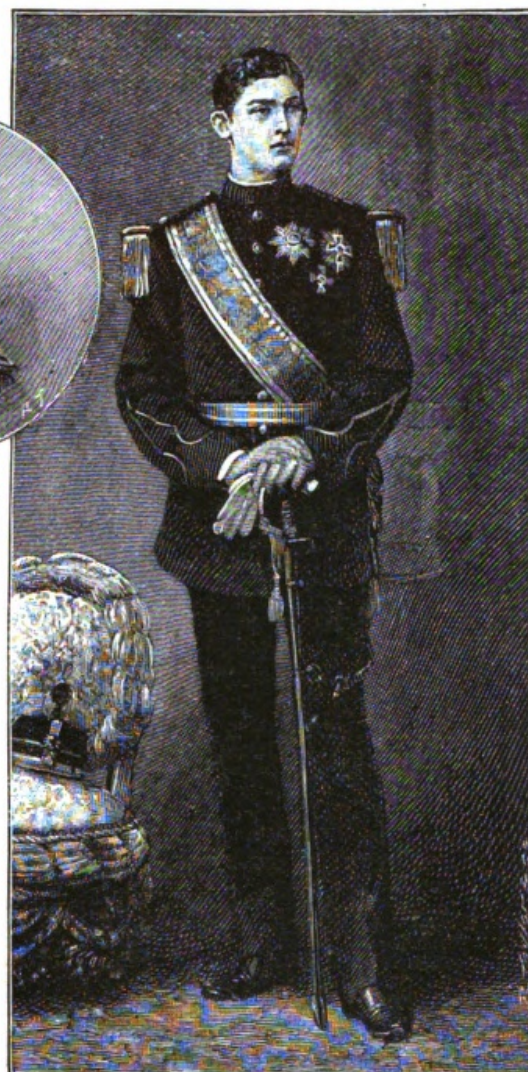




From a Photo. by] AGE 17.



AGE 6.  
From a Photo.  
by Haerstick,  
Düsseldorf.



From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [Mandy, Bucharest.

PRINCE FERDINAND  
OF ROUMANIA.

BORN 1865.

**P**RINCE FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA,

second son of the reigning Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern and Princess Antonia, Infanta of Portugal, was born in Sigmaringen on the 24th of August, 1865. After several years of private tuition under the parental care, he joined, together with his brothers, the gymnasium of Düsseldorf. He was appointed by the Em-



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY

[Mandy, Bucharest.

peror William a lieutenant in the Infantry Life Guards. He then joined the military school at Kassel, and after a regular course of studies, obtained his commission as officer in the army. In November, 1886, he went to Bucharest with his father, and after participating in a brilliant review, was nominated by King Charles I. a lieutenant in the 3rd Infantry Regiment. On the 14th of March, 1889, he was proclaimed Heir Presumptive to the Crown of Roumania by the unanimous vote of the Senate.





From a [ ] AGE 8. [Photograph.]



From a Photo. by] AGE 14. [Eugene Carpot.

### THE LATE MR. FRED. LESLIE.

BORN 1855.

**A**FTER leaving Dr. Quine's school at Notting Hill, Mr. Leslie passed a short probation in the provinces, and joined the Royalty Theatre in 1872, making his *début* on the London stage in the character of Colonel "Paul Pry." He subsequently visited

America to play in "Madame Favart," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. On his return to London he created the character of the *Duke* in "Olivette." Shortly after this, in 1882, in the title rôle of "Rip Van Winkle" at the Comedy, he came prominently into public notice. In this character he proved himself a worthy disciple of Joseph Jefferson.



AGE 26.  
From a Photo. by the London Stereo. Co.

Then came a second visit to America, from which Mr. Leslie returned after a year to fill his old part when "Rip Van Winkle" was again revived. Early in the spring of 1885 he moved to the Opera Comique, and in the December of that year joined the Gaiety Company, in which his loss will be very severely felt. As a dramatic author he wrote under the name of A. C. Torr, a derivation from the word "Actor."



AGE 37.  
As a Servant in "Cinder - Ellen," played by him on November 25th, 1892, his last appearance before his death.



Original from  
From a Photo. by] AGE 37. [The London Stereo. Co.



MISS DOROTHEA  
GERARD

(MADAME LONGARD).



DOROTHEA MARY  
STANISLAUS  
MARGARET  
GERARD, born  
August 9th, 1855,



From a] AGE 4. (Photo. by  
Robertson, Glasgow.



AGE 6.  
From a Photo.



AGE 11.  
From a Photo. by  
Bude, Gratz.

in 'Longman's Magazine'), and now 'A Queen of Curds and Cream' (Messrs. Eden and Co.), all these under the signature 'Dorothea Gerard.' On April 12th, 1887, I was married to Captain (now Lieut.-Colonel) Julius Longard, of the 7th Austrian Lancers."

at Rochsoles House, Lanarkshire, N.B. The following is a brief autobiography of this well-known and popular novelist, with which she has been good enough to supply us: "My father's name was Archibald Gerard. My mother was *née* Euphemia Erskine Robison. In 1876, being in a deadly dull Hungarian country town, my eldest sister (Madame de Laszowska) and I took to writing in despair, conjointly, and merely as a means of passing the time, signing ourselves 'E. D. Gerard.' Considerably to our astonishment we found a publisher for our first attempt—'Reata.' This was followed by 'Beggar My Neighbour' and 'The Waters of Hercules' (all three published by Messrs. Blackwood), after which our literary partnership ceased. Since then I have written 'Lady Baby' and 'Recha' (Blackwood), and 'Orthodox' (first appeared

AGE 21.  
From a Photo. by  
Scheffler, Szabadka.



Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Mackintosh, Kelso.





From a]

AGE 12.

[Miniature.

THE RIGHT HON. STUART KNILL,  
LORD MAYOR. BORN 1824.

**M**R. STUART KNILL, whose election to the Mayoralty this year was invested with unusual interest, is the son of the late Mr. John Knill, of Fresh Wharf, London Bridge, to whose business he succeeded. He

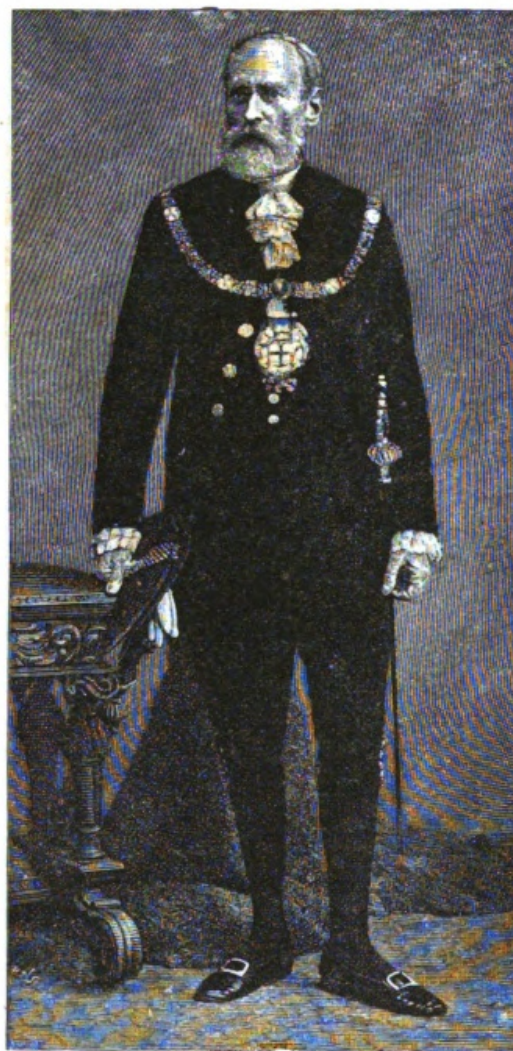


From a]

AGE 38.

[Photograph.

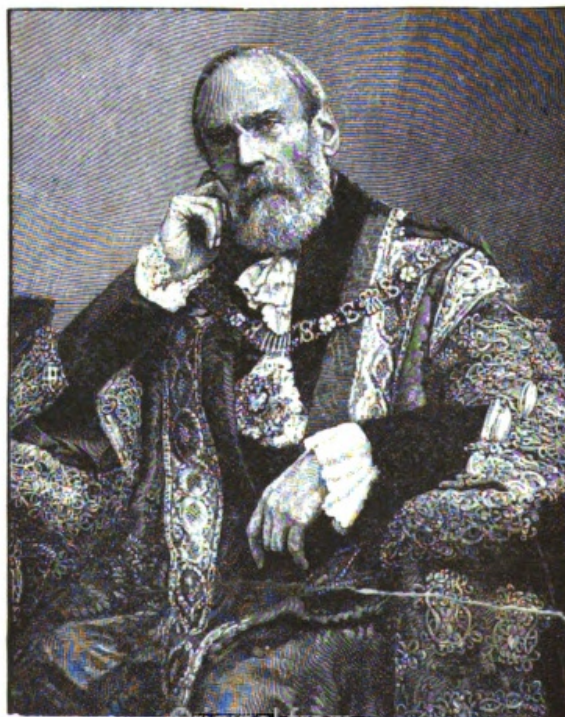
was educated at the Blackheath Proprietary School, and at the University of Bonn. He entered the Corporation in 1885 as Alderman of the Ward of Bridge, and served the office of Sheriff in 1889-90. He is a member of the Goldsmiths' Company, and is now Master of the Guild of Plumbers for the second time. In this capacity he has taken great interest in all matters connected with the registration of plumbers, and subjects of sanitation and hygiene. He is a leading member of the Roman Catholic laity in England.



AGE 65.

AS ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.



PRESENT DAY.

AS LORD MAYOR.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.





THE COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY.









WHAT'S on the cards? A question common enough when the actual knowledge of the moment does not afford a positive answer; a question, too, which has an origin taking us back to the earliest use of playing cards. But to how many of those to whom playing cards as a means of recreation are familiar is it known what *may* be found on the cards? Yet upon these "bits of painted cardboard" there has been expended a greater amount of ingenuity and of artistic effort than is to be found in any other form of popular amusement. Pope's charming epic, "The Rape of the Lock," gives us, in poetic form, a description of the faces of the cards as known to him and to the card-players of his time:—

"Behold four kings in majesty revered,  
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;  
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,  
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;  
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,  
Caps on their heads and halberds in their hand."

It is not our purpose to historically trace the evolution of cards—this is a subject beyond the reach of the present article—but a look farther afield will give us evidence that during the last three centuries there has been a constant adaptation of cards to purposes which take them beyond their intention as the instruments for card playing only. The idea that playing cards had their origin in the later years of Charles VI. of France may be disposed of at once as a popular error, though it is true that the earliest



FIG. 1.



authentic examples which still exist are parts of the two packs of cards which were produced for the amusement of that King, by the hands of Jacques Gringonneur, and of which seventeen are preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris.

These are the most early forms of playing cards, and are known as "Tarots" (as distinguished from "Numerals," or cards which have the consecutively marked "suit" signs), and which had evidently a purpose outside the ordinary games of playing cards as known to us. The "Tarot" pack consists variously of seventy-two, seventy-seven, or seventy-eight cards, including the "Tarots," which give them their distinctive name. "Tarot" as a game was familiar three centuries ago in England, but is so no longer, although it has a limited use in other parts of Europe still. One of the "Tarot" cards, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, "La Mort," is shown as the first of our illustrations (Fig. 1).



FIG. 2.

Familiar to those who are conversant with the literature of playing cards will be the Knave of Clubs, shown in Fig. 2, which is one of the fragments of a pack of cards found, in 1841, by Mr. Chatto, in the waste-



E

ZINTILOMO V.

S

FIG. 3.

paper used to form the pasteboard covers of a book. These cards are printed in outline from wood blocks and the colour filled in by stencilling, a method employed in the manufacture of cards down to a very few years ago. The date of these cards may safely be taken as not more recent than 1450, and they are most interesting as being coeval with, if not antecedent to, the most early form of printed book illustration as shown in the "Biblia Pauperum."\* The archaic drawing of the features, with its disregard of facial perspective, and the wondrous cervical anatomy, do not lessen our admiration of the vigour and "go" shown in this early example of the art of the designer and wood engraver.

\* A "block book," with its illustrations and text cut on a wood block, and which is regarded as the immediate precursor of the type-printed book.





FIG. 4.

It is in interesting relation to the knaves of a pack of cards to note the curious conservatism which has belonged to them during the last four centuries and a half. In a MS. in the British Museum, written in the year 1377, the monkish writer, in a moralization on the life of man, suggests its resemblance to a game of cards; and he gives us a description and the attributes of some of the cards. Of those which we now know as knaves, he says two of them hold their halberds or arms downwards and two of them upwards—a distinction which is retained on many of the playing cards still manufactured.

In Fig. 3 we have one of the cards from a series of "Tarots" of Italian origin, also preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and which may be dated about 1470. These are very beautiful in design, and indicate that they were thought worthy of the employment of the highest artistic talent.

We have an example of a somewhat more modern date in the Knave of Diamonds (Fig. 4), in which the costume and character point to the early part of the sixteenth century as the period of their production. This also is from a fragment discovered in the boards of an old book—a source which

may be commended to the watchfulness of the bookbinder, as the bindings of old books are still likely to provide other interesting examples.

Before us are parts of two packs of cards which were discovered in Edinburgh, in 1821, pasted up in a book of household accounts, one of its leaves bearing the date of 1562; and it would be no great stretch of fancy to believe that they were taken to Edinburgh by some follower of Mary Queen of Scots on her return to Scotland a year before this date. These cards are of Flemish make; on one of them is the name "Jehan Henault," who was a card-maker in Antwerp in 1543, and in passing we may remark that at this period there was a considerable trade between London and France in playing cards of Flemish manufacture. Old playing cards may be looked for in most unlikely places; a few years ago two nearly complete packs were found wedged in an old cross-bow, for the purpose of securing the bow where it had worked loose in the head; they were of sixteenth century manufacture, and had doubtless been the means of relieving the



FIG. 5.

tedium of many a weary watch or waiting, in field or fortress, before they found their resting-place of a couple of centuries in the



obsolete missive weapon where they were discovered.

We find on many cards some attempts at portraiture. Thus we have in Fig. 5 Clovis as the King of Clubs, but depicted in a costume of the time of Henry IV. of France,



FIG. 6.

the card itself being of that period. This, as well as Fig. 4, is from a pack of fifty-two "Numeral" cards, printed from wood-block and stencilled in colour.

Returning to "Tarots," we have in Fig. 6 (Le Fou) one of the cards designed by Mitelli about 1680, it is said to the order of a member of the Bentivoglio family (parts of whose armorial bearings are to be found on many of the cards), for the "Tarocchini di Bologna," a special form of the game of Tarot, a series of spirited designs of vigorous and careful drawing, and the most artistically valuable of any of the Tarots with which we are acquainted. In them not only the Tarot series but the ordinary suits display a

quaint conception and generally elegant design.

It is curious to note that in the eleven packs or parts of packs of these Bolognese cards which we have met with in various parts of Europe there is not any uniformity of manufacture, but while the designs are the same and evidently produced from the same copper plates, the making of them into cards for the purpose of play bears indication of what might be termed a "domestic" manufacture. For some time the game was interdicted in Bologna, and it is possible that this may have induced a surreptitious production and illicit sale of the cards. Fortunately, the interdict did not prevent the preservation to us of this interesting series.

At different periods between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, but notably in the two earlier of them, card "suits" have been used other than the familiar ones of Hearts, Spades, Clubs, and Diamonds, and much ingenuity and imagination have been exercised upon them. Among the most beautiful of such cards we take the set designed and engraved by Virgil Solis, the celebrated Nuremberg artist and engraver, in which the suit signs are Lions, Peacocks, Monkeys, and Parroquets. In Fig. 7 we have the Ace of



FIG. 7.



Peacocks. The aces are lettered with the distinctive suit-titles of the German cards, viz., "Grun," "Eicheln," "Schellen," and "Herzen." The pack consists of fifty-two, divided into four suits of thirteen cards each; the date of these cards is between 1535 and 1560, and they are an important and valuable item in the artistic history of playing cards.

Another example of this variation in the suit signs, as well as of a variation from the ordinary rectangular form, is to be found in the round card (Fig. 8), of a somewhat earlier date than the preceding, where the suits are Hares, Parrots, Pinks, and Columbines, and which when complete make also a pack of fifty-two, the value of the cards following the sequence of King, Queen, and Knave being indicated by the Arabic numeral



FIG. 8.

at the base of and the Roman figure at the top of each, the card shown being the Six of Hares.

In both of them there is a great decorative facility and clever adaptation to the form of the card. To indicate the coincidence of idea, in the next (Fig. 9) we have a round card from India—one of the "Coate" cards of a pack, or more properly series, of 120 cards. The material used in their manufacture is matted vegetable fibre coated with lacquer and painted by hand. Most of the playing cards of Persia are also round, and are similarly decorated by the same means. About a dozen years ago round playing cards were patented in America



FIG. 9.

as a novelty, in ignorance of the fact that cards of that shape had probably been in common use in the East, centuries before the discovery of that great and inventive country!

As an illustration (Fig. 10) of the suit signs of Southern Europe, we take a card from a Portuguese pack of 1610, the "Cavalier de Bâtons" (Clubs); the other suit signs are Swords, Coins, and Cups. The anatomy of the charger and the self-satisfied aspect of the Cavalier are striking; and as to the former, we are reminded of the bizarre examples of hippic adornment which,



FIG. 10.



on a summer Bank Holiday, may be seen on the road to Epping Forest.

Among the secondary uses to which playing cards have been applied, we find them as political weapons. Among such cards are those which were produced to commemorate what is historically known as the "Titus Oates Plot" in 1678, one of the most prominent incidents being the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, who is here shown (Fig. 11), carried on a horse, the day after his murder, to Primrose Hill, where the body was put into a ditch, the carrying on the horse and the discovery in the ditch being shown as coincident. They were



FIG. 11.

produced, probably, as one of the means of inflaming the public mind against the Roman Catholics, which led to the execution, among others, of the Viscount Stafford in 1680. As illustration of costume and of stirring incident, these cards are, apart from their intention, an admirable and interesting series, and are worth study from their historic and artistic aspects.

We come now to playing cards designed as methods of education, of which a considerable number have been produced—and which cover the widest possible range—from cookery to astrology! In the middle and latter half of the seventeenth century, England, France and Germany abounded in



FIG. 12.

examples, the most attractive being the series of "Jeux Historiques," invented by Desmarests, a member of the French Academy—acting under the instructions of



FIG. 13.





FIG. 14.



FIG. 15.

Cardinal Mazarin—as aids to the education of the boy King, Louis XIV. In Figs. 12, 13, 14, and 15 are given examples from the four packs so designed, and they afford a good instance of the primary use of cards being subordinated to the educational. The first of these is the “Jeu de Fables,” with representations and short notices of the heroes and heroines of classic history, the four Kings being Jupiter, Neptune, Pluto, and Saturn. The second is the “Jeu de Géographie,” the four suits being formed by the division of the world into four quarters, each having its distinctive group of thirteen designs, with brief geographical descriptions; Great Britain being shown as the Eight of Hearts. If designed by an Englishman, it would surely have been as Queen of that suit that our country would have appeared. We have then the “Jeu de Rois de France,” intended to teach the

history and succession of the Kings of France, whom we find depicted in their numeric order, from Pharamond to Louis XIV., with the length of their reigns and short biographies.

The third and fourth of these packs are singular in consisting in the one case of all Kings, and the other of all Queens, in the “Jeu de Reynes Renommées,” the famous Queens of history, from the Queen of Sheba downward, furnishing the design, and who are classified under the descriptions of Good, Wise, Holy, Clever, Brave, Happy, Cruel, Licentious, Capricious, and Unfortunate; our Queen Elizabeth being placed as “clever,” and Mary Stuart as “unfortunate.” They are beautiful examples of design and workmanship, and are the work of the Florentine artist-engraver, Stefano de la Bella.

(To be continued.)





BY A. E. BURN.

One of these, by name Halil, who sold silks, shawls, etc., etc., and whose respect I had gained by some considerable purchases for friends in England, became quite intimate with me, and related to me a considerable portion of his own history and that of his family, and it was from him that I heard the following story of his courtship, which is not quite so prosaic and business-like as such affairs usually are in Mohammedan countries. His shop was in the silk bazaar at Cairo, and what first led to the subject was a sentence in Arabic written over it, which I had puzzled my brains in trying to read for some time before I at last managed to translate it. It ran as follows: "Long is the hair of woman, and long also is her understanding." This motto rather surprised me, as the Arabs have not, as a rule, that high opinion of the fair sex's understanding which it expressed, and I thought I could see the reason for a certain reluctance to assist me in translating it in the usually obliging Halil. After some evasive answers to my questions he took me into his confidence, and told me the following story in explanation of it:—

"I have already told you, Effendi, that my father died when I was eighteen years old, and that, being the only son, I became proprietor of this shop and the head of our household.

"I was not married, and had no wish to be, as I looked upon women with aversion and contempt, and was angry with my mother when she wished to get me a wife.

**W**HEN I went out to Egypt some years ago, I determined to devote myself to the study of Arabic, and not to rest till I could speak and write it like an educated native. This rash resolve, however, was made in ignorance of the sublime difficulties of this language, and after plodding at it with great vigour for a year, and acquiring some facility in speaking it, and the ability to read a sentence so as to sometimes get a faint glimpse into the meaning hidden behind the hieroglyphs which the Arabs call letters, I came to the conclusion that I had better rest on my laurels.

While my enthusiasm lasted I used to seize every possible opportunity of talking Arabic with any native I came across, and great was my disgust when, as sometimes happened, an Arab would persist in airing his English on me. As a rule, however, they were rather flattered by my evident desire to know their tongue, and some of the shopkeepers with whom I dealt would take a pleasure in teaching me new phrases.



I was encouraged in these ideas by an old man named Mahran Effendi, who had been a great friend of my father, and who still came in the evening to my house to smoke a nargileh with me. He had two wives, who gave him much trouble with their quarrels, and he used to say that women were created as a punishment for the sins of men, and to prevent them from being so much attached to this world as to be unwilling to leave it even for the joys of paradise, which, he said, would certainly be the case if there were no women. He repeated to me a sentence which he said was out of the Koran, though I have not seen it there myself. It was, 'Long is the hair of woman, but short is her understanding.'

"I was much struck with this, and repeated it to my mother with great pleasure, who was not so much pleased with it as I was. Indeed, she was quite angry, and said that Mahran was an old donkey, and the son of a donkey. I, however, had a higher opinion of the wisdom of my old friend, and, acting upon his advice, I determined to adopt this as my motto, and to paint it over my shop instead of the proverb which had been put there by my father. My motto made quite a stir in the bazaar for the first few days, and caused a good deal of amusement amongst the other shopkeepers and the passers-by. I have no doubt it was repeated in many of the harems also, for some of the women, who may have been teased about it by their husbands, reviled me as they passed.

"One day, not long after this, two women entered my shop and asked to be shown some of my finest silks; so I took them into the inner part, where I keep the most costly of my goods. While

they were examining them I noticed that one of them had eyes that shone like stars, and which she kept fixed on me even while she laughed and chatted with her companion. Then, in stooping to pick up one of the shawls, her veil by some means became detached and fell to the ground, and I saw the face of what I thought to be surely the loveliest houri ever seen by mortal man. She gave a little scream and called to her companion, who seemed to be her servant, to assist her to refasten it, but at the same time gave me a smile and a glance out of her dark eyes, which swallowed up all my dislike to women as the light of a taper is swallowed up in that of the noonday sun. I was so confused by the new emotions which possessed my soul, that when they departed, saying they would come again shortly to decide about the silk, I could not utter a word to detain them. Nay, by the beard of the Prophet, I could do nothing but gaze at the houri till she was out of my sight. For three long days I waited in vain for their



"SHE GAVE ME A GLANCE OUT OF HER DARK EYES."



return. At last my heart began to be sick within me, and I feared I should never again behold the lovely maiden who had bewitched my soul, when on the fourth day I saw two females approaching, and I recognised that the slighter of the two was she. I had provided myself with several gold pieces, and was ready to give them all, if necessary, to make the attendant my friend. As soon as they had entered, and I had brought forth my silks, I drew this woman aside, and slipping one of the gold pieces into her hand, disclosed to her my passion for her mistress, and begged her to tell me who she was. The woman seemed inclined to laugh at first, but when I had finished became grave and said in a low voice, 'My young mistress looks upon you with favour; but, alas! her father, the Sheikh Abdu Hassan, is so mean that he cannot bear the thought of his daughter marrying, on account of the dowry he would be expected to give with her, and he will not even allow her to see any visitors, lest her beauty should become known, and he tells all who ask for her that she is very ugly and ill-tempered, so no one will marry her on that account; but if you love Khadijah, my mistress, go to the Sheikh and say that you will take her without any dowry, and then he will, perhaps, be tempted to give her to you.'

"When she had told me this, she went back to her mistress, and they both hastily departed.

"I shut my shop an hour earlier that day, and, on arriving home, told my mother all that had happened. She was very much astonished, and could not understand why, after refusing to have a wife for so long, I was now so anxious to have one without a dowry. She tried to dissuade me, but I paid no heed to her words, and went that same evening to the Sheikh, whom I fortunately found alone. I told him who I was and what my possessions were, and that I wanted a wife; but, as I had no one to speak for me—my father being dead—I had come myself to ask him for his daughter.

He listened quietly, with his eyes fixed on my face, and when I had finished, said:—

"Alas! my son, the girl Khadijah is ugly, and has the temper of a mule."

"For these things, O Sheikh," I replied, "I care not."

"You think you will get a heavy dowry with her," he said, coldly; "it is for that you have come."

"I swear by the holy Prophet," I cried, "that I want the girl and not the money. Nay, I will even take her without a single piastre, to prove it."

"At these words his eye brightened, and on my promising that no one should know that I was not to receive a dowry with her, he embraced me, saying, 'She is yours, my son,' and the matter was settled.

"Of course, I did not see my bride till we were married, which we were in seven days. What was my horror when, after the ceremonies were over and my wife unveiled, I beheld, instead of the lovely girl who had come to my shop, a sharp-faced, ugly woman with a



"A SHARP-FACED, UGLY WOMAN."

sour expression. I was dumb with amazement; but, by a great effort, I controlled my temper, and pretending to seem satisfied with my bargain, inwardly resolved to find out why I had thus been duped. My wife soon showed her temper, and quarrelled with my mother the very first day. She seemed to think she had married beneath her, and to show her superiority, began



to ill-treat the servants, and usurped my mother's place in the house.

"Some days after my wedding I was in my shop as usual, when the two women appeared as before. I immediately beckoned them to follow me into the inner part. As soon as we were there I turned to the false Khadijah, and almost choking with anger I asked her why she had brought this curse upon my life.

"What have I ever done to you that you should make such a day of pitch for me?" I cried.

"She laughed heartily, and her old servant followed her example. I was just about to burst forth into a torrent of invectives when she threw off her veil and, laying her hand on my arm, said softly, 'I have done this, O Halil, to show you that the motto over your shop is not true, and that the understanding of woman is as long as her hair. I will show you a way by which you can divorce your wife without offending her father, but on one condition only.'

"It is granted,' I cried, 'if I come freely out of this.'

"Change, then, the motto over your shop, and put instead, 'Long is the hair of woman, and long also is her understanding,'" she said, almost fiercely.

"But I shall have the whole bazaar laughing at me,' I cried, aghast at this proposal. 'I will take it away and restore my father's proverb if you will help me, and will give you as much jewellery as you shall ask, but I cannot change the motto to what you say.'

"Jewellery is nothing to me,' she said, scornfully. 'Change the motto to what I have said, or keep your wife, I care not which.' Upon this she veiled herself and was going away, but I detained her and said, 'O

maiden, you have asked me a very hard thing; but I will do even this if you will rid me of this woman, and tell me in truth who you are, so that I may have you for myself.'

"She promised she would, and made me swear by the sacred window of the Prophet that I would change the motto to her liking the day after I should be married to her. She then went away, saying she had stayed too long already, but that she would send her servant the next day, who would tell me her plan.

"On my return home that evening my mother met me with many complaints of the behaviour of my wife, who had abused her during my absence, and she ended by bewailing that I had not let her choose a wife for me.

"The next day the servant appeared, and after telling me who her mistress really was, thus unfolded her plan:—

"To-morrow evening you must meet your father-in-law at the coffee-house he frequents, and in the meantime collect some of the poorest and lowest men you can find, and promise them a good backsheesh if they will obey the orders you will give them, which are these: While you are at the coffee-house the oldest man of them must come in and sit by your side, and call you his dear nephew, and say he hears that you have made a rich marriage, and that he hopes you are not going to slight your own relations in consequence.

The other men must follow his example, and say much the same thing, but call you cousin, brother-in-law, or friend.

"The old Sheikh, who is very proud of his family, will want you to divorce his daughter at once, but you must pretend you are too satisfied with her to do that, and from threats he will come to entreaties, and will at last want to bribe you. Not till the



"CHANGE THE MOTTO OVER YOUR SHOP."



must you yield, and when you do, it must be with apparent reluctance.'

"I was overjoyed at this plan, and bestowed one of my brightest shawls on Fatima, who went away promising to come soon again and see how I had got on. I told my mother of the plan, which comforted her a good deal, and on the next evening I carried it out. I saw disgust and dismay rise in Abdu

divorce her,' I replied, calmly, 'and that I will not do, for I love the girl.'

"At this he began to entreat me, offering me at first four purses of silver, and at last offered me the same number of purses filled with gold, to which I consented, with apparent reluctance.

"He made me divorce her that very evening, for divorce, as you know, Effendi, is



"I SAW DISGUST AND DISMAY RISE IN ABDU HASSAN'S FACE."

Hassan's face when we were at the café and the first dirty old beggar came up to me and addressed me as his nephew, which became mingled with rage when another ragged fellow came up to congratulate his cousin, as he called me; but when two more supposed cousins had joined us, even dirtier than the others, he could contain his feelings no longer, and turning to me, cried: 'Is it true, O Halil, that these sons of dogs are indeed your relations?'

"Yes, O Sheikh," I said, humbly. 'Be not displeased with me; a man must not disown the brother of his father, or the sons of his father's sister, even though they be poor.'

"Poor!" he roared. 'Poor! They are not only poor, but they are sons of pigs. Give me back my daughter. She shall not stay with you to be the mother of dogs!'

"You cannot take her away unless I

very easy with us; and a week afterwards I altered the motto over my shop door to what it now is, for Ayesha (that was her true name) was mine."

As Halil finished his story, I became aware that he had another listener in the shape of a little urchin, clad in a brightly coloured gown, which reached to the ground, and who wore, perched on his closely-shaven head, a small tarboosh. He had appeared from some corner of the shop, and now sidled up to Halil, his bright black eyes fixed on my face.

"See, Effendi," said Halil, with a proud smile, "this is the eldest of my five boys."

After I had rejoiced the eldest son's heart with a small "backsheesh," I took leave of Halil with many friendly salutations, and a pressing invitation on his part to come again soon.



## From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

[The first of what, it is hoped, will be a long series of articles, descriptive of the House of Commons, is here appended. The author is Mr. Henry Lucy, who has spent nearly a quarter of a century in the Press Gallery of the House, and who, in addition to much other successful journalistic work, has, in the character of "Toby, M.P.," supplied to our distinguished contemporary, "Punch," some of its most amusing sketches. "From Behind the Speaker's Chair" will be continued, and will, we believe, be looked forward to by our readers, month by month, with constant interest.—EDITOR.]



**E**HEU FUGACES! It is just twenty years, marked by the opening Session, since I first had the opportunity of viewing the House of Commons from a coign of 'vantage behind the Speaker's Chair. It is more than twenty years since I looked on the place with opportunity for closely studying it. But, as I am reminded by an inscription in an old rare copy of "Dod," it was in February, 1873, that I was installed in the Press Gallery in charge of the Parliamentary business of a great daily paper.

I first saw the House in circumstances that might well have led me to the Clock Tower. It was in the spring of 1869. I was passing through London, on my way to Paris, where I had proposed to myself to live for a year, master the language, and proceed thence to other capitals of Europe, learn their tongues, and return to storm the journalistic citadel in London, armed with polyglot accomplishments. Even then I had a strong drawing towards the House of Commons, but desired to see it, not as the ordinary stranger beheld it from the gallery facing the Chair, but from the Press Gallery itself.

In those days the adventure was far more difficult than in existing circumstances. The country Press was not represented save vicariously in the form of a rare London correspondent, who wrote a weekly letter for some phenomenally enterprising county paper. The aggregate of the London staffs was far smaller than at present, and was, it

struck me at the time, composed almost exclusively of elderly gentlemen. The chances of detection of an unauthorized stranger (being, moreover, a beardless youth) were accordingly increased. But I was determined to see the House from behind the Speaker's Chair, and was happy in the possession of a friend as reckless as myself. He was on the staff of a morning journal, and, though not a gallery man, knew most of the confraternity.

One night he took me down to the gallery and endeavoured to induce more than one of the old stagers to pilot me in. They stared aghast at the proposal, and walked hurriedly away. We were permitted to stand at the glass door giving entrance to the gallery and peer upon the House, which struck me as being very empty. The door swung easily to and fro as the men passed in and out, taking their turn. The temptation proved irresistible.

"I think I'll go in," I said.

"Very well," dear old Walter hoarsely



OLD STAGERS.

whispered. "Turn sharp to the right, sit down on a back bench, and I daresay no one will notice you."



At the corner of the bench, presumably guarding the doorway, sat a portly gentleman in evening dress, with a gold badge slung across his abundant shirt front. He was fast asleep, and I passed along the bench, sitting down midway. At that time there were no desks in front of these back benches, which were tenantless. I suppose my heart beat tumultuously, but I sat there with apparent



FAST ASLEEP.

composure. At length I had reached the House of Commons, and eagerly gazed upon it, feeling like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken ;

Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,  
He stared at the Pacific.

I don't know how long I sat there ; probably not five minutes, certainly long enough to be struck with the smallness of the chamber, the commonplace appearance of the personages forming the historic assembly, and the perfect manner in which they dissembled their interest in current proceedings. Then I became conscious of a movement in the sunken boxes before me, where the reporters, taking their turn, sat. Heads were turned and whispered consultations took place. Someone woke up the portly gentleman, whom through many later years I knew as Steele, the chief janitor of the Press Gallery.

In time, then far off, he became the possessor of a cottage and garden in Kent, whither, wearied with his legislative labours, he used to retire from Saturday to Monday.



ROSES.

In summer-time he always brought me two or three roses, which he put in my hand with an awkward sort of flap, as if they were a slice of bacon he was depositing on a counter. That was his way of intimating that it was of no consequence. He noticed that I always comforted myself through long debates and all-night sittings with a handful of flowers set in a little glass on my desk, which was generally upset in the course of the evening by some unsympathetic reporter borrowing my box during a temporary absence, and clumsily turning round in the circumscribed space.

But that is another story. It was no flowers that Steele now brought me, but stern peremptory command to "get out !" He was unusually irate, first at having been



"GET OUT !"

wakened out of his sleep, and secondly at having in probably unique circumstances been caught napping at the post of duty. I went forth disconsolate, and there was a great hubbub in the dark little room outside. My friend and co-conspirator fled in affright when he saw me actually enter the gallery. Now he dropped in in a casual way, and stood at the edge of the crowd whilst Steele took down my name and address, and told me I should "hear from the Serjeant-at-Arms." I don't know whether that potentate ever communicated with me. I fancy Steele, recognising his own somewhat imperilled position, was not anxious to pursue the matter. Anyhow, I never heard from the Serjeant-at-Arms. Walter and I agreed, as a matter of precaution, that I had better



hasten my departure for Paris, and two days later the English Channel rolled between me and the Clock Tower.

Next time I entered the Press Gallery it was as the accredited representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I came over from Paris to spend Christmas at home, and never went back to complete that continental tour in search of knowledge, which I fancy had been suggested by Goldsmith's trip with his flute. It happened that in the early days of 1870, the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* began the first of the series of chequered changes in the history of the journal, by starting it as a morning paper. I had been an occasional contributor in a humble way to the evening edition, and thought I might have a chance of an appointment on the staff of the new morning paper.

Mentioning this to my friend Walter, he undertook to see it through, just as he had fallen in with the even more audacious proposal to enter the Press Gallery. I remember we were not far off Northumberland Street when the subject was broached, and might easily have walked there. But Walter could never embark upon enterprises of this kind unless he went in a cab, the driver being incited to go at topmost speed.

He left me in the cab whilst he ran upstairs to the office in Northumberland Street—I saw him going two steps at a time—and flung himself into the office of Mr. Fyffe, an old and highly-esteemed member of the *Times* staff, who had joined Mr. Frederick Greenwood in the editorial direction of the new development of the *Pall Mall*. What Walter said to Fyffe I never learned in detail, but subsequently had reason to guess he told him he had in the cab downstairs a young fellow who was (or would be) one of the wonders of the journalistic world, and that the morning edition of the *Pall Mall* would have no chance unless it secured his services.

However it came about; whether Fyffe had some work in hand and was anxious to be relieved from the embarrassing presence of his visitor bounding all over the room in the

enthusiasm of his advocacy; or whether, as usually happens with a new paper, choice was limited, I was engaged then and there as assistant sub-editor at the salary of four guineas a week. I believe the regular average rate of remuneration was five guineas. But I was young and inexperienced; and after living in the Quartier Latin for nearly a year on fifteenpence a day, cultivating French literature on *petits noirs*, four guineas a week was a competency. "*Trois de café*" is what Daudet in his "*Trente ans de Paris*" calls this sip of nectar. "*C'est à dire*," he explains, "*pour trois sous d'un café savoureux balsamique raisonnablement édulcoré.*" But Daudet must have frequented aristocratic quarters. At our *crémérie* we never paid more than two sous, and, bent on attaining luxury, we demanded "*un petit noir.*"

When the paper started, Mr. Fyffe did the Parliamentary summary, of which the *Pall Mall* made a feature, placing it on the leader page. One afternoon, after I had been on the staff for some six weeks, I looked in at the office, and found it in a state of consternation. Fyffe had been suddenly taken ill, and it was impossible for him to go down to the House to do the summary. Mr. Greenwood sent for me and asked me to take his place,

for that night at least. To go down to the House of Commons and take an ordinary "turn" of reporting for the first time is, I suppose, a trying thing. To be bundled off at an hour's notice to fill the place of one of the most eminent Parliamentary writers of the day, and to supply a leading article on a subject of the surroundings of which one was absolutely ignorant, might seem appalling. It all came very naturally to me. I did my best in the strange, somewhat bewildering, circumstances, and as long as the morning edition of the *Pall Mall* lasted, I continued to write its summary. Fyffe came round again in a week; but he never more took up the summary, leaving it in my hands, with many words of kind encouragement.

It was in October, 1872, I joined the staff of the *Daily News*, having, under Mr. Robinson's watchful eye, gone through a



OUTSIDE THE "PALL MALL" OFFICE.



period of probation as contributor of occasional articles descriptive of current events. I might, in the ordinary course of events, have continued in that line, as my friend and colleague Senior has done these twenty years, with honour to himself and credit to the paper. But here, again, chance befell and irresistibly led me back to the Press Gallery. In this very year a change took place in a long-standing management of the *Daily News* Parliamentary corps and the writing of its summary, and Mr. Robinson designated me as successor of the gentleman who retired. It was a curious and, in some respects, a delicate position, seeing that I was, compared with some members of the staff, a mere chicken in point of age. There were three who had been on the paper since it started, any one of whom might, had Fortune favoured me in that direction, have been my grandfather. But we got along admirably, they easing my path with kindly counsel and the friendliest consideration.

It was different with some of the old hands on the other corps, who bitterly resented the intrusion. I am not quite sure whether the two or three who still survive have got over it yet. Certainly old "Charlie" Ross, then and for some years after manager of the *Times* staff, carried the feeling to his honoured grave. After I had sat next but one to him in the gallery for many Sessions he used, on encountering me in the passage, to greet me with a startled expression, as if I were once more an intruder, and would walk back to the outer doorkeeper (whom he autocratically called Smeeth, because his name was Wright) to ask, "Who's that?"

Old Ross's personal affront in this matter probably dated back to the Session of 1872, when I took an occasional turn for a friend



MR. ROBINSON.

who was a member of his staff. This was young Latimer, son of the proprietor of the *Western Daily Mercury*, who had been called to the Bar and occasionally got a brief on the Western Circuit. When he went out of town I became his substitute in respect of his Parliamentary duties. It was Mr. Ross's custom of an afternoon to seat himself on the bench in the ante-chamber of the Press Gallery, armed with a copy of the *Times* report of the day, with the "turns" all marked with the name of the man who had written them. He genially spent the morning in reading the prodigious collocation in search of errors. When found, these were made a note of, the guilty person was sent for and had a more or less pleasant quarter of an hour. This was called being "on the gridiron."

I had only one experience of the process. Seated one day by command beside this terrible old gentleman, he produced the marked passage containing one of my turns, and pointing to the name, Mr. Ward Hunt, fixed a glowering eye on me and said, with his slow intonation:—

"Who is 'Mr. Ward Hunt'?"

"He is the member for North Northamptonshire," I timidly replied.

"Oh!" he said, witheringly, "that's whom you mean. 'Ward Hunt'! Let me tell you, sir, Ward Hunt may do very well for the penny papers, but

in the *Times* report we write 'Mr. W. Hunt.'"

I don't know why this should have been, since the burly gentleman, who in the next Parliament was Chancellor of the Exchequer, was invariably called by his full style. But then, as I have said, nobody knew why old "Charlie" Ross dubbed Wright Smith, and pronounced it Smeeth.

Gentlemen of the Press Gallery who now live at Westminster at ease, with their library, their smoking-room, their choice of writing-out rooms, their admirably-appointed and self-administered commissariat department, little know the state of things that existed twenty years ago. Committee Room No. 18 had then recently been appropriated to their use



THREE OLD MEN.



as a writing-room, providing it were not, when the House met, still in the occupation of a Committee. But the writing-out rooms originally apportioned, and then still in constant use, were two dark, ill-ventilated dens which served as ante-chambers from the Press Gallery. The *Times* staff appropriated the room to the right, still occupied by their telephonic service; the corresponding room to the left being for general use. The room at the top of the stairs—where Wright still presides and entrances the telegraph messengers with sententious remarks on political, social, and philosophic affairs—was



also used for writing-out purposes, if a man could find a corner at the table at which to sit.

This was difficult, since this closet, not bigger than a boot-room in an ordinary household, was also sole dining-room attached to the Press Gallery. In addition to his official duties at the door, Wright, in his private capacity, added those of purveyor. Every Monday he brought down (in two red cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, it was profanely said) a round of cold boiled beef and a chunk of boiled ham; the latter tending, if memory serves, rather towards the shank end. This, with bread, cheese, and bottled beer, was the sole provision for the sustenance of the sixty or seventy gentlemen who then composed the corps of the Press Gallery. At that time it was more widely the practice to go out to dinner or supper. But for those whose duties kept them in close attendance on the gallery there was nothing for it but cold beef, cold ham, or an amalgamation carefully doled forth. Many a night,



CUTTING THE BEEF.

seated at the little table that still remains in this outer room, I have watched Wright prepare my sumptuous repast. He was even then short-sighted, and to this day I have vivid recollection of the concern with which I saw his nose approach to dangerous contiguity of the round of beef as he leaned over it to cut a slice with judicious thinness.

Even this accommodation was regarded askance by the constitutional authorities of the House, still accustomed to regard the Press as an intruder happily subject, under the beneficent regulations of the Stuart days, to instant expulsion if any member pleased

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LORD CHARLES RUSSELL.



to take note of the presence of its representatives. In 1867, a Committee sat to consider the general arrangements of the House. The reporters, greatly daring, took the opportunity of laying before it a statement of their grievances, and asked for fuller convenience for carrying on their work. Lord Charles Russell, then Serjeant-at-Arms, was, very properly, astonished at their unreasonableness, and plaintively deplored the times when, as he put it, reporters seemed to require only the necessities of life, not presuming to lift their eyes to its luxuries.

"They used, I am told," Lord Charles added, "to have just a glass of water and biscuits, or anything of that sort. Now they have their tea at the back of the gallery."

Oliver Twist asking for more scarcely reached the height of the audacity of these reporters in 1867. Like Mr. Bumble, the Serjeant-at-Arms of the day literally gasped in dismayed astonishment.

All this is changed. Thanks to the courtesy and reasonableness of successive First Commissioners of Works, of whom Mr. David Plunket was not the least forward in doing good, the arrangements in connection with the Press Gallery of to-day leave nothing to be desired.

Of the changes that have taken place in the House itself, and of the ghosts that flit about the benches

where twenty years ago they sat in flesh and bone, I shall have something to say next month.



MR. DAVID PLUNKET.

[IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Companion to the STRAND MAGAZINE. Now Selling. To be obtained of all Booksellers and Newsagents. THE PICTURE MAGAZINE, Price Sixpence, Monthly. This new publication, issued from the offices of "The Strand," contains nothing but pictures, and forms an Art Magazine for the General Public. Features:—Fine Art Portraits, Curious Pictures, Humorous Pictures, Pictures of Places, Pictures for Children, etc., etc.]



## *A Child's Tear.*



THE DRAMATIST'S STORY.  
FROM THE FRENCH OF  
EDOUARD LEMOINE.

**I**N a Parisian green-room a new performer was complaining of nervousness. From some of her companions she received encouragement, but the majority expressed themselves after this fashion: "Such tremors are incurable. As nature has formed us, bold or timid, cold or ardent, grave or gay, so we must remain. Whoever saw an ambitious man cured of his ambition, or a miser of his avarice?"

Some members of the company objected to the fatalism of these observations, and one said: "If you ask for a converted miser, I can show you one. Here he is! *I am one.*"

The man who said this was a popular dramatist, noted for generosity. His statement was received with ejaculations of "Nonsense!" "Impossible!" "Do you expect us to believe that?" "Indeed," answered he, quite seriously, "I speak the truth. *I was* a miser, although now, I trust, I am such no longer. If you would care to hear it, I will relate to you the story of my conversion. It was effected by a *child's*

*tear.*" All present immediately crowded around him, and heard from his lips the following recital:—

"In 1834," said the dramatist, "I had just given to the theatre of the Porte-Saint-Martin one of the most successful of my pieces. One day about that time two letters reached me by the same post. Both were from Marseilles. One was from a theatrical manager, informing me that he intended bringing out my new piece there, and that he desired my presence at the final rehearsals of the drama. With regard to remuneration for my trouble, I might make my own terms in reason. The second letter, a very brief one, ran thus: 'Monsieur, the wife and daughter of your brother are dying of want. Some hundreds of francs would save them, and I doubt not that you will hasten to visit connexions so near to you, and make arrangements for their present and future comfort.' This letter bore the signature of Dr. Lambert, of Marseilles.

"As I have already told you, I was a miser in the worst sense of the word. The



physician's letter, far from moving me to pity, merely renewed certain angry feelings which had formerly existed in my mind towards my sister-in-law. When, some years back, my brave sailor brother, who had since been drowned, had written to tell me of his approaching marriage with a fisherman's daughter, I, in my miserable pride and miserliness, had replied that in marrying a penniless girl, I considered that he was doing a most foolish and degrading action. I was even wretch enough to advise him to break off the match, if that were still possible. My brother, like the honourable man he was, wedded the girl he loved. My sister-in-law, who was a high-spirited Breton, never forgot my letter, and despised its writer. When she lost her husband, and found herself in need, it was long ere she could bring herself to apply to me. But the sight of her only

on my sister-in-law's behalf. As I had not replied to his letter, the good man had said in his simplicity: 'He will be here in person,' and had looked for me every day. 'You have lost no time, sir,' said he. 'Doubtless you thought, and rightly, that did you delay, death might forestall you. Ah! I am indeed glad to see you!'

"I was completely nonplussed. My sole object in visiting Marseilles had been the professional one; but how could I avow such a fact to such a man? For very shame I could not do so. Accordingly, instead of going straight to the theatre, as I had intended doing, I walked away with the doctor to my sister-in-law's poor abode.

"It was a most wretched room. Yet the first object in it that caught my eye was a very beautiful one. Near the invalid's bed stood her little girl, with large black eyes,



"NEAR THE INVALID'S BED STOOD HER LITTLE GIRL."

child wasting away from sheer want, had at last broken down her pride.

"As the engagement at the Marseilles theatre seemed likely to prove a highly profitable one, I, as you might expect, lost no time in accepting the offer. I wrote off to the manager at once, and followed my letter in person with as little delay as possible. When I arrived at the principal hotel of Marseilles, I encountered there, in the act of inquiring for me, the doctor who had written

pretty curly hair, and a face whose expression was a pathetic combination of youthful brightness and premature sadness. At the first glance, I could have taken the lovely creature into my arms; then I sternly repressed this alien emotion. The doctor, after he had spoken a few words to his patient, beckoned me to approach. As I did so the poor woman tried to raise herself. The mixture of sadness and pride upon her faded countenance told me plainly how great



an effort it had cost her to appeal to me. Using the strongest plea that she knew, she pointed to her child with weak, trembling finger, and said in low tones: 'See here! She will soon be alone in the world.'

"Even this touching appeal produced (I blush to say it) no effect upon my hard heart. I answered coldly: 'Why give way to such fears? You are young; you have a good physician; why lose all hope?' A less selfish man would have added: 'You have a brother-in-law also, who means to do his best for you.' But I said nothing of the sort. My only thought was how I might most easily escape from the threatened burden. The little girl, who had been gazing at me with wondering eyes, now came to my side, and said: 'Will you, please, sit upon the bed? Because you are too tall for me to kiss you if you stand.'

"I sat down, and the child climbed upon my knee. Her mother's eyes were closed, and her hands were clasped together as if in prayer. Unaffrighted by my black looks, the little one threw her arms around my neck, and pressed her lips to my cheek. 'Will you be my papa?' said she. 'I will love you so dearly! You are like papa. He was very good. Are *you* good, too?' My only answer was to unclasp her arms somewhat roughly from my neck, and set her down upon the floor. She cast upon me a glance of mingled surprise, disappointment, and fear, and a tear rolled slowly down her cheek. Her silent sorrow worked the miracle that her pretty, fond prattle had failed to effect. As by an enchanter's wand, the ugliness of my character, the utter brutality of

my conduct was revealed to me in that moment. I shuddered in horror and self-disgust, and yielded at once to my good angel. I lifted the disconsolate little maiden into my arms, and, laying my hand upon her head, said: 'Yes, my child, I promise to be a father to you; you shall be my dear little daughter, and I will love and take care of you always.'

"How happy this promise made my sister-in-law words fail me to describe. Her joyful excitement alarmed both the physician and myself. Joy, however, seldom kills. 'Brother! brother!' she murmured; 'how my thoughts have wronged you! Forgive me!' Her gratitude stung my newly-awakened conscience more sharply than any reproach could have done. I hastened to change the subject to that of the sick woman's removal to a better dwelling. The doctor, with ready kindness, undertook the task of house-hunting, for which I, a stranger to the place, was not so well qualified.

"He found for us a delightful cottage in the neighbourhood of Marseilles. There we three — my sister-in-law, my niece, and myself — lived for three months. At the end of that time the mother passed peacefully away, leaving her child to my care, with full confidence in my affection. Marie has been with me ever since. Her joys have been my joys, her life

has been my life. Do I not owe her much? That tear of hers — a precious pearl gathered by my heart — has been to it what the dewdrop of morn is to the unopened flower — expanding it for the entire day of its existence!"



"I LIFTED THE LITTLE MAIDEN INTO MY ARMS."



# The Queer Side of Things.

## THE DWINDLING HOUR.

A STORY OF IMPRESSION AND CONVICTION ; BEING, POSSIBLY, A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST.

I.



IN an hour," sang the minstrel to his harp, whose frame was the curved black horn of a deer—"in an hour thy forefather strode from this spot whereon we sit to the summit of yon blue hill; and there, as the sinking sun would bend to caress his feet (as grovels a vanquished foe), he would touch its face

with his hand in token of friendliness. 'Twixt dawning of day and noon would thy great forefather slay three hundred red-eyed wolves—one hundred shuffling bears!

"In a day did he carve and hew this bowl from the hardest rock, and fashion and form it thus; and bore a hole in its base for the water to trickle and ooze, and number the hours that sped!"

Then up rose the hunter to whom he sang; and broad was his chest, and active his limb; and he cried aloud, "What my forefather did that will I do; in an hour will I stride from here to the summit of yon blue hill."

And those that sat around, listening, laughed from their deep chests, shouting in mockery; for the blue hill was a day's journey away.

Then in anger the chief clutched his spear of flint; and he cried to them, "Fill up the bowl to the mark that marks an hour, and fill it up again till the two hours mark is reached; and ere the last drop is out will I stand on yon blue hill; and moisten my hand in the bowl."

Then turned he his face to the West, and, striding, stood on the cairn that capped the

blue hill; and, returning, plunged his hand in the bowl: and, lo! his finger was moistened by the last drop ere it dripped from the hole at the base!

Then those that sat around sent up a shout of mockery; and they said, "Lo, since you strode away hath the red sun set on the hill, and hath risen again from the lake; and is stooping to set once more!"

"Then," cried he, "your words are a lie; for the clock but marks two hours."

But the others cried in their turn, "The marks in the bowl were made to number, not hours, but *days*!"

But the minstrel answered them, "Nay; they were made to number the hours—the hours of the distant past; the hours that were long as days."

Then the younger among them laughed, and held it a minstrel's myth; but the elders, pondering, cried, "These words of the singer are sooth; for the days that whiten our beards are passing in greater haste than the days that lengthened our limbs!"

But the younger among them said, "The hole in the bowl is clogged; it should run twelve times as fast."

And they bored the hole in the base till the water dripped more fast—twelve drops to the former one—and numbered the hours that passed.

And, wreathed in the grey of the mist that crept from the breast of the lake, the soul of the hero of old, of him who had fashioned the clock, looked down on them while they wrought: and vainly it strove to speak, and tell of the truth it knew; but voice and a tongue to speak would it lack for ages to come, for never a voice or tongue would it have till its hour arrived to dwell in the flesh once more; and then, and never till then, should it tell of the truth it knew.

II.

AND, behold, on a day certain men journeyed toward Egypt, and this was that land of Egypt that should thereafter be mighty exceedingly; for these were the days before the First Dynasty—yea, many thousands of years before. And, it being nigh unto the time of the setting of the sun, they happened, by adventure, upon a cavern.



And they that journeyed toward the land of Egypt spake, saying, Shall we not lay down our burthens, and shall we not take the burthens from off our camels and from off our asses in this place, and abide for the day in this place, even here?

And they lay down their burthens even as they had spoken, saying, Shall we not lay them down? Also they took the burthens from off their camels and from off the backs of their asses, yea, and even from off the backs of their wives; and did tether them, even their camels and their asses and their wives, round about the cavern; and the men that journeyed toward the land of Egypt entered in unto the cavern, where there was shade, and washed their feet, and rested in the heat of the day.

And it came to pass, while they that journeyed toward the land of Egypt rested in the cavern in the heat of the day, that they found a bowl in the cavern, and the bowl was of hard stone; even hewn from the hardest rock; and in the base of the bowl was a hole; and they that journeyed toward the land of Egypt marvelled at the bowl.

marks upon the inner side, even on the inward surface thereof, and were these marks not made to show the hours, by the dripping of the water from the hole that is at the bottom of the bowl, even the under side thereof?

But they cried out upon him, saying, This is no true thing that you speak, neither is it the fact: for the water would abide in the bowl, between one mark and another, for the space of more than an hour; yea, even more than two or three hours!

Then they cried out all together that the bowl should be filled with water; howbeit they said, Behold there is not in this cavern water sufficient to fill the bowl; for have we not emptied the water-skins that the women did fill at the well and did carry here; and is not the well distant from this place, even many paces of a camel?

And there was none among them that would arise and go in the heat of the day to fetch the water that was in the well; but he that was wise among them spake, saying:—

Shall not our wives, even those that are tethered outside the cavern round about it—shall not one of these go unto the well and fill the bowl at the well, and bring it hither filled with the water that is in the well?

So they that journeyed toward the land of Egypt called out to the wives that they should enter in and fetch the bowl; and should fill it at the well, even as they had spoken.

And it came to pass when the bowl was filled and set in their midst, that the water that was in the bowl, by reason of its dripping so slowly from the hole that was at the bottom of the bowl, abode in the bowl between one mark and another the space of three hours by the shadow



"THEY MARVELLED AT THE BOWL."

And behold, a certain man of them that was a wise man spake, saying, This is a clock at which ye marvel; for hath it not

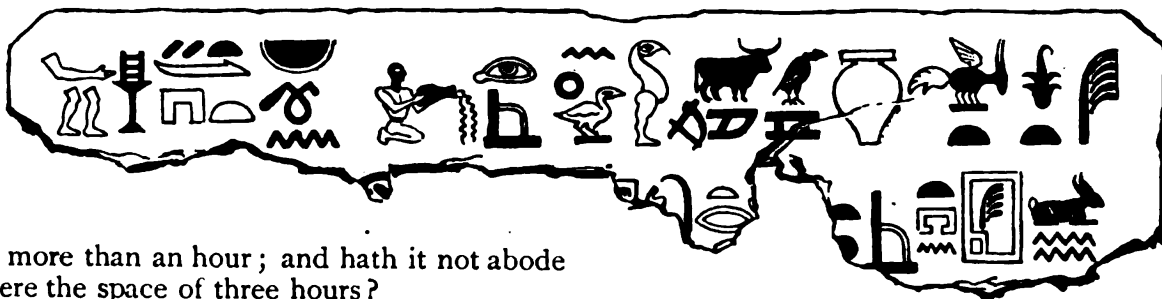
of a spear that was set up outside the cavern.

So they that journeyed toward the land of



Egypt, even they that lay in the cavern, cried, saying, Behold, is it not even as we said, saying, The water will abide in the bowl between one mark and another for the space

of Egypt; for the spirit was filled with a great and exceeding desire to speak those things that were known unto it; yet the time of its speaking was not yet.



of more than an hour; and hath it not abode there the space of three hours?

But he that was wise among them said unto them, Nay, but for a certainty these marks that are in the bowl were made for the marking of the space of an hour; howbeit the hours that were at the time of the making of this bowl, were they not of the space of three hours, even of three of the hours of the present time?

Then they that were aged and well stricken in years among them that lay in the cavern in the heat of the day, these communed with themselves for a space; and they spake, saying, Verily thus, and thus it seemeth unto us; that the space of the passing of the hours that behold the whiteness of our beards is verily shorter than the space of the passing of the hours that did behold the increasing of our statures in the tents of our fathers! And it seemed unto them even so, that this saying was true.

But they that were young among them, even the young men, scoffed, saying, The hole that is at the bottom of the bowl is clogged by reason of dirt that is within the hole: shall we not, therefore, bore out the hole, to the end that the water that is within the bowl shall drip faster, even three times as fast; and shall set forth the hours?

So they that were young did according to that saying; and they bored the hole round about, until the water that was within the bowl dripped out three times as fast.

And they rejoiced, saying, Behold, now it is a good and useful clock! And they bore the bowl with them into the land of Egypt; four wives and an ass carried the bowl in their turns—the four women for a space, and the ass for a space—until they came to the land of Egypt; and the clock was set up in the land of Egypt. And this was in the days before the First Dynasty; yea, many thousands of years before. And behold, the spirit of him that had wrought the bowl followed after the bowl, even unto the land

*Honour to thee, King Ammon, mighty as Pthah the god, son of Osiris, to whom libations! A bowl wrought of hard stone set up at the temple of Isis marking the time.*

### III.

IN the days of Amun-Ta-Ra, in the Fifth Dynasty, in the year of the Altering of the Clock. Glory to thee, Amun.

In that year, after his return from the war with many captives, did Amun-Ta-Ra order the greater hollowing of the hole at bottom of the clock set up before the temple of Isis telling the hours.

The clock too slowly dripping, the hole being in part stopped, showing the hours too long, was altered. One hour in the space of two did it count. Let Amun-Ta-Ra live

### IV.

YOUNG Reuben scraped off his boots the worst of the mud from the furrows against the gate-post, shut the gate, and trudged homewards from his labour; as he turned into the road from the end of the lane he came in sight of old Reuben, sitting as usual on his heap of stones by the roadside; his hammer lay idly in his hand, its head on the heap of larger flints before him; the old gentleman was slowly shaking his head—not that he was such a very old gentleman; sixty, maybe; and still hale and strong.

"What be amiss, father?" said young Reuben. "Ye've bin a-settin' there shakin' yer head like a old owl since I turned into the road. It be time to knock off."

"Amis, Reuben? Why, that's where you have me, like. What I know is, there be a somethin' amis; and it be either me or the time, and so I tell ye. Am I a-gettin' old an' weak, boy; or is it the hours a-goin' quicker? Lookee here, Reuben, it do seem to me as I can do less in the time every blessed day as I can do the other! Why, thirty



year ago, blest if I didn't do—ah, double that there little 'eap in the day's work—and yet, blame me if I feel a bit weaker nor I used ter! You mark my words, Reuben, boy; the hours is a-gettin' shorter every day—thet's what they're a-doin', and you put it down at thet!"

Young Reuben laughed incredulously. "You're a-gittin' lazy, old 'un—that's about the size of it," he said.



"YOUNG REUBEN LAUGHED."

"I hain't a-gettin' nothink o' the kind nor discripshen!" said old Reuben, starting up indignantly; "and you put it down at thet."

"Well, lazy or not lazy, I ken show ye a stone as you ain't industrious enough fer to break. Found it in a furrer, I did; an' talk about 'ard! And a fair rum 'un he be, too."

They plodded to the field young Reuben had just left; and young Reuben, with some difficulty, lifted the "stone" for inspection. It was a bowl, very ancient by the look of it, laboriously carved and ground out from a piece of rock that seemed as hard as steel.

"A rum 'un he be, too, and right you are," said old Reuben. "A wash-bowl, likely."

"What be that 'ole in the bottom fer, then?" said young Reuben.

"Why, fer to empty him, that be, as a pig might see with 'is eyes shet."

They carried the bowl home, and a pretty good weight they found it.

Old Jim Pedler came along that evening to have a pipe. Jim Pedler had been about a deal here and there, and he knew a lot.

"Why, whatee got theer?" said he.

"Mebbe ye'll know that better ner us," replied old Reuben. "Some kind o' wash-basin, so we seem to reckon it be."

"Wash-basin," said old Jim Pedler. "That's jest what it been't. I tellee now, I do think as it's some kind of old sort of water-clock, an' that's what I think. Why, see here now, if there ain't bin lines 'ere inside fer to mark the hours or somethin'. That's it—it be a water-clock. S'pose we gits some water an' tries it."

They cleared out the hole at the bottom and filled the bowl with water up to the first hour mark; and, old Jim Pedler having a watch, they sat and looked on as the water dripped out; but when they had sat and smoked for two hours the bowl was still far from empty.

"'Twern't never meant to reckon hours by, that's a moral," said young Reuben.

"Thet's more ner *you* knows," replied old Reuben. "What der *you* know about folks's hours as lived ages ago? You

jest let other folks's hours alone, as p'raps knowed better ner you. Mebbe their hours *was* longer—what did I say this verry day about the hours a-bein' shorter now than wot they was thirty year ago? But I tell yer wot: it 'ud make a notionable kind of clock if we was to bore the 'ole a bit bigger and jest manage to git it right for the hours."

So they drilled and filed and tried to chip; and after much labour they made the hole large enough to let out the water from one mark to the next in sixty minutes.

And all the while there hovered around them, invisible, the spirit of him that fashioned the bowl, longing to speak what it knew; but its time for returning to the flesh was not yet—but it was coming.





"THEY SAT AND SMOKED FOR TWO HOURS."

V.

THE nineteenth century was ancient history, when one day, in a breathless, hurrying world, a busy City man was borne electrically home to his suburban villa one hundred miles from the City.

He was tired and morose, and a settled worry clouded his face.

"What is it to-day, John?" asked his wife. "Done nothing again?"

"Nothing," replied the City man, wearily. "Absolutely nothing. Got up at seven—hurried like mad over dressing and breakfast, and managed to get through them by ten, and rush to town—got to town at twelve—thirty, and sat down to write one short letter—finished that by two—saw Brown about the cargo, and said a few words to him by four-thirty—read a telegram and two letters, fast as I could read, by five-thirty—gave instruc-

Maria—when I was a boy we used to have time between sunrise and sunset to write out one hundred and fifty lines of Virgil, or row three miles on the river. Why, I saw in a very old newspaper in the Museum lately, that an athlete could once run a mile on the cinder path in four minutes seventeen seconds; and it can't be done now by a champion under twenty-five minutes! Halloa! here's the carrier brought that

curious old water-clock I bought at the antiquity shop yesterday. . . .

You see those faint lines inside? They were to mark the hours—hours, though—no! I'm sure the water would never drip through that little hole fast enough to sink one of those measurements in an hour. Let's try. . . . Halloa!

While I've been talking it's got to one o'clock a.m.; and we haven't had time for dinner to-day—I mean yesterday. Maria! this *can't* go on! It's killing!"





Next Sunday the City man tried the water-clock, and it took five hours and three-quarters for it to register an hour; so he had the hole at the bottom made larger—of more than five times its former capacity; and it registered the hours.

And the spirit of him that had fashioned it hovered ever about the clock, waiting to speak what it knew; and its time was soon to come.



MONDAY MORNING

## VI.

AND the City man had grown old; and his son was the City man now. And on the morning of Monday he would arise from bed and shave, and wash, and dress; and when he had done these things it was Monday night, and he sat down and ate his breakfast; and when he had finished his breakfast and drawn on his boots, it was Tuesday morning; and when he had hurried to town, it was Tuesday night; and when he had opened one letter and one telegram, and said ten words to his clerk, it was Wednesday night; and when he had dashed back home, it was Thursday morning; and when he had eaten his dinner, it was Friday morning; and then a short glance at the newspaper brought him to Friday night; and then into bed by Saturday morning, to sleep until Monday morning.

And he became an elderly man; and now he would arise from bed on the Monday morning, and when he had washed and dressed, it was Tuesday morning; and when he had eaten his breakfast, it was Wednesday morning; so he could not go to town, as there was not time in the week. And men

sat down dazed and paralyzed, for there was no time to do anything. And each week they enlarged the hole in the water-clock; and at the end of each week it dripped too slowly, and fell behind.

And a new Astronomer-Royal was appointed; and in him was the soul, re-incarnated, of him who had fashioned the clock in the dusk of pre-historic ages; and at last he could tell what he knew.

And he told all men that the thing they had felt was true: he told them how, for many thousands of years, the earth and all the universe had revolved ever faster and faster; all with proportionate increase of velocity, so that the circuit of the moon kept its wonted time with the revolution of the earth; and the comets came and went at their expected seasons, as also occurred the eclipses; so that no man could know that which was taking place, but only guess. And now each day they enlarged the hole in the water-clock; until the bowl was growing to be *all* hole; and now they could not bore fast enough in the hard stone; and now—

J. F. SULLIVAN.







FIND JOHN BULL'S 3 DAUGHTERS



FIND JONATHAN'S 3 DAUGHTERS



FIND BUFFALO BILL.





FRONT VIEW.



BACK VIEW.



FRONT VIEW.

## MANDRAKE ROOTS.



THE accompanying illustrations represent specimens of the mandragora (mandrake) root, which is found in some parts of Asia Minor and Syria. Many of these roots take the form of human beings, especially from the hips downward, and all have more or less the shape of a man or woman; one of the specimens resembling a woman carrying a child under each arm. The peasants relate that when



BACK VIEW.

the roots are pulled up out of the ground they utter cries or shrieks like a person in pain. The roots are still used for spells and other witchcraft. For these specimens we are indebted to Mr. A. Caillard, Ramleh, Alexandria, Egypt.





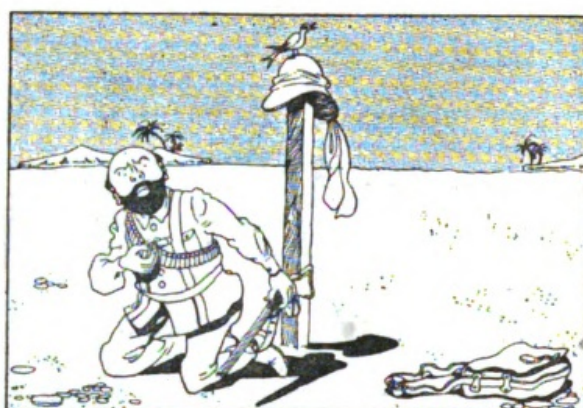




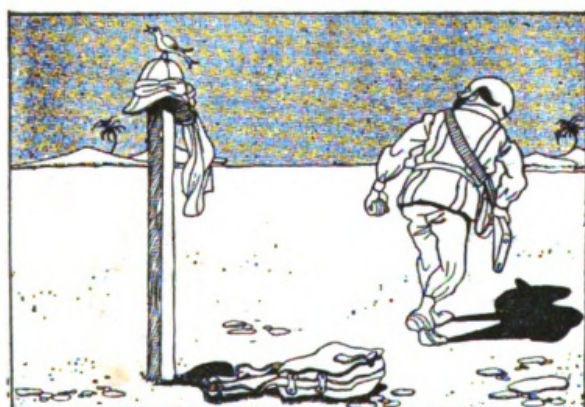




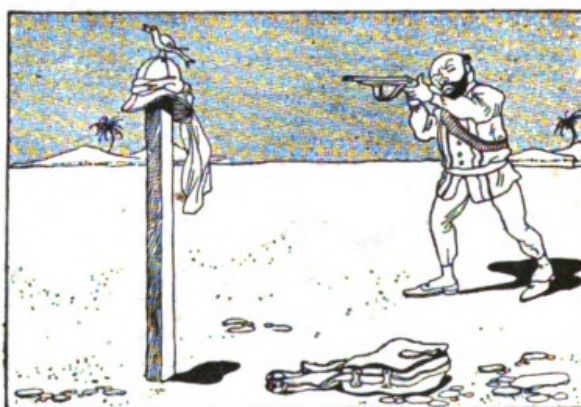
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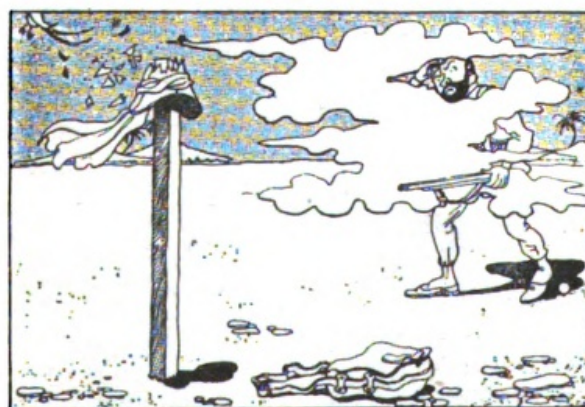
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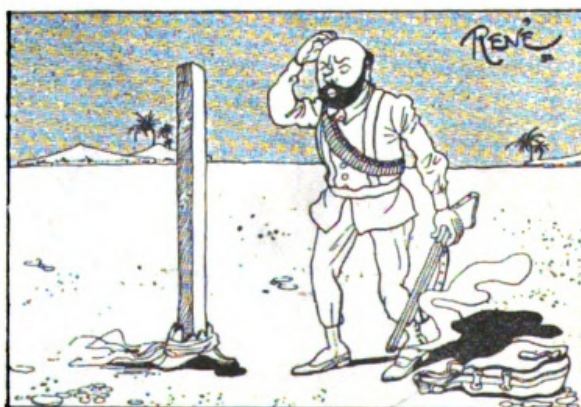
III.



IV.



V.



VI.

## THE HUNTER AND THE BIRD.

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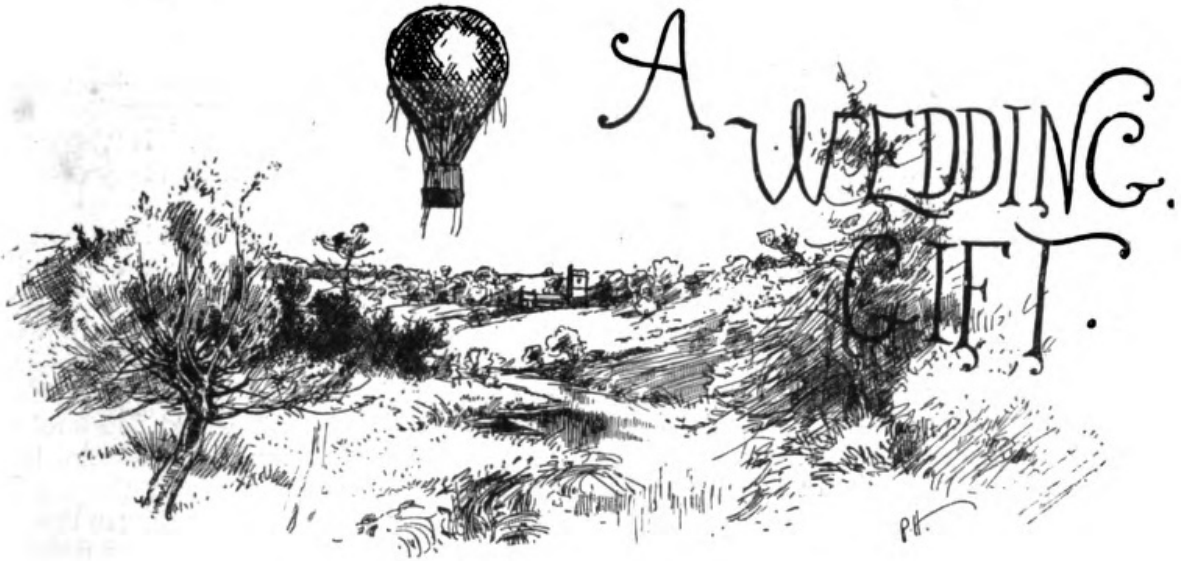




"KENNETH THREW HIMSELF SUDDENLY UPON PHILLIP."

*(A Wedding Gift.)*





(A WIFE'S STORY.) BY LEONARD OUTRAM.

"**W**ILL have you! I *will* have you! I will! I will!" I can see his dark face now as he looked when he spoke those words. I remember noticing how pale his lips were as he hissed out through his clenched teeth: "Though I had to fight with a hundred men for you—though I had to do murder for your sake, you should be mine. In spite of your love for him, in spite of your hate for me, in spite of all your struggles, your tears, your prayers, you shall be mine, mine, only mine!"

I had known Kenneth Moore ever since I was a little child. He had made love to me nearly as long. People spoke of us as sweethearts, and Kenneth was so confident and persevering that when my mother died and I found myself without a relative, without a single friend that I really cared for, I did promise him that I would one day be his wife. But that had scarcely happened, when Phillip Rutley came to the village and—and everybody knows I fell in love with *him*.

It seemed like Providence that brought Phillip to me just as I had given a half-consent to marry a man I had no love for, and with whom I could never have been happy.

I had parted from Kenneth at the front gate, and he had gone off to his home crazy with delight because at last I had given way.

It was Sunday evening late in November, very dark, very cold, and very foggy. He had brought me home from church, and he kept

me there at the gate pierced through and through by the frost, and half choked by the stifling river mist, holding my hand in his own and refusing to leave me until I promised to marry him.

Home was very lonely since mother died. The farm had gone quite wrong since we lost father. My near friends advised me to wed with Kenneth Moore, and all the village people looked upon it as a settled thing. It was horribly cold, too, out there at the gate—and—and that was how it came about that I consented.

I went into the house as miserable as Kenneth had gone away happy. I hated myself for having been so weak, and I hated Kenneth because I could not love him. The door was on the latch; I went in and flung it to behind me, with a petulant violence that made old Hagar, who was rheumatic and had stayed at home that evening on account of the fog, come out of the kitchen to see what was the matter.

"It's settled at last," I cried, tearing off my bonnet and shawl; "I'm to be Mrs. Kenneth Moore. Now are you satisfied?"

"It's best so—I'm sure it's much best so," exclaimed the old woman; "but, deary-dear!" she added as I burst into a fit of sobbing, "how can I be satisfied if you don't be?"

I wouldn't talk to her about it. What was the good? She'd forgotten long ago how the heart of a girl like me hungers for its true mate, and how frightful is the thought of giving oneself to a man one does not love!



Hagar offered condolence and supper, but I would partake of neither; and I went up to bed at once, prepared to cry myself to sleep, as other girls would have done in such a plight as mine.

As I entered my room with a lighted candle in my hand, there came an awful crash at the window—the glass and framework were shattered to atoms, and in the current of air that rushed through the room, my light went out. Then there came a crackling, breaking sound from the branches of the old apple tree beneath my window; then a scraping on the bricks and window-ledge; then more splintering of glass and window-frame: the blind broke away at the top, and my toilet table was overturned—the looking-glass smashing to pieces on the floor, and I was conscious that someone had stepped into the room.

At the same moment the door behind me was pushed open, and Hagar, frightened out of her wits, peered in with a lamp in her hand.

By its light I first saw Phillip Rutley.

A well-built, manly, handsome young fellow, with bright eyes and light, close-cropped curly hair, he seemed like a merry boy who had just popped over a wall in search of a cricket ball rather than an intruder who had broke into the house of two lone women in so alarming a manner.

My fear yielded to indignation when I realized that it was a strange man who had made his way into my room with so little ceremony, but his first words—or rather the way in which he spoke them—disarmed me.

"I beg ten thousand pardons. Pay for all the damage. It's only my balloon!"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Hagar.

My curiosity was aroused. I went forward to the shattered window.

"Your balloon! Did you come down in a balloon? Where is it?"

"All safe outside," replied the aeronaut consolingly. "Not a bad descent, considering this confounded—I beg pardon—this confound-*ing* fog. Thought I was half a mile up in the air. Opened the valve a little to drop through the cloud and discover my location. Ran against your house and anchored in your apple tree. Have you any men about the place to help me get the gas out?"

We fetched one of our farm labourers, and managed things so well, in spite of the darkness, that about midnight we had the great clumsy thing lying upon the lawn in a state of collapse. Instead of leaving it there with the car safely wedged into the apple-tree, until the morning light would let him work more easily, Rutley must needs "finish the job right off," as he said, and the result of this was that while he was standing in the car a bough suddenly broke and he was thrown to the ground, sustaining such injuries that we found him senseless when we ran to help him.

We carried him into the drawing-room, by the window of which he had fallen, and when we got the doctor to him, it was considered



"IT'S ONLY MY BALLOON."

best that he should remain with us that night. How could we refuse him a shelter? The nearest inn was a long way off; and how could he be moved there among people who would not care for him, when the doctor said it was probable that the poor fellow was seriously hurt internally?



We kept him with us that night ; yes, and for weeks after. By Heaven's mercy he will be with me all the rest of my life.

It was this unexpected visit of Phillip's, and the feeling that grew between us as I nursed him well and strong again, that



"I NURSED HIM WELL AND STRONG AGAIN."

brought it about that I told Kenneth Moore, who had become so repugnant to me that I could not bear to see him or hear him speak, that I wanted to be released from the promise he had wrung from me that night at the garden gate.

His rage was terrible to witness. He saw at once that my heart was given to someone else, and guessed who it must be ; for, of course, everybody knew about our visitor from the clouds. He refused to release me from my pledge to him, and uttered such wild threats against poor Phillip, whom he had not seen, and who, indeed, had not spoken of love to me at that time, that it precipitated my union with his rival. One insult that he was base enough to level at Phillip and me stung me so deeply, that I went at once to Mr. Rutley and told him how

it was possible for evil minds to misconstrue his continuing to reside at the farm.

When I next met Kenneth Moore I was leaving the registrar's office upon the arm of my husband. Kenneth did not know what had happened, but when he saw us walking openly together, his face assumed an expression of such intense malignity, that a great fear for Phillip came like a chill upon my heart, and when we were alone together under the roof that might henceforth harmlessly cover us both, I had but one thought, one intense desire—to quit it for ever in secret with the man I loved, and leave no foot-print behind for our enemy to track us by.

It was now that Phillip told me that he possessed an independent fortune, by virtue of which the world lay spread out before us for our choice of a home.

"Sweet as have been the hours that I have passed here—precious and hallowed as this little spot on the wide earth's surface must ever be to me," said my husband, "I want to take you away from it and show you many goodly things you have as yet hardly dreamed of. We will not abandon your dear old home, but we will find someone to take care of it for us, and see what other paradise we can discover in which to spend our life-long honeymoon."

I had never mentioned to Phillip the name of Kenneth Moore, and so he thought it a mere playful caprice that made me say :—

"Let us go, Phillip, no one knows where—not even ourselves. Let Heaven guide us in our choice of a resting-place. Let us vanish from this village as if we had never lived in it. Let us go and be forgotten."

He looked at me in astonishment, and replied in a joking way :—

"The only means I know of to carry out your wishes to the letter, would be a nocturnal departure, as I arrived—that is to say, in my balloon."

"Yes, Phillip, yes !" I exclaimed eagerly, "in your balloon, to-night, in your balloon !"

That night, in a field by the reservoir of the gas-works of Nettledene, the balloon was



inflated, and the car loaded with stores for our journey to unknown lands. The great fabric swayed and struggled in the strong breeze that blew over the hills, and it was with some difficulty that Phillip and I took our seats. All was in readiness, when Phillip, searching the car with a lantern, discovered that we had not with us the bundle of rugs and wraps which I had got ready for carrying off.

"Keep her steady, boys!" he cried. "I must run back to the house." And he leapt from the car and disappeared in the darkness.

It was weird to crouch there alone, with the great balloon swaying over my head, each plunge threatening to dislodge me from the seat to which I clung, the cords and the wicker-work straining and creaking, and the swish of the silk sounding like the hiss of a hundred snakes. It was alarming in no small degree to know how little prevented me from shooting up solitarily to take an indefinite place among the stars. I confess that I was nervous, but I only called to the men who were holding the car to please take care and not let me go without Mr. Rutley.

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when a man, whom we all thought was he, climbed into the car and hoarsely told them to let go. The order was obeyed and the earth seemed to drop away slowly beneath us as the balloon rose and drifted away before the wind.

"You haven't the rugs, after all!" I exclaimed to my companion. He turned and flung his arms about me, and the voice of Kenneth Moore it was that replied to me:—

"I have *you*. I swore I would have you, and I've got you at last!"

In an instant, as I perceived that I was being carried off from my husband by the very man I had been trying to escape, I seized the grapnel that lay handy and flung it over the side. It was attached to a long stout cord which was fastened to the body of the car, and by the violent jerks that ensued I knew that I was not too late to snatch at an anchorage and the chance of a rescue. The balloon, heavily ballasted, was drifting along near the ground with the grappling-iron tearing through hedges and fences and trees, right in the direction of our farm. How I prayed that it might again strike against the house as it did with Phillip, and that he might be near to succour me!

As we swept along the fields the grapnel, taking here and there a secure hold for a moment or so, would bring the car side down to the earth, nearly jerking us out, but we

both clung fast to the cordage, and then the grapnel would tear its way through and the balloon would rise like a great bird into the air.

It was in the moment that one of these checks occurred, when the balloon had heeled over in the wind until it lay almost horizontally upon the surface of the ground, that I saw Phillip Rutley standing in the meadow beneath me. He cried to me as the car descended to him with me clinging to the ropes and framework for my life:—

"Courage, dearest! You're anchored. Hold on tight. You won't be hurt."

Down came the car sideways, and struck the ground violently, almost crushing him. As it rebounded he clung to the edge and held it down, shouting for help. I did not dare let go my hold, as the balloon was struggling furiously, but I shrieked to Phillip that Kenneth Moore had tried to carry me off, and implored him to save me from that man. But before I could make myself understood, Kenneth, who like myself had been holding on for dear life, threw himself suddenly upon Phillip, who, to ward off a shower of savage blows, let go of the car.

There was a heavy gust of wind, a tearing sound, the car rose out of Phillip's reach, and we dragged our anchor once more. The ground flew beneath us, and my husband was gone.

I screamed with all my might, and prepared to fling myself out when we came to the earth again, but my captor, seizing each article that lay on the floor of the car, hurled forth, with the frenzy of a madman, ballast, stores, water-keg, cooking apparatus, everything, indiscriminately. For a moment this unburdening of the balloon did not have the effect one would suppose—that of making us shoot swiftly up into the sky, and I trusted that Phillip and the men who had helped us at the gas-works had got hold of the grapnel line, and would haul us down; but, looking over the side, I perceived that we were flying along unfettered, and increasing each minute our distance from the earth.

We were off, then, Heaven alone could tell whither! I had lost the protection of my husband, and fallen utterly into the power of a lover who was terrifying and hateful to me.

Away we sped in the darkness, higher and higher, faster and faster; and I crouched, half-fainting, in the bottom of the car, while Kenneth Moore, bending over me, poured his horrible love into my ear:—

"Minnie! My Minnie! Why did you try to play me false? Didn't you know your



old playmate better than to suppose he would give you up? Thank your stars, girl, you are now quit of that scoundrel, and that the very steps he took to ruin you have put it in my power to save you from him and from your wilful self."

I forgot that he did not know Phillip and I had been married that morning, and, indignant that he should speak so of my husband, I accused him in turn of seeking to destroy me. How dared he interfere with me? How dared he speak ill of a man who was worth a thousand of himself—who had not persecuted me all my life, who loved me honestly and truly, and whom I loved with all my soul? I called Kenneth Moore a coward, a cruel, cowardly villain, and commanded him to stop the balloon, to let me go back to my home—back to Phillip Rutley, who was the only man I could ever love in the whole wide world!

"You are out of your senses, Minnie," he answered, and he clasped me tightly in his arms, while the balloon mounted higher and higher. "You are angry with me now, but when you realize that you are mine for ever and cannot escape, you will forgive me, and be grateful to me—yes, and love me, for loving you so well."

"Never!" I cried, "never! You are a thief! You have stolen me, and I hate you! I shall always hate you. Rather than endure you, I will make the balloon fall right down down, and we will both be dashed to pieces."

I was so furious with him that I seized the valve-line that swung near me at the moment, and tugged at it with all my might. He grasped my hand, but I wound the cord about my arms, held on to it with my teeth, and he could not drag it from me. In the struggle we nearly overturned the car. I did not care. I would gladly have fallen out and lost my life now that I had lost Phillip.

Then Kenneth took from his pocket a large knife and unclasped it. I laughed aloud, for I thought he meant to frighten me into submission. But I soon saw what he meant to do. He climbed up the cordage and cut the valve-line through.

"Now you are conquered!" he cried, "and we will voyage together to the world's end."

I had risen to my feet and watched him, listened to him with a thrill of despair; but even as his triumphant words appalled me the car swayed down upon the side opposite to where I stood—the side where still hung the long line with the grapnel—and I saw the hands of a man upon the ledge; the arms, the head, and the shoulders of a man, of a man who the next minute was standing in the car, I fast in his embrace: Phillip Rutley, my true love, my husband!

Then it seemed to me that the balloon collapsed, and all things melted, and I was whirling away—down, down, down!

How long I was unconscious I do not know, but it was daylight when I opened my eyes. It was piercingly cold—snow was falling, and although I lay in Phillip's arms with his coat over me, while he sat in his shirt-sleeves holding me. On the other side stood Kenneth Moore. He also was in his shirt-sleeves. His coat also had





been devoted to covering me. Both those men were freezing there for my sake, and I was ungrateful enough to shiver.

I need not tell you that I gave them no peace until they had put their coats on again. Then we all crouched together in the bottom of the car to keep each other warm. I shrank from Kenneth a little, but not much, for it was kind of him—so kind and generous—to suffer that awful cold for me. What surprised me was that he made no opposition to my resting in Phillip's arms, and Phillip did not seem to mind his drawing close to me.

But Kenneth explained :—

"Mr. Rutley has told me you are already his wife, Minnie. Is that true?"

I confirmed it, and asked him to pardon my choosing where my heart inclined me.

"If that is so," he said, "I have little to forgive and much to be forgiven. Had I known how things stood, I loved you too well to imperil your happiness and your life, and the life of the man you prefer to me."

"But the danger is all over now," said I; "let us be good friends for the future."

"We may at least be friends," replied Kenneth; and I caught a glance of some mysterious import that passed between the men. The question it would have led me to ask was postponed by the account Phillip gave of his presence in the balloon-car—how by springing into the air as the grapnel swung past him, dragged clear by the rising balloon, he had caught the irons and then the rope, climbing up foot by foot, swinging to and fro in the darkness, up, up, until the whole length of the rope was accomplished and he reached my side. Brave, strong, dear Phillip!

And, now, once more he would have it that I must wear his coat.

"The sun's up, Minnie, and he'll soon put warmth into our bones. I'm going to have some exercise. My coat will be best over you."

Had it not been so excruciatingly cold we might have enjoyed the grandeur of our sail through the bright, clear heavens, the big brown balloon swelling broadly above us. Phillip tried to keep up our spirits by calling attention to these things, but Kenneth said little or nothing, and looked so despondent that, wishing to divert his thoughts from his disappointment concerning myself, which I supposed was his trouble, I heedlessly blurted out that I was starving, and asked him to give me some breakfast.

Then it transpired that he had thrown out

of the car all the provisions with which we had been supplied for our journey.

The discovery took the smiles out of Phillip's merry face.

"You'll have to hold on a bit, little woman," said he. "When we get to a way-station or an hotel, we'll show the refreshment contractors what sort of appetites are to be found up above."

Then I asked them where we were going; whereabouts we had got to; and why we did not descend. Which elicited the fact that Kenneth had thrown away the instruments by which the aeronaut informs himself of his location and the direction of his course. For a long time Phillip playfully put me off in my petition to be restored to *terra firma*, but at last it came out that the valve-line being cut we could not descend, and that the balloon must speed on, mounting higher and higher, until it would probably burst in the extreme tension of the air.

"Soon after that," said Phillip, with a grim, hard laugh, "we shall be back on the earth again."

We found it difficult to enjoy the trip after this prospect was made clear. Nor did conversation flow very freely. The hours dragged slowly on, and our sufferings increased.

At last Phillip made up his mind to attempt a desperate remedy. What it was he would not tell me, but, kissing me tenderly, he made me lie down and covered my head with his coat.

Then he took off his boots, and then the car creaked and swayed, and suddenly I felt he was gone out of it. He had told me not to look out from under his coat; but how could I obey him? I did look, and I saw him climbing like a cat up the round, hard side of the balloon, clinging with hands and feet to the netting that covered it.

As he mounted, the balloon swayed over with his weight until it was right above him and he could hardly hold on to the cords with his toes and his fingers. Still he crept on, and still the great silken fabric heeled over, as if it resented his boldness and would crush him.

Once his foothold gave way, and he dropped to his full length, retaining only his hand-grip of the thin cords, which nearly cut his fingers in two under the strain of his whole weight. I thought he was gone; I thought I had lost him for ever. It seemed impossible he could keep his hold, and even if he did the weak netting must give way. It stretched down where he grasped it into a





"CLINGING WITH HANDS AND FEET TO THE NETTING."

bag form and increased his distance from the balloon, so that he could not reach with his feet, although he drew his body up and made many a desperate effort to do so.

But while I watched him in an agony of powerlessness to help, the balloon slowly regained the perpendicular, and just as Phillip seemed at the point of exhaustion his feet caught once more in the netting, and, with his arms thrust through the meshes and twisted in and out for security, while his strong teeth also gripped the cord, I saw my husband in comparative safety once more. I turned to relieve my pent-up feelings to Kenneth, but he was not in the car—only his boots. He had seen Phillip's peril, and climbed up on the other side of the balloon to restore the balance.

But now the wicked thing served them another trick; it slowly lay over on its side under the weight of the two men, who were now poised like panniers upon the extreme convexity of the silk. This was very perilous for both, but the change of position gave them a little rest, and Phillip shouted instructions round to Kenneth to slowly work his

way back to the car, while he (Phillip) would mount to the top of the balloon, the surface of which would be brought under him by Kenneth's weight. It was my part to make them balance each other. This I did by watching the tendency of the balloon, and telling Kenneth to move to right or left as I saw it become necessary. It was very difficult for us all. The great fabric wobbled about most capriciously, sometimes with a sudden turn that took us all by surprise, and would have jerked every one of us into space, had we not all been clinging fast to the cordage.

At last Phillip shouted :—

"Get ready to slip down steadily into the car."

"I am ready," replied Kenneth.

"Then go!" came from Phillip.

"Easy does it! Steady! Don't hurry! Get right down into the middle of the car, both of you, and keep quite still."

We did as he told us, and as Kenneth joined me, we heard a faint cheer from above, and the message :—

"Safe on the top of the balloon!"

"Look, Minnie, look!" cried Kenneth; and on a cloud-bank we saw the image of our balloon with a figure sitting on the summit, which could only be Phillip Rutley.

"Take care, my dearest! take care!" I besought him.

"I'm all right as long as you two keep still," he declared; but it was not so.

After he had been up there about ten minutes trying to mend the escape-valve, so that we could control it from the car, a puff of wind came and overturned the balloon completely. In a moment the aspect of the monster was transformed into a crude resemblance to the badge of the Golden Fleece—the car with Kenneth and me in it at one end, and Phillip Rutley hanging from the other, the huge gas-bag like the body of the sheep of Colchis in the middle.

And now the balloon twisted round and round as if resolved to wrench itself from Phillip's grasp, but he held on as a brave man always does when the alternative is fight or die. The terrible difficulty he had in getting back I shudder to think of. It is



needless to recount it now. Many times I thought that both men must lose their lives, and I should finish this awful voyage alone. But in the end I had my arms around Phillip's neck once more, and was thanking God for giving him back to me.

I don't think I half expressed my gratitude to poor Kenneth, who had so bravely and generously helped to save him. I wish I had said more when I look back at that time now. But my love for Phillip made me blind to everything.

Phillip was very much done up, and greatly dissatisfied with the result of his exertions; but he soon began to make the best of things, as he always did.

"I'm a selfish duffer, Minnie," said he. "All the good I've done by frightening you like this is to get myself splendidly warm."

"What, have you done nothing to the valve?"

"Didn't have time. No, Moore and I must try to get at it from below, though from what I saw before I started to go aloft, it seemed impossible."

"But we are descending."

"Eh?"

"Descending rapidly. See how fast we are diving into that cloud below!"

"It's true! We're dropping. What can it mean?"

As he spoke we were immersed in a dense white mist, which wetted us through as if we had been plunged in water. Then suddenly the car was filled with whirling snow—thick masses of snow that covered us so that we could not see each other; choked us so that we could hardly speak or breathe.

And the cold! the cold! It cut us like knives; it beat the life out of us as if with hammers.

This sudden, overwhelming horror struck us dumb. We could only cling together and pray. It was plain that there must be a rent in the silk, a large one, caused probably by the climbing of the men, a rent that might widen at any moment and reduce the balloon to ribbons.

We were being dashed along in a wild storm of wind and snow, the headlong force of which alone delayed the fate which seemed surely to await us. Where should we fall? The world beneath us was near and palpable, yet we could not distinguish any object upon it. But we fell lower and lower, until our eyes informed us all in an instant, and we exclaimed together;

"*We are falling into the sea!*" Yes, there it was beneath us, raging and leaping like a beast of prey. We should be drowned! We *must* be drowned! There was no hope, none!

Down we came slantwise to the water. The foam from the top of a mountain-wave scudded through the ropes of the car. Then the hurricane bore us up again on its fierce breast, and—yes, it was bearing us to the shore!

We saw the coast-line, the high, red cliffs—saw the cruel rocks at their base! Horrible! Better far to fall into the water and drown, if die we must.

The balloon flew over the rugged boulders, the snow and the foam of the sea indistinguishable around us, and made straight for the high, towering precipice.

We should dash against the jagged front! The balloon was plunging down like a maddened bull, when suddenly, within 12 ft. of the rock, there was a thrilling cry from Kenneth Moore, and up we shot, almost clearing the projecting summit. Almost—not quite—sufficiently to escape death; but the car, tripping against the very verge, hurled Phillip and myself, clasped in each other's arms, far over the level snow.

We rose unhurt, to find ourselves alone.

What had become of our comrade—my childhood's playfellow, the man who had loved me so well, and whom I had cast away?

He was found later by some fishermen—a shapeless corpse upon the beach.

I stood awe-stricken in an outbuilding of a little inn that gave us shelter, whither they had borne the poor shattered body, and I wept over it as it lay there covered with the fragment of a sail.

My husband was by my side, and his voice was hushed and broken, as he said to me:—

"Minnie, I believe that, under God, our lives were saved by Kenneth Moore. Did you not hear that cry of his when we were about to crash into the face of the cliff?"

"Yes, Phillip," I answered, sobbing, "and I missed him suddenly as the balloon rose."

"You heard the words of that parting cry?"

"Yes, oh, yes! He said: '*A Wedding Gift! Minnie! A Wedding Gift!*'"

"And then?"

"He left us together."



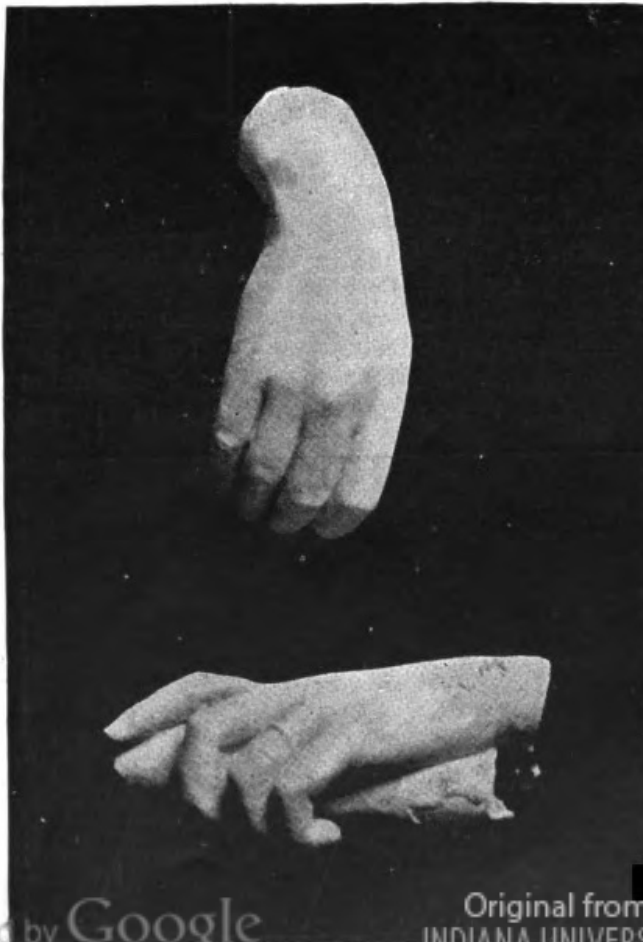
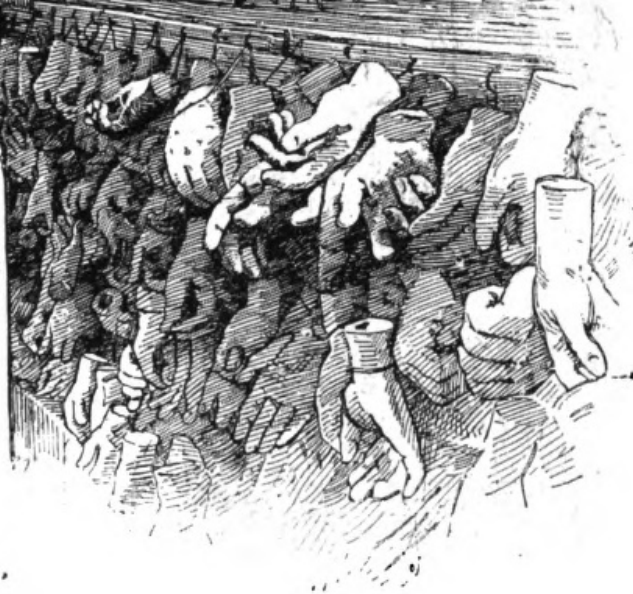
# HANDS

BY BECKLES WILLSON.



THE hand, like the face, is indicative or representative of character. Even those who find the path to belief in the doctrines of the palmist and chiromnist paved with innumerable thorns, cannot fail to be interested in the illustrious manual examples, collected from the studios of various sculptors, which accompany this article.

Mr. Adams-Acton, a distinguished sculptor, tells me his belief that there is as great expression in the hand as in the face; and another great artist, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., goes even a step further: he invests the bare knee with expression and vital identity. There would, indeed, appear to be no portion of the human frame which is incapable of giving forth some measure of the inherent distinctiveness of its owner. This is, I think, especially true of the hand. No one who was fortunate enough



to observe the slender, tapering fingers and singular grace of the hand of the deceased Poet Laureate could possibly believe it the extremity of a coarse or narrow-minded person. In the accompanying photographs, the hand of a cool, yet enthusiastic, ratiocinative spirit will be found to bear a palpable affinity to others whose possessors come under this head, and yet be utterly antagonistic to Carlyle's, or to another type, Cardinal Manning's.

We have here spread out for our edification hands of majesty, hands of power; of artistic



creativity; of cunning; hands of the ruler, the statesman, the soldier, the author, and the artist. To philosophers disposed to

seven years, and, if I do not greatly err, in connection with the first statue of the Queen after her accession. They will no doubt evoke much interest when compared with the hand of the lamented Princess Alice, who was present at the first ceremony, an infant in arms of eight months. In addition to that of the Princess Alice, taken in 1872, we have the hands of the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, all three of whom sat for portrait statues to Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A.,



PRINCESS ALICE'S HAND.

resolve a science from representative examples here is surely no lack of matter. It would, on the whole, be difficult to garner from the century's history a more glittering array of celebrities in all the various departments of endeavour than is here presented.

First and foremost, entitled to precedence almost by a double right, for this cast antedates, with one exception, all the rest, are the hands of Her Majesty the Queen. They were executed in 1844, when Her Majesty had sat upon the throne but



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HAND.

from whose studio, also, emanates the cast of the hand of the Prince of Wales.

In each of the manual extremities thus presented of the Royal Family, similar



PRINCESS BEATRICE'S HANDS.

PRINCESS LOUISE'S HAND.





HAND OF ANAK, THE GIANT. HAND OF CAROLINE, SISTER OF NAPOLEON.

characteristics may be noticed. The dark hue which appears on the surface of the hands of the two last-named Princesses is not the fault of the photograph but of the casts, which are, unfortunately, in a soiled condition.

It is a circumstance not a little singular, but the only cast in this collection which is anterior to the Queen's, itself appertains to



HAND OF ZOE, WIFE OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Royalty, being none other than the hand of Caroline, sister of the first Napoleon, who also, it must not be forgotten, was a queen. It is purposely coupled in the photograph with that of Anak, the famous French giant, in order to exhibit the exact degree of its deficiency in that quality which giants most and ladies least can afford to be complaisant over—size. Certainly it would be hard to deny it grace and exquisite proportion, in which it resembles an even more beautiful hand, that of the Greek lady,

Zoe, wife of the late Archbishop of York, which seems to breathe of Ionian mysticism and elegance.



MR. GLADSTONE'S HAND.

One cannot dwell long upon this quality of grace and elegance without adverting to a hand which, if not the most wonderful among the hands masculine, is with one exception the most beautiful. When it is stated that



LORD BEACONSFIELD'S HAND.

this cast of Mr. Gladstone's hand was executed by Mr. Adams-Acton, quite recently; that one looks upon the hand not of a youth of twenty, but of an octogenarian, it is difficult to deny it the epithet remarkable. Although the photograph is not wholly





CARDINAL MANNING'S HAND.

favourable to the comparison, yet in the original plaster it is possible at once to detect its similarity to the hand of Lord Beaconsfield.

In truth, the hands of these statesmen have much in common. Yet, for a more



HENRY IRVING'S HAND.

striking resemblance between hands we must turn to another pair. The sculptor calls attention to the eminently ecclesiastical character of the hand of Cardinal Manning. It is in every respect the hand of the ideal prelate. Yet its every attribute is common to one hand, and one hand only, in the whole collection, that of Mr. Henry Irving, the actor. The general conformation, the

protrusion of the metacarpal bones, the laxity of the skin at the joints, are characteristic of both.

There could be no mistaking the bellicose traits visible in the hands of the two warriors—Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir Bartle Frere. Both bespeak firmness, hardihood, and command, just as Lord Brougham's



LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA'S HAND.

hand, which will be found represented on the next page, suggest the jurist, orator, and debater. But it can scarcely be said that the great musician is apparent in Liszt's hand, which is also depicted on the following page. The fingers are short and corpulent, and the whole extremity seems more at variance with



Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
SIR BARTLE FRERE'S HAND.



In this connection a gentleman, who had known the novelist in life, on being shown



LORD BROUGHAM'S HAND.

the abilities and temperament of the owner than any other represented in these casts, and, as a case which seems to completely baffle the reader of character, is one of the most interesting in the collection.

Highly gruesome, but not less fascinating, are the hands of the late Wilkie Collins, with which we will conclude this month's section of our subject.



LISZT'S HAND.

the cast, exclaimed: "Yes, those are the hands, I assure you; none other could have written the 'Woman in White!'"



WILKIE COLLINS'S HANDS.

NOTE.—Thanks are due to Messrs. Hamo Thorneycroft, R.A., Adams-Acton, Onslow Ford, R.A., T. Brock, R.A., W. R. Ingram, Alfred Gilbert, R.A., J. T. Tussaud, Professor E. Lanteri, and A. B. Skinner, Secretary South Kensington Museum, for courtesies extended during the compilation of this paper.

*(To be continued.)*



# QUASTANA, THE BRIGAND

FROM THE FRENCH OF  
ALFONSE DAUDET



thing which made it advisable for him to keep clear of the police, he generally bolted to Sardinia instead of turning brigand. This was not to our liking; for no brigand, no promo-

tion. However, our Prefect had succeeded in finding one; he was an old rascal, Quastana by name, who, to avenge the murder of his brother, had killed goodness knows how many people. He had been pursued with vigour, but had escaped, and after a time the hue and cry had subsided and he had been forgotten. Fifteen years had passed, and the man had lived in seclusion; but our Prefect, having heard of the affair and obtained a clue to his whereabouts, endeavoured to capture him, with no more success than his predecessor. We were beginning to despair of our promotion; you can, therefore, imagine how pleased I was to receive the note from my chief.

I found him in his study, talking very confidentially to a man of the true Corsican peasant type.

"This is Quastana's cousin," said the Prefect to me, in a low tone. "He lives in the little village of Solenzara, just above Porto-Vecchio, and the brigand pays him a visit every Sunday evening to have a game of *scopa*. Now, it seems that these two had some words the other Sunday, and this fellow has determined to have revenge; so he proposes to hand his cousin over to justice, and, between you and me, I believe he means it.

## I.

**M**ISADVENTURES? Well, if I were an author by profession, I could make a pretty big book of the administrative mishaps which befell me during the three years I spent in Corsica as legal adviser to the French Prefecture. Here is one which will probably amuse you:—

I had just entered upon my duties at Ajaccio. One morning I was at the club, reading the papers which had just arrived from Paris, when the Prefect's man-servant brought me a note, hastily written in pencil: "Come at once; I want you. We have got the brigand, Quastana." I uttered an exclamation of joy, and went off as fast as I could to the Prefecture. I must tell you that, under the Empire, the arrest of a Corsican *banditto* was looked upon as a brilliant exploit, and meant promotion, especially if you threw a certain dash of romance about it in your official report.

Unfortunately brigands had become scarce. The people were getting more civilized and the *vendetta* was dying out. If by chance a man did kill another in a row, or do some-



But as I want to make the capture myself, and in as brilliant a manner as possible, it is advisable to take precautions in order not to expose the Government to ridicule. That's what I want you for. You are quite a stranger in the country and nobody knows you; I want you to go and see for certain if it really is Quastana who goes to this man's house."

"But I have never seen this Quastana," I began.

My chief pulled out his pocket-book and drew forth a photograph much the worse for wear.

"Here you are!" he exclaimed. "The rascal had the cheek to have his portrait taken last year at Porto-Vecchio!"

While we were looking at the photo the peasant drew near, and I saw his eyes flash vengefully; but the look quickly vanished and his face resumed its usual stolid appearance.

"Are you not afraid that the presence of a stranger will frighten your cousin, and make him stay away on the following Sunday?" we asked.

"No!" replied the man. "He is too fond of cards. Besides, there are many new faces about here now on account of the shooting. I'll say that this gentleman has come for me to show him where the game is to be found."

Thereupon we made an appointment for the next Sunday, and the fellow walked off without the least compunction for his dirty trick. When he was gone, the Prefect impressed upon me the necessity for keeping the matter very quiet, because he intended that nobody else should share the credit of the capture. I assured him that I would not breathe a word, thanked him for his kindness in asking me to assist him, and we separated to go to our work and dream of promotion.

The next morning I set out in full shooting costume, and took the coach which does the journey from Ajaccio to Bastia. For those who love Nature, there is no better ride in the world, but I was too busy with my castles in the air to notice any of the beauties of the landscape.

At Bonifacio we stopped for dinner. When

I got on the coach again, just a little elevated by the contents of a good-sized bottle, I found that I had a fresh travelling companion, who had taken a seat next to me. He was an official at Bastia, and I had already met him; a man about my own age, and a native of Paris like myself. A decent sort of fellow.

You are probably aware that the Administration, as represented by the Prefect, etc., and the magistrature never get on well together; in Corsica it is worse than elsewhere. The seat of the Administration is at Ajaccio, that of the magistrature at Bastia; we two therefore belonged to hostile parties. But when you are a long way from home and meet someone from your native place, you forget all else, and talk of the old country.

We were fast friends in less than no time, and were consoling each other for being in "exile" as we termed it. The bottle of wine had loosened my tongue, and I soon told



"I SET OUT IN FULL SHOOTING COSTUME."

him, in strict confidence, that I was looking forward to going back to France to take up some good post as a reward for my share in the capture of Quastana, whom we hoped to arrest at his cousin's house one Sunday evening. When my companion got off the coach at Porto-Vecchio, we felt as though we had known each other for years.



## II.

I ARRIVED at Solenzara between four and five o'clock. The place is populated in winter by workmen, fishermen, and Customs officials, but in summer everyone who can shifts his quarters up in the mountains on account of fever. The village was, therefore, nearly deserted when I reached it that Sunday afternoon.

I entered a small inn and had something to eat, while waiting for Matteo. Time went on, and the fellow did not put in an appearance; the innkeeper began to look at me suspiciously, and I felt rather uncomfortable. At last there came a knock, and Matteo entered.

"He has come to my house," he said, raising his hand to his hat. "Will you follow me there?"

We went outside. It was very dark and windy; we stumbled along a stony path for about three miles—a narrow path, full of small stones and overgrown with luxuriant vegetation, which prevented us from going quickly.

"That's my house," said Matteo, pointing among the bushes to a light which was flickering at a short distance from us.

A minute later we were confronted by a big dog, who barked furiously at us. One would have imagined that he meant to stop us going farther along the road.

"Here, Bruccio, Bruccio!" cried my guide; then, leaning towards me, he said: "That's Quastana's dog. A ferocious animal. He has no equal for keeping watch." Turning to the dog again, he called out: "That's all right, old fellow! Do you take us for policemen?"

The enormous animal quieted down and came and sniffed around our legs. It was a splendid Newfoundland dog, with a thick, white, woolly coat which had obtained for him the name of Bruccio (white cheese). He ran on in front of us to the house, a kind of stone hut, with a large hole in the roof which did duty for both chimney and window.

In the centre of the room stood a rough table, around which were several "seats" made of portions of trunks of trees, hacked into shape with a chopper. A torch stuck in a piece of wood gave a flickering light, around which flew a swarm of moths and other insects.

At the table sat a man who looked like an Italian or Provençal fisherman, with a shrewd, sunburnt, clean-shaven face. He was leaning over a pack of cards, and was enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Cousin Quastana," said Matteo as we went in, "this is a gentleman who is going

shooting with me in the morning. He will sleep here to-night, so as to be close to the spot in good time to-morrow."

When you have been an outlaw and had to fly for your life, you look with suspicion upon a stranger. Quastana looked me straight in the eyes for a second; then, apparently satisfied, he saluted me and took no further notice of me. Two minutes later the cousins were absorbed in a game of *scopa*.

It is astonishing what a mania for card-playing existed in Corsica at that time—and it is probably the same now. The clubs and cafés were watched by the police, for the young men ruined themselves at a game



"'THAT'S MY HOUSE,' SAID MATTEO."



called *bouillotte*. In the villages it was the same; the peasants were mad for a game at cards, and when they had no money they played for their pipes, knives, sheep—anything.

I watched the two men with great interest as they sat opposite each other, silently playing the game. They watched each other's movements, the cards either face downwards upon the table or carefully held so that the opponent might not catch a glimpse of them, and gave an occasional quick glance at their "hand" without losing sight of the other player's face. I was especially interested in watching Quastana. The photograph was a very good one, but it could not reproduce the sunburnt face, the vivacity and agility of movement, surprising in a man of his age, and the hoarse, hollow voice peculiar to those who spend most of their time in solitude.

Between two and three hours passed in this way, and I had some difficulty in keeping awake in the stuffy air of the hut and the long stretches of silence broken only by an occasional exclamation: "Seventeen!" "Eighteen!" From time to time I was aroused by a heavy gust of wind, or a dispute between the players.

Suddenly there was a savage bark from Brucio, like a cry of alarm. We all sprang up, and Quastana rushed out of the door, returning an instant afterwards and seizing his gun. With an exclamation of rage he darted out of the door again and was gone. Matteo and I were looking at one another in surprise, when a dozen armed men entered and called upon us to surrender. And in less time than it takes to

tell you we were on the ground, bound, and prisoners. In vain I tried to make the gendarmes understand who I was; they would not listen to me. "That's all right; you will have an opportunity of making an explanation when we get to Bastia."

They dragged us to our feet and drove us out with the butt-ends of their carbines. Handcuffed, and pushed about by one and another, we reached the bottom of the slope, where a prison-van was waiting for us—a vile box, without ventilation and full of vermin—into which we were thrown and driven to Bastia, escorted by gendarmes with drawn swords.

A nice position for a Government official!

### III.

It was broad daylight when we reached Bastia. The Public Prosecutor, the colonel of the gendarmes, and the governor of the prison were impatiently awaiting us. I never



"HE DARTED OUT OF THE DOOR AGAIN."

saw a man look more astonished than the corporal in charge of the escort, as, with a triumphant smile, he led me to these gentlemen, and saw them hurry towards me with



all sorts of apologies, and take off the handcuffs.

"What! Is it *you*?" exclaimed the Public Prosecutor. "Have these idiots really arrested *you*? But how did it come about—what is the meaning of it?"

Explanations followed. On the previous



"EXPLANATIONS."

day the Public Prosecutor had received a telegram from Porto-Vecchio, informing him of the presence of Quastana in the locality, and giving precise details as to where and when he could be found. The name of Porto-Vecchio opened my eyes; it was that travelling companion of mine who had played me this shabby trick! He was the Prosecutor's deputy.

"But, my dear sir," said the Public Prosecutor, "whoever would have expected to see you in shooting costume in the house of the brigand's cousin! We have given you rather a bad time of it, but I know you will not bear malice, and you will prove it by coming to breakfast with me." Then turning to the corporal, and pointing to Matteo, he said: "Take this fellow away; we will deal with him in the morning."

The unfortunate Matteo remained dumb with fright; he looked appealingly at me, and I, of course, could not do otherwise than explain matters. Taking the Prosecutor on one side, I told him that Matteo was really assisting the Prefect to capture the brigand; but as I told him all about the matter, his face assumed a hard, judicial expression.

"I am sorry for the Prefecture," he said; "but I have Quastana's cousin, and I won't let him go! He will be tried with some peasants, who are accused of having supplied the brigand with provisions."

"But I repeat that this man is really in the service of the Prefecture," I protested.

"So much the worse for the Prefecture," said he with a laugh. "I am going to give the Administration a lesson it won't forget, and teach it not to meddle with what doesn't concern it. There is only one brigand in Corsica, and you want to take him! He's my game, I tell you. The Prefect knows that, yet he tries to forestall me! Now I will pay him out. Matteo shall be tried; he will, of course, appeal

to your side; there will be a great to-do, and the brigand will be put on his guard against his cousin and gentlemen of the Prefecture who go shooting."

Well, he kept his word. We had to appear on behalf of Matteo, and we had a nice time of it in the court. I was the laughing-stock of the place. Matteo was acquitted, but he could no longer be of use to us, because Quastana was forewarned. He had to quit the country.

As to Quastana, he was never caught. He knew the country, and every peasant was secretly ready to assist him; and although the soldiers and gendarmes tried their best to take him, they could not manage it. When I left the island he was still at liberty, and I have never heard anything about his capture since.



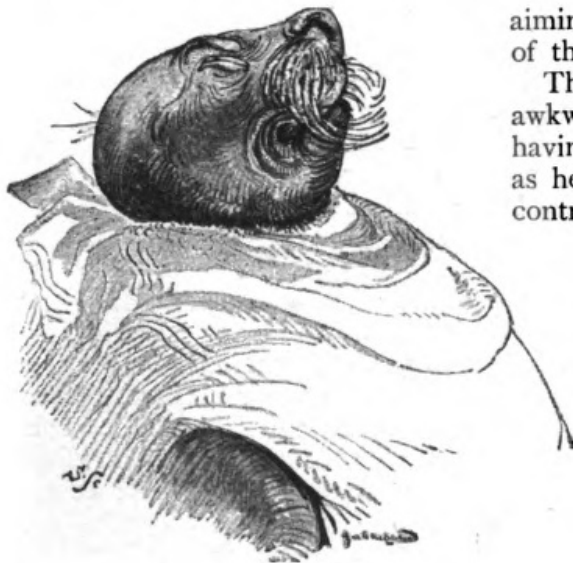


HE seal is an affable fellow, though sloppy. He is friendly to man; providing the journalist with copy, the diplomatist with lying practice, and the punster with shocking opportunities. Ungrateful for these benefits, however, or perhaps savage at them, man responds by knocking the seal on the head and taking his skin; an injury which the seal avenges by driving man into the Bankruptcy Court with bills for his wife's jackets. The puns instigated by the seal are of a sort to make one long for the animal's extermination.

It is quite possible that this is really

what the seal wants, because to become extinct and to occupy a place of honour beside the dodo is a distinction much coveted amongst the lower animals. The dodo was a squabby, ugly, dumpy, not to say fat-headed, bird when it lived; now it is a hero of romance. Possibly this is what the seal is





A SHAVE.

and he is dead now. I don't say that that remark sealed his fate, but I believe there are people who would say even that, with half a chance.

Another class of frivoller gets his opportunity because it is customary to give various species of seals—divers species, one might say—inappropriate names. He tells you that if you look for sea-lions and sea-leopards, you will not see lions, nor even see leopards, but seal-lions and seal-leopards, which are very different. These are called lions and leopards because they look less like lions and leopards than anything else in the world; just as the harp seal is so called because he has a broad mark on his back, which doesn't look like a harp. Look at Toby, the



TOBY—BEHIND.

Patagonian sea-lion here, who has a large pond and premises to himself. I have the greatest possible respect and esteem for Toby, but I shouldn't mistake him for a lion, in any circumstances. With every wish to spare his feelings, one can only compare him to a very big slug in an overcoat, who has had the misfortune to fall into the water. Even his moustache isn't lion-like. Indeed, if he would only have a white cloth tucked round his neck,

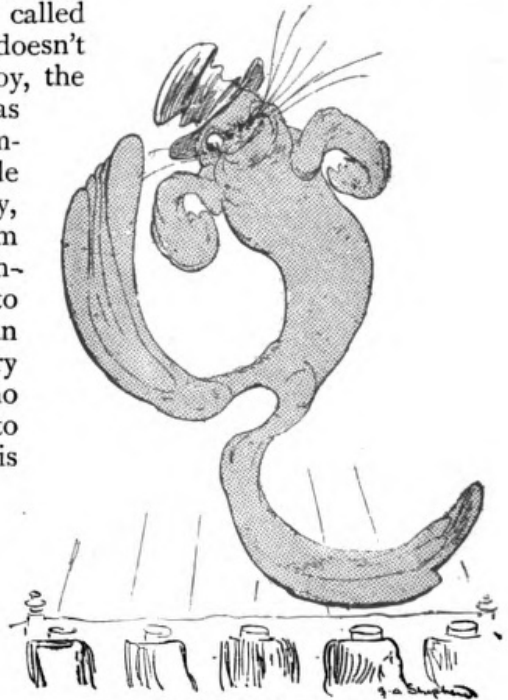
and sit back in that chair that stands over his pond, he would look very respectably human—and he certainly wants a shave.

Toby is a low-comedy sea-lion all over. When I set about organizing the Zoo Nigger Minstrels, Toby shall be corner-man, and do the big-boot dance. He does it now, capitally. You have only to watch him from behind as he proceeds along the edge of the pond, to see the big-boot dance in all its quaint humour. Toby's hind flappers exhale broad farce at every step. Toby is a cheerful and laughter-moving seal, and he would do capitally in a pantomime, if he were a little less damp.

Toby is fond of music; so are most other seals. The complete scale of the seal's preferences among the various musical instruments has not been fixed with anything like finality; but one thing is certain—that far and away above all the rest of the

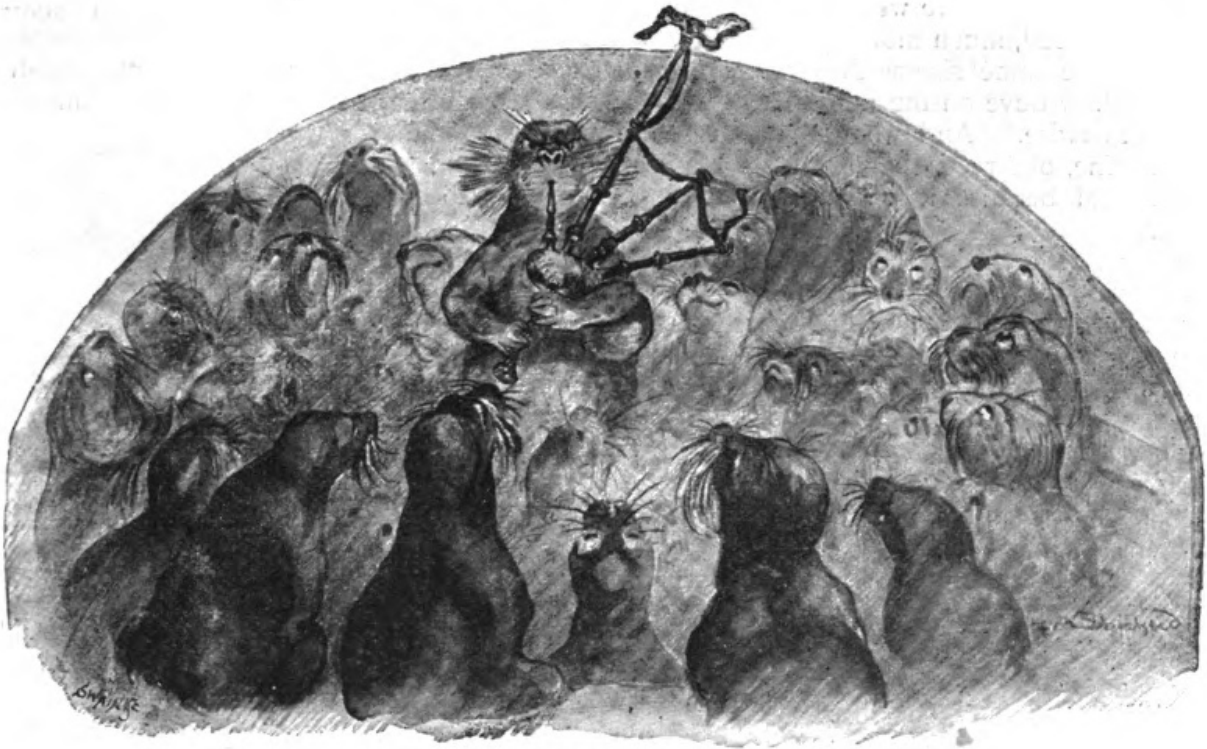
aiming at; but personally I should prefer the extinction of the punster.

The punster is a low person, who refers to the awkwardness of the seal's gait by speaking of his not having his seal-legs, although a mariner—or a sealubber, as he might express it. If you reply that, on the contrary, the seal's legs, such as they are, are very characteristic, he takes refuge in the atrocious admission, delivered with a French accent, that they are certainly very sealy legs. When he speaks of the messages of the English Government, in the matter of seal-catching in the Behring Sea, he calls it whitewashing the sealing, and explains that the "Behrings of this here observation lies in the application on it." I once even heard a punster remark that the Russian and American officials had got rather out of their Behrings, through an excess of seal on behalf of their Governments; but he was a very sad specimen, in a very advanced stage,



THE BIG-BOOT DANCE.





THE SEAL ROW.

things designed to produce music and other noises, the seal prefers the bagpipes. This taste either proves the seal to be a better judge of music than most human beings, or a worse one than any of the other animals, according as the gentle reader may be a native of Scotland or of somewhere in the remainder of the world. You may charm seals by the bagpipes just as a snake is charmed by pipes with no bag. It has even been suggested that all the sealing vessels leaving this country should carry bag pipes with them, and I can see no sound objection to this course—so long as they take all the bagpipes. I could also reconcile myself to a general extrusion of concertinas for this useful purpose—or for any other; not to mention barrel organs.

By-the-bye, on looking at Toby again I think we might do something better for him than give him a mere part in a pantomime; his fine moustache and his shiny hair almost point to a qualification for managership. Nothing more is wanted—except, perhaps, a fur-trimmed coat and a well-oiled hat—to make a very fine manager indeed, of a certain sort.

I don't think there is a Noah's ark seal—unless the Lowther Arcade theology has been amended since I had a Noah's ark. As a matter of fact, I don't see what business a seal would have in the ark, where he would find no fish to eat, and would occupy space wanted by a more necessitous animal who couldn't swim. At any rate, there was originally no seal in my Noah's ark, which dissatisfied me, as I remember, at the time; what I wanted not being so much a Biblical illustration as a handy zoological collection. So I appointed the dove a seal, and he did very well indeed when I had pulled off his legs (a little inverted v). I argued, in the first place, that as the dove went out and found nothing to alight on, the legs were of no use to him; in the second place, that since, after all, the dove flew away and never returned, the show would be pretty well complete without him; and, thirdly, that if, on



A VERY FINE MANAGER.



any emergency, a dove were imperatively required, he would do quite well without his legs—looking, indeed, much more like a dove, as well as much more like a seal. So, as the dove was of about the same size as the cow, he made an excellent seal; his bright yellow colour (Noah's was a yellow dove on the authority of all orthodox arks) rather lending an air of distinction than otherwise. And when a rashly funny uncle, who understood wine, observed that I was laying down my crusted old-yellow seal because it wouldn't stand up, I didn't altogether understand him.

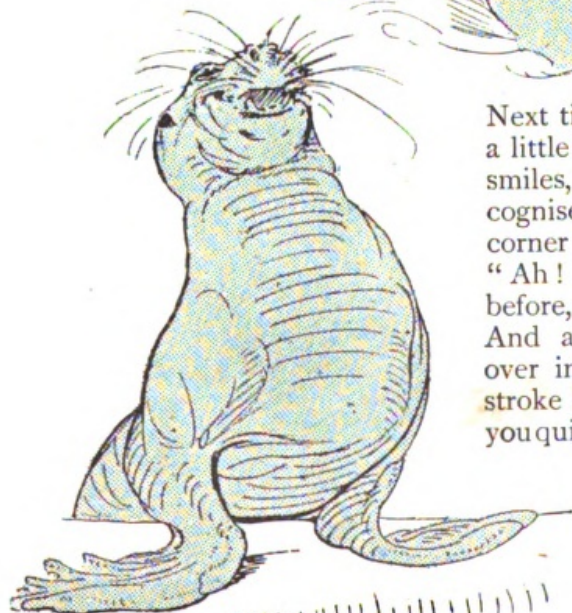
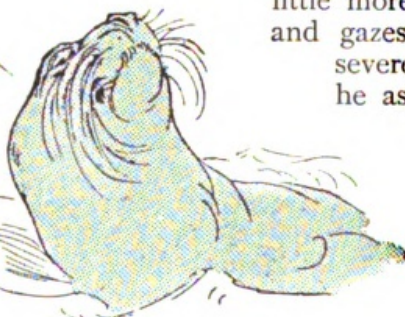
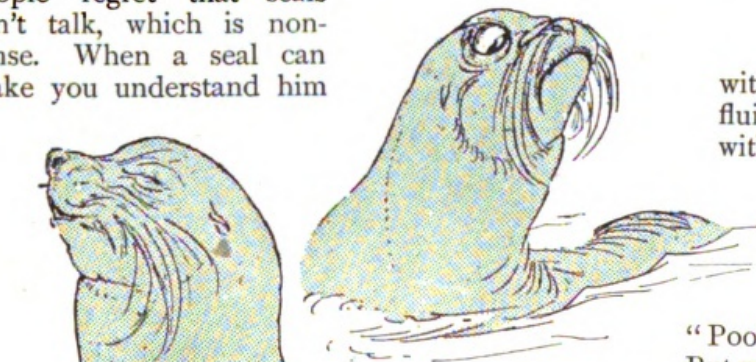
Toby is a good soul, and you soon make his acquaintance. He never makes himself common, however. As he swims round his circular pond, behind the high rails, he won't have anything to say to a stranger—anybody he has not seen before. But if you wait a few minutes he will swim round several times, see you often, and become quite affable. There is nothing more intelligent than a tame seal, and I have heard people regret that seals can't talk, which is nonsense. When a seal can make you understand him



without it, talking is a noisy superfluity. Toby can say many things without the necessity of talking.

Observe his eyes fixed upon you as he approaches for the first time. He turns and swaps past with his nose in the air.

"Pooh, don't know you," he is saying. But wait. He swims round once, and, the next time of passing, gives you a little more notice. He lifts his head and gazes at you, inquisitively, but severely. "Who's that person?" he asks, and goes on his round.



Next time he rises even a little more. He even smiles, slightly, as he recognises you from the corner of his eye. "Ah! seen you before, I fancy." And as he flings over into the side stroke he beams at you quite tolerantly.



by A. Shepherd

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He comes round again; but this time he smiles genially, and nods. "Morning!" he says, in a manner of a moderately old acquaintance. But see next time; he is an old, intimate friend by this; a chum. He flings his fin-flappers upon the coping, leans toward the bars with an expansive grin and says: "Well, old boy, and how are you?"—as cordially and as loudly as possible without absolutely speaking the words. He will stay thus for a few moments' conversation, not entirely uninfluenced, I fear, by anticipations of fish. Then, in the case of your not being in the habit of carrying raw fish in your pockets, he takes his leave by the short process of falling headlong into his pond and flinging a good deal of it over you. There is no difficulty in becoming acquainted with Toby. If you will only wait a few minutes he will slop his pond over you with all the genial urbanity of an intimate relation. But you must wait for the proper forms of etiquette.

The seal's sloppiness is annoying. I

would have a tame seal myself if he could go about without setting things afloat.

A wet seal is unpleasant

to pat and fondle, and if he climbs on your knees he is positively irritating. I suppose even a seal would get dry if you kept him out of water long enough; but *can* you keep a seal out of water while there is any within five miles for him to get into? And would the seal respect you for it if you did?

A dog shakes himself dry after a swim, and, if he be your own dog, he shakes the water over somebody else, which is sagacious and convenient; but a seal doesn't shake himself, and

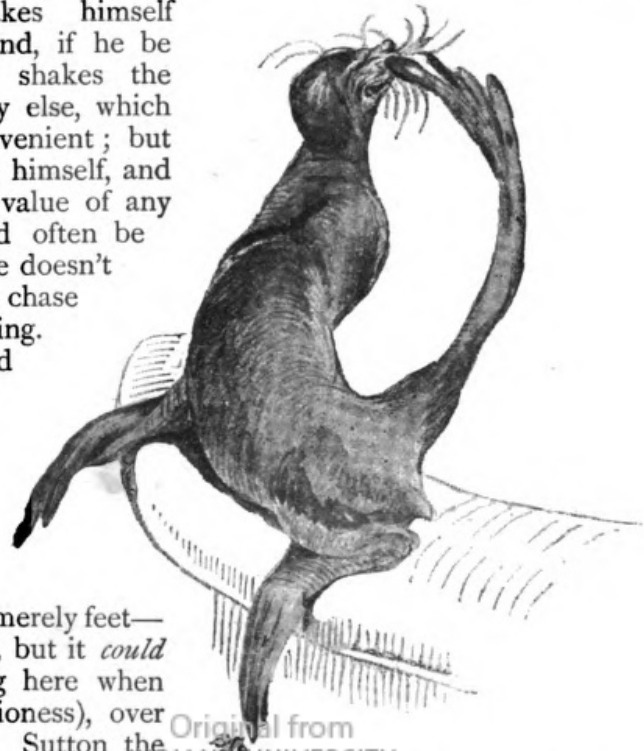
can't understand that wet will lower the value of any animal's caresses. Otherwise a seal would often be preferable to a dog as a domestic pet. He doesn't howl all night. He never attempts to chase cats—seeing the hopelessness of the thing. You don't need a license for him; and there is little temptation to a loafer to steal him, owing to the restricted market for house-seals. I have frequently heard of a dog being engaged to field in a single-wicket cricket match. I should like to play somebody a single-wicket cricket match, with a dog and a seal to field for me. The seal, having no legs to speak of—merely feet—would have to leave the running to the dog, but it *could* catch. You may see magnificent catching here when Toby and Fanny—the Cape sea-lion (or lioness), over by the turkeys—have their snacks of fish. Sutton the Second, who is Keeper of the Seals (which is a fine title



GOOD DOGGY!



"CAUGHT, SIR!"



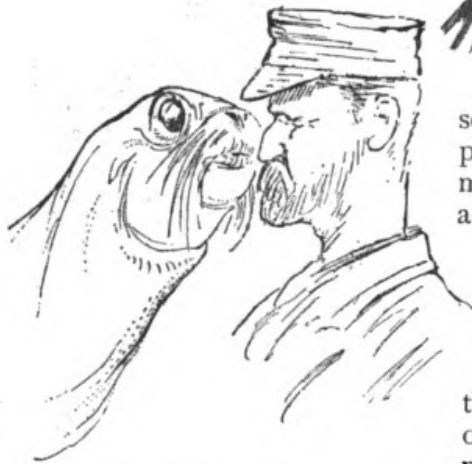
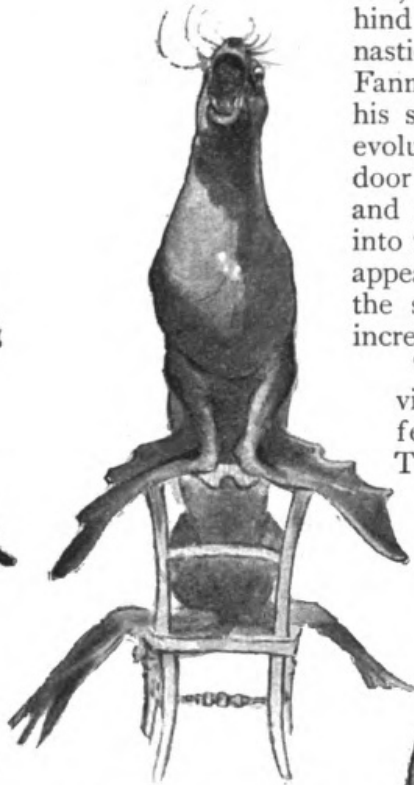
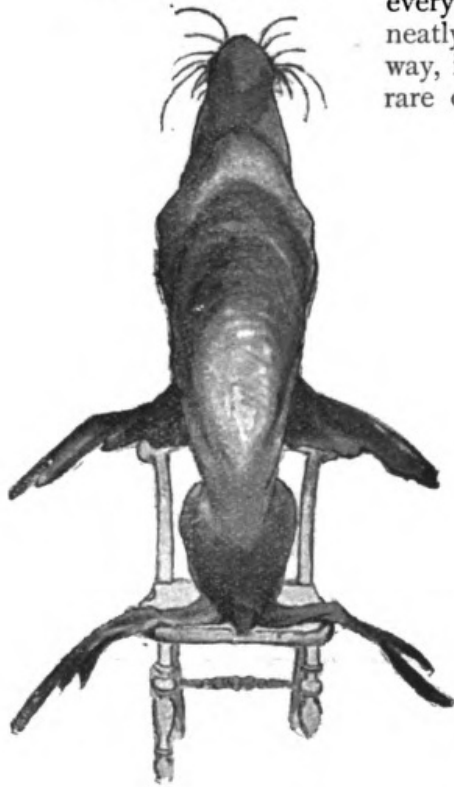
FANNY.



—rather like a Cabinet Minister), is then the source of a sort of pyrotechnic shower of fish, every one of which is caught and swallowed promptly and neatly, no matter how or where it may fall. Fanny, by the way, is the most active seal possible; it is only on extremely rare occasions that she indulges in an interval of comparative

rest, to scratch her head with her hind foot and devise fresh gymnastics. But, all through the day, Fanny never forgets Sutton, nor his shower of fish, and half her evolutions include a glance at the door whence he is wont to emerge, and a sort of suicidal fling back into the pond in case of his non-appearance, all which proceedings the solemn turkeys regard with increasing amazement.

Toby, however, provides the great seal-feeding show. Toby has a perfect



set of properties and appliances for his performance, including a chair, a diving platform, an inclined plane leading thereunto, and a sort of plank isthmus leading to the chair.

He climbs up on to the chair, and, leaning over the back, catches as many fish as Sutton will throw for him. He

dives off the shuffles up the inclined plane for more fish, amid the sniggers of spectators, for Toby's march has no claim to magnificence. He tumbles himself uncere- moniously off the plat- form, he clambers up and kisses Sutton (keeping his eye on the basket), and all for fish. It is curious to contrast the perfunctory affection with which Toby gets over the kiss and takes his reward, with the genuine fondness



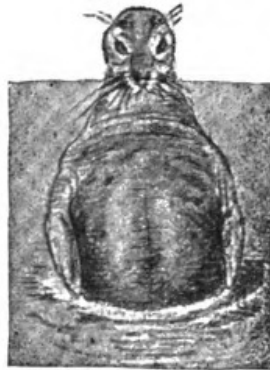
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of his gaze after Sutton when he leaves—with some fish remaining for other seals. Toby is a willing worker; he would gladly have the performance twice as long, while as to an eight hours' day—!

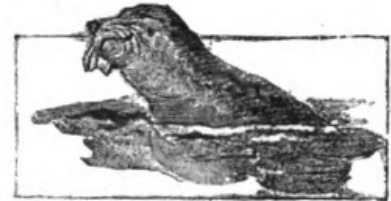
The seals in the next pond, Tommy and Jenny, are insulted with the epithet of "common" seals; but Tommy and Jenny are really very respectable, and if a seal do happen to be born only *Phoca vitulina*, he can't really help it, and doesn't deserve humiliation so long as he behaves himself. *Phoca vitulina* has as excellent power of reason as any other kind of seal—brain power, acquired, no doubt, from a continual fish diet. Tommy doesn't feel aggrieved at the slight put upon him, however, and

has a proper notion of his own importance. Watch



him rise from a mere floating patch—slowly, solemnly, and portentously, to take a look round. He looks to the left—nothing to interest a well-informed seal; to the front—nothing; to the right everything is in order, the weather is only so-so, but the rain keeps off, and there are no signs of that dilatory person with the fish; so Tommy flops in again, and becomes once more a floating patch, having conducted his little airing with proper dignity and self-respect. Really, there is nothing common in the manners of Tommy; there is, at any rate, one piece of rude mischief which he is never guilty of, but which many of the more aristocratic kinds of seal practise habitually. He doesn't throw stones.

He doesn't look at all like a stone-thrower, as a matter of fact; but he—and other seals—*can* throw stones nevertheless. If you chase a seal over a shingly



FISH DIET.

beach, he will scuffle away at a surprising pace, flinging up the stones into your face with his hind feet. This assault, directed toward a well-intentioned person who only wants to bang him on the head with a club, is a piece of grievous ill-humour, particularly on the part of the crested seal, who can blow up a sort of bladder on the top of his head which protects him from assault; and which also gives him, by-the-bye, an intellectual and large-brained appearance not his due, for all his fish diet. I had been thinking of making some sort of a joke about an aristocratic seal with a crest on it—beside a fine coat with no arms—but gave up the under-

taking on reflecting that no real swell—probably not even a parvenu—would heave half-bricks, with his feet.



All this running away and hurling of clinkers may seem to agree ill with the longing after extermination lately hinted at; but, in fact, it only proves the presence of a large amount of human nature in the composition of the seal. From motives of racial pride the seal aspires to extinction and a place beside the dodo, but in the spirit of many other patriots, he wants the other seals to be exterminated first; wants the individual honour, in fact, of being himself the very last seal, as well as the corporate honour of extinction for the species. This is why, if he live in some other part, he takes such delighted interest in news of wholesale seal slaughter in the Pacific; and also why he skeddaddles from the well-meant bangs of the genial hunter—these blows, by the way, being technically described as sealing-whacks.

The sea-lion, as I have said, is not like a lion; the sea-leopard is not like a leopard; but the sea-elephant, which is another sort of seal, and a large one, may possibly be considered sufficiently like an elephant to have been evolved, in the centuries, from an elephant who has had the ill-luck to fall into the sea. He hasn't much of a trunk left, but he often finds himself in seas of a coldness enough to nip off any ordinary trunk; but his legs and feet are not elephantine.

What the previous adventures of the sea-lion may have been in the matter of evolution, I am at a loss to guess, unless there is anything in the slug theory; but if he keep steadily on, and cultivate his moustache and his stomach with



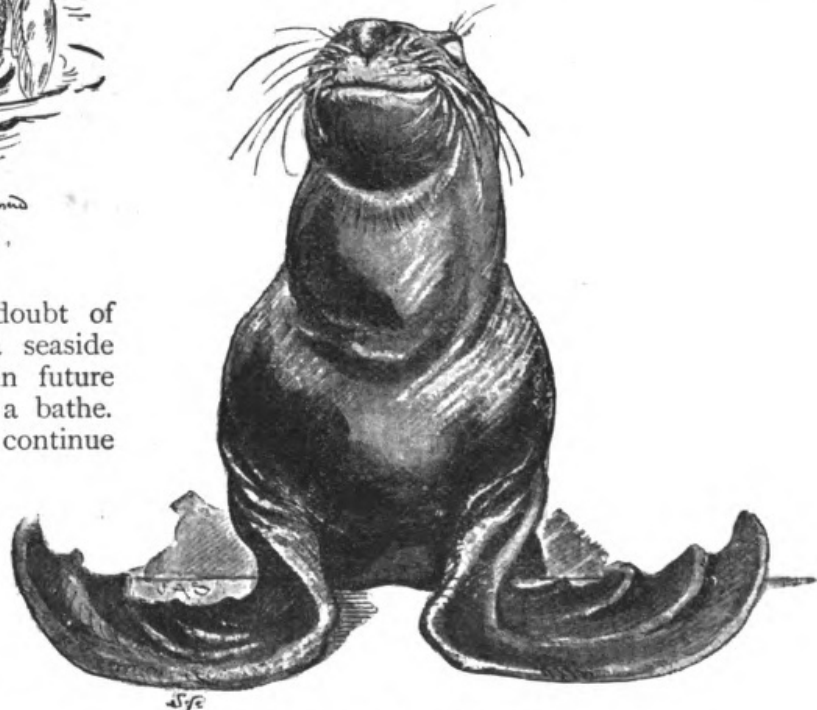
INTEREST IN THE NEWS.



"DAS VAS BLEASANT, AIN'D IT?"

proper assiduity, I have no doubt of his one day turning up at a seaside resort and carrying on life in future as a fierce old German out for a bathe. Or the Cape sea-lion, if only he continue his obsequious smile and his habit of planting his fore-flappers on the ledge before him as he rises from the water, may some day, in his posterity, be promoted to a place behind the counter of a respectable drapery warehouse, there to sell the skins his relatives grow.

But after all, any phocine ambition, either for extinction or higher evolution, may be an empty thing; because the seal is very comfortable as he is. Consider a few of his



"AND THE NEXT ARTICLE?"

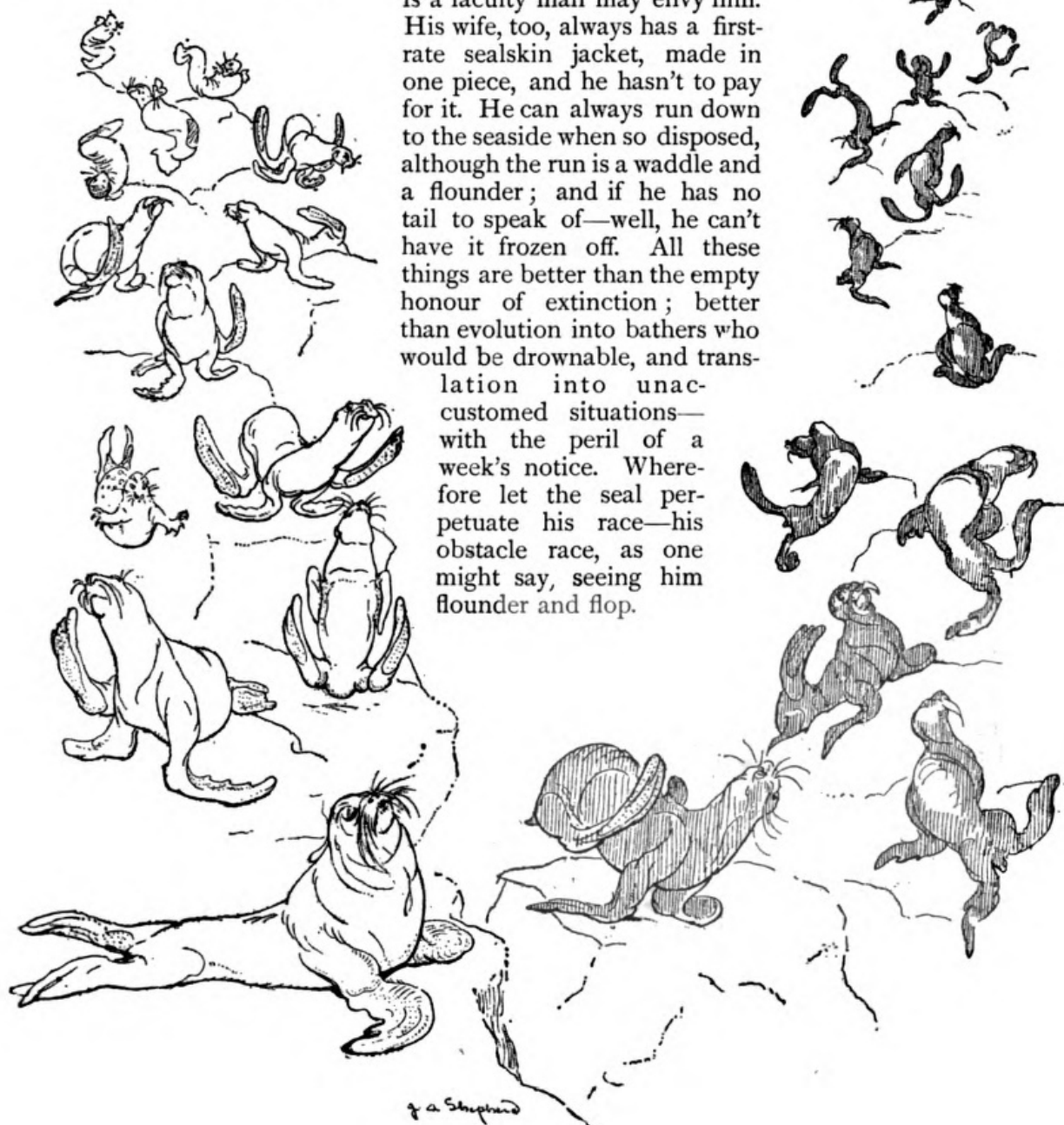


advantages. He has a very fine fur overcoat, with an admirable lining of fat, which, as well as being warm, permits any amount of harmless falling and tumbling about, such as is suitable to and inevitable with the seal's want of shape. He can enjoy the sound of bagpipes, which is a privilege accorded to few. Further, he can shut his ears when he has had enough, which

is a faculty man may envy him.

His wife, too, always has a first-rate sealskin jacket, made in one piece, and he hasn't to pay for it. He can always run down to the seaside when so disposed, although the run is a waddle and a flounder; and if he has no tail to speak of—well, he can't have it frozen off. All these things are better than the empty honour of extinction; better than evolution into bathers who would be drownable, and translation into unac-

customed situations—with the peril of a week's notice. Wherefore let the seal perpetuate his race—his obstacle race, as one might say, seeing him flounder and flop.





## The Major's Commission.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.



My name is Henry Adams, and in 1854 I was mate of a ship of 1,200 tons named the *Jessamy Bride*. June of that year found her at Calcutta with cargo to the hatches, and ready to sail for England in three or four days.

I was walking up and down the ship's long quarter-deck, sheltered by the awning, when a young apprentice came aft and said a gentleman wished to speak to me. I saw a man standing in the gangway; he was a tall, soldierly person, about forty years of age, with iron-grey hair and spiked moustache, and an aquiline nose. His eyes were singularly bright and penetrating. He immediately said:—

"I wanted to see the captain; but as chief officer you'll do equally well. When does this ship sail?"

"On Saturday or Monday next."

He ran his eye along the decks and then looked aloft: there was something bird-like in the briskness of his way of glancing.

"I understand you don't carry passengers?"

"That's so, sir, though there's accommodation for them."

"I'm out of sorts, and have been sick for months, and want to see what a trip round the Cape to England will do for me. I shall be going home, not for my health only, but on a commission. The Maharajah of Ratnagiri, hearing I was returning to England on sick-leave, asked me to take charge of a very splendid gift for Her Majesty the Queen of England. It is a diamond, valued at fifteen thousand pounds."

He paused to observe the effect of this communication, and then proceeded:—

"I suppose you know how the Koh-i-noor was sent home?"

"It was conveyed to England, I think," said I, "by H.M.S. *Medea*, in 1850."

"Yes, she sailed in April that year, and arrived at Portsmouth in June. The glorious gem was intrusted to Colonel Mackieson and Captain Ramsay. It was locked up in a small box along with other jewels, and each

officer had a key. The box was secreted in the ship by them, and no man on board the vessel, saving themselves, knew where it was hidden."

"Was that so?" said I, much interested.

"Yes; I had the particulars from the commander of the vessel, Captain Lockyer. When do you expect your skipper on board?" he exclaimed, darting a bright, sharp look around him.

"I cannot tell. He may arrive at any moment."

"The having charge of a stone valued at fifteen thousand pounds, and intended as a gift for the Queen of England, is a deuce of a responsibility," said he. "I shall borrow a hint from the method adopted in the case of the Koh-i-noor. I intend to hide the stone in my cabin, so as to extinguish all risk, saving, of course, what the insurance people call the acts of God. May I look at your cabin accommodation?"

"Certainly."

I led the way to the companion hatch, and he followed me into the cabin. The ship had berthing room for eight or ten people irrespective of the officers who slept aft. But the vessel made no bid for passengers. She left them to Blackwall Liners, to the splendid ships of Green, Money Wigram, and Smith, and to the P. & O. and other steam lines. The overland route was then the general choice; few of their own decision went by way of the Cape. No one had booked with us down to this hour, and we had counted upon having the cabin to ourselves.

The visitor walked into every empty berth, and inspected it as carefully as though he had been a Government surveyor. He beat upon the walls and bulkheads with his cane, sent his brilliant gaze into the corners and under the bunks and up at the ceiling, and finally said, as he stepped from the last of the visitable cabins:—

"This decides me. I shall sail with you."

I bowed and said I was sure the captain would be glad of the pleasure of his company.



"I presume," said he, "that no objection will be raised to my bringing a native carpenter aboard to construct a secret place, as in the case of the Koh-i-noor, for the Maharajah's diamond?"

"I don't think a native carpenter would be allowed to knock the ship about," said I.

"Certainly not. A little secret receptacle — big enough to receive this," said he, putting his hand in his side pocket and producing a square Morocco case, of a size to berth a bracelet or a large brooch. "The construction of a nook to conceal this will not be knocking your ship about?"

"It's a question for the captain and the agents, sir," said I.

He replaced the case, whose bulk was so inconsiderable that it did not bulge in his coat when he had pocketed it, and said, now that he had inspected the ship and the accommodation, he would call at once upon the agents. He gave me his card and left the vessel.

The card bore the name of a military officer of some distinction. Enough if, in this narrative of a memorable and extraordinary incident, I speak of him as Major Byron Hood.

The master of the *Jessamy Bride* was Captain Robert North. This man had, three years earlier, sailed with me as my chief mate; it then happened I was unable to quickly obtain command, and accepted the offer of mate of the *Jessamy Bride*, whose captain, I was surprised to hear, proved the shipmate who had been under me, but who, some money having been left to him, had purchased an interest in the firm to which

the ship belonged. We were on excellent terms; almost as brothers indeed. He never asserted his authority, and left it to my own judgment to recognise his claims. I

am happy to know he had never occasion to regret his friendly treatment of me.

He came on board in the afternoon of that day on which Major Hood had visited the ship, and was full of that gentleman and his resolution to carry a costly diamond round the Cape under sail, instead of making his obligation as brief as steam and the old desert route would allow.

"I've had a long talk with him up at the agents," said Captain North. "He don't seem well."

"Suffering

from his nerves, perhaps," said I.

"He's a fine, gentlemanly person. He told Mr. Nicholson he was twice wounded, naming towns which no Christian man could twist his tongue into the sound of."

"Will he be allowed to make a hole in the ship to hide his diamond in?"

"He has agreed to make good any damage done, and to pay at the rate of a fare and a half for the privilege of hiding the stone."

"Why doesn't he give the thing into your keeping, sir? This jackdaw-like hiding is a sort of reflection on our honesty, isn't it, captain?"

He laughed and answered, "No; I like such reflections for my part. Who wants to be burdened with the custody of precious things belonging to other people? Since he's to have the honour of presenting the diamond, let the worry of taking care of it be his; this ship's enough for me."



"A SQUARE MOROCCO CASE."



"He'll be knighted, I suppose, for delivering this stone," said I. "Did he show it to you, sir?"

"No."

"He has it in his pocket."

"He produced the case," said Captain North. "A thing about the size of a muffin. Where'll he hide it? But we're not to be curious in *that* direction," he added, smiling.

Next morning, somewhere about ten o'clock, Major Hood came on board with two natives; one a carpenter, the other his assistant. They brought a basket of tools, descended into the cabin, and were lost sight of till after two. No; I'm wrong. I was writing at the cabin table at half-past twelve when the Major opened his door, peered out, shut the door swiftly behind him with an extraordinary air and face of caution and anxiety, and coming along to me asked for some refreshments for himself and the two natives. I called to the steward, who filled a tray, which the Major with his own hands conveyed into his berth. Then, some time after two, whilst I was at the gangway talking to a friend, the Major and the two blacks came out of the cabin. Before they went over the side I said:—

"Is the work finished below, sir?"

"It is, and to my entire satisfaction," he answered.

When he was gone, my friend, who was the master of a barque, asked me who that fine-looking man was. I answered he was a passenger, and then, not understanding that the thing was a secret, plainly told him what they had been doing in the cabin, and why.

"But," said he, "those two niggers'll know that something precious is to be hidden in the place they've been making."

"That's been in my head all the morning," said I.

"Who's to hinder them," said he, "from blabbing to one or more of the crew? Treachery's cheap in this country. A rupee will buy a pile of roguery." He looked at me expressively. "Keep a bright lookout for a brace of well-oiled stowaways," said he.

"It's the Major's business," I answered, with a shrug.

When Captain North came on board he and I went into the Major's berth. We scrutinized every part, but saw nothing to indicate that a tool had been used or a plank lifted. There was no sawdust, no chip of wood: everything to the eye was precisely as before. No man will say we had not a right to look: how were we to make sure, as

captain and mate of the ship for whose safety we were responsible, that those blacks under the eye of the Major had not been doing something which might give us trouble by-and-by?

"Well," said Captain North, as we stepped on deck, "if the diamond's already hidden, which I doubt, it couldn't be more snugly concealed if it were twenty fathoms deep in the mud here."

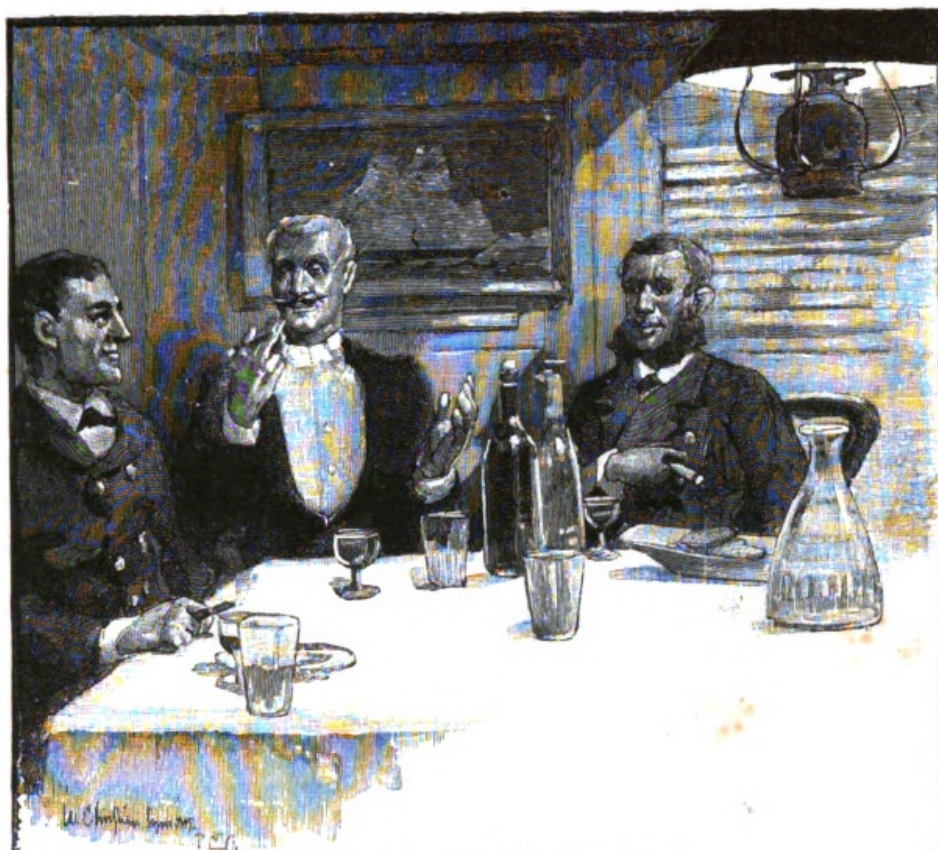
The Major's baggage came on board on the Saturday, and on the Monday we sailed. We were twenty-four of a ship's company all told: twenty-five souls in all, with Major Hood. Our second mate was a man named Mackenzie, to whom and to the apprentices whilst we lay in the river I had given particular instructions to keep a sharp lookout on all strangers coming aboard. I had been very vigilant myself too, and altogether was quite convinced there was no stowaway below, either white or black, though under ordinary circumstances one never would think of seeking for a native in hiding for Europe.

On either hand of the *Jessamy Bride's* cabin five sleeping berths were bulkheaded off. The Major's was right aft on the star-board side. Mine was next his. The captain occupied a berth corresponding with the Major's, right aft on the port side. Our solitary passenger was exceedingly amiable and agreeable at the start and for days after. He professed himself delighted with the cabin fare, and said it was not to be bettered at three times the charge in the saloons of the steamers. His drink he had himself laid in: it consisted mainly of claret and soda. He had come aboard with a large cargo of Indian cigars, and was never without a long, black weed, bearing some tongue-staggering, up-country name, betwixt his lips. He was primed with professional anecdote, had a thorough knowledge of life in India, both in the towns and wilds, had seen service in Burmah and China, and was altogether one of the most conversible soldiers I ever met: a scholar, something of a wit, and all that he said and all that he did was rendered the more engaging by grace of breeding.

Captain North declared to me he had never met so delightful a man in all his life, and the pleasantest hours I ever passed on the ocean were spent in walking the deck in conversation with Major Byron Hood.

For some days after we were at sea no reference was made either by the Major or ourselves to the Maharajah of Ratnagiri's splendid gift to Her Majesty the Queen.





"EXCEEDINGLY AMIABLE AND AGREEABLE."

The captain and I and Mackenzie viewed it as tabooed matter: a thing to be locked up in memory, just as, in fact, it was hidden away in some cunningly-wrought receptacle in the Major's cabin. One day at dinner, however, when we were about a week out from Calcutta, Major Hood spoke of the Maharajah's gift. He talked freely about it; his face was flushed as though the mere thought of the thing raised a passion of triumph in his spirits. His eyes shone whilst he enlarged upon the beauty and value of the stone.

The captain and I exchanged looks; the steward was waiting upon us with cocked ears, and that menial, deaf expression of face which makes you know every word is being greedily listened to. We might therefore make sure that before the first dog-watch came round all hands would have heard that the Major had a diamond in his cabin intended for the Queen of England, and worth fifteen thousand pounds. Nay, they'd hear even more than that; for in the course of his talk about the gem the Major praised the ingenuity of the Asiatic artisan, whether Indian or Chinese, and spoke of the hiding-place the two natives had contrived for the diamond as an example of that sort of juggling skill in carving which is found in perfection amongst the Japanese.

I thought this candour highly indiscreet:

charged too with menace. A matter gains in significance by mystery. The Jacks would think nothing of a diamond being in the ship as a part of her cargo, which might include a quantity of specie for all they knew. But some of them might think more often about it than was at all desirable when they understood it was stowed away under a plank, or was to be got by tapping about for a hollow echo, or probing with the judgment of a carpenter when the Major was on deck and the coast aft all clear.

We had been three weeks at sea; it was a roasting afternoon, though I cannot exactly remember the situation of the ship. Our tacks were aboard and the bowlines triced out, and the vessel was scarcely looking up to her course, slightly heeling away from a fiery fanning of wind off the starboard bow, with the sea trembling under the sun in white-hot needles of broken light, and a narrow ribbon of wake glancing off into a hot blue thickness that brought the horizon within a mile of us astern.

I had charge of the deck from twelve to four. For an hour past the Major, cigar in mouth, had been stretched at his ease in a folding chair; a book lay beside him on the skylight, but he scarcely glanced at it. I had paused to address him once or twice, but he





"STRETCHED AT HIS EASE IN A FOLDING CHAIR."

showed no disposition to chat. Though he lay in the most easy lounging posture imaginable, I observed a restless, singular expression in his face, accentuated yet by the looks he incessantly directed out to sea, or glances at the deck forward, or around at the helm, so far as he might move his head without shifting his attitude. It was as though his mind were in labour with some scheme. A man might so look whilst working out the complicated plot of a play, or adjusting by the exertion of his memory the intricacies of a novel piece of mechanism.

On a sudden he started up and went below.

A few minutes after he had left the deck, Captain North came up from his cabin, and for some while we paced the planks together. There was a pleasant hush upon the ship; the silence was as refreshing as a fold of coolness lifting off the sea. A spun-yarn winch was clinking on the forecastle; from alongside rose the music of fretted waters.

I was talking to the captain on some detail

of the ship's furniture, when Major Hood came running up the companion-steps, his face as white as his waistcoat, his head uncovered, every muscle of his countenance rigid, as with horror.

"Good God, captain!" cried he, standing in the companion, "what do you think has happened?" Before we could fetch a breath he cried: "Someone's stolen the diamond!"

I glanced at the helmsman who stood at the radiant circle of wheel staring with open mouth and eyebrows arched into his hair. The captain, stepping close to Major Hood, said in a low, steady voice:—

"What's this you tell me, sir?"

"The diamond's gone!" exclaimed the Major, fixing his shining eyes upon me, whilst I observed that his fingers convulsively stroked his thumbs as though he were rolling up pellets of bread or paper.

"Do you tell me the diamond's been taken from the place you hid it in?" said Captain North, still speaking softly, but with deliberation.

"The diamond never was hidden," replied the Major, who continued to stare at me. "It was in a portmanteau. *That's* no hiding-place!"

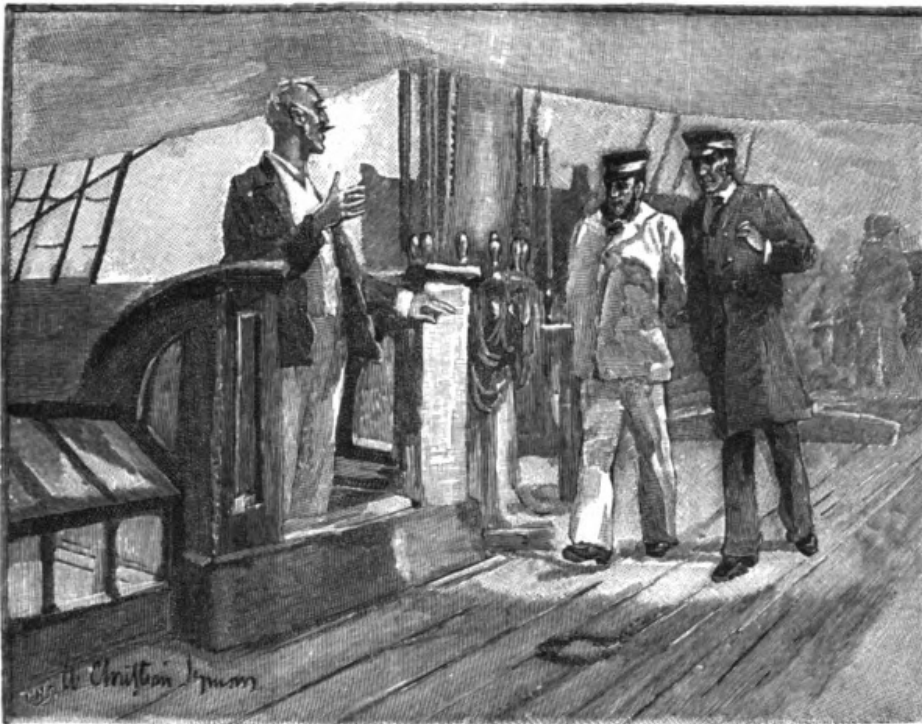
Captain North fell back a step. "Never was hidden!" he exclaimed. "Didn't you bring two native workmen aboard for no other purpose than to hide it?"

"It never was hidden," said the Major, now turning his eyes upon the captain. "I chose it should be believed it was undiscoverably concealed in some part of my cabin, that I might safely and conveniently keep it in my baggage, where no thief would dream of looking for it. Who has it?" he cried with a sudden fierceness, making a step full of passion out of the companion-way; and he looked under knitted brows towards the ship's forecastle.

Captain North watched him idly for a moment or two, and then with an abrupt swing of his whole figure, eloquent of defiant resolution, he stared the Major in the face, and said in a quiet, level voice:—

"I shan't be able to help you. If it's gone, it's gone. A diamond's not a bale of





"SOMEONE'S STOLEN THE DIAMOND!"

wool. Whoever's been clever enough to find it will know how to keep it."

"I must have it!" broke out the Major. "It's a gift for Her Majesty the Queen. It's in this ship. I look to you, sir, as master of this vessel, to recover the property which some one of the people under your charge has robbed me of!"

"I'll accompany you to your cabin," said the captain; and they went down the steps.

I stood motionless, gaping like an idiot into the yawn of hatch down which they had disappeared. I had been so used to think of the diamond as cunningly hidden in the Major's berth, that his disclosure was absolutely a shock with its weight of astonishment. Small wonder that neither Captain North nor I had observed any marks of a workman's tools in the Major's berth. Not but that it was a very ingenious stratagem, far cleverer to my way of thinking than any subtle, secret burial of the thing. To think of the Major and his two Indians sitting idly for hours in that cabin, with the captain and myself all the while supposing they were fashioning some wonderful contrivance or place for concealing the treasure in! And still, for all the Major's cunning, the stone was gone! Who had stolen it? The only fellow likely to prove the thief was the steward, not because he was more or less of a rogue than any other man in the ship, but because he was the one person who, by virtue of his office, was privileged to go in

and out of the sleeping places as his duties required.

I was pacing the deck, musing into a sheer muddle this singular business of the Maharajah of Ratnagiri's gift to the Queen of England, with all sorts of dim, unformed suspicions floating loose in my brains round the central fancy of the fifteen thousand pound stone there, when the captain returned. He was alone. He stepped up to me hastily, and said:—

"He swears the diamond has been

stolen. He showed me the empty case."

"Was there ever a stone in it at all?" said I.

"I don't think that," he answered, quickly; "there's no motive under Heaven to be imagined if the whole thing's a fabrication."

"What then, sir?"

"The case is empty, but I've not made up my mind yet that the stone's missing."

"The man's an officer and a gentleman."

"I know, I know!" he interrupted, "but still, in my opinion, the stone's not missing. The long and short of it is," he said, after a very short pause, with a careful glance at the skylight and companion hatch, "his behaviour isn't convincing enough. Something's wanting in his passion and his vexation."

"Sincerity!"

"Ah! I don't intend that this business shall trouble me. He angrily required me to search the ship for stowaways. Bosh! The second mate and steward have repeatedly overhauled the lazarette: there's nobody there."

"And if not there, then nowhere else," said I. "Perhaps he's got the forepeak in his head."

"I'll not have a hatch lifted," he exclaimed, warmly, "nor will I allow the crew to be troubled. There's been no theft. Put it that the stone is stolen. Who's going to find it in a forepeak full of men—a thing as big as half a bean perhaps? If it's gone, it's



gone, indeed, whoever may have it. But there's no go in this matter at all," he added, with a short, nervous laugh.

We were talking in this fashion when the Major joined us ; his features were now composed. He gazed sternly at the captain and said, loftily :—

"What steps are you prepared to take in this matter?"

"None, sir."

His face darkened. He looked with a bright gleam in his eyes at the captain, then at me : his gaze was piercing with the light in it. Without a word he stepped to the side and, folding his arms, stood motionless.

I glanced at the captain ; there was something in the bearing of the Major that gave shape, vague indeed, to a suspicion that had cloudily hovered about my thoughts of the man for some time past. The captain met my glance, but he did not interpret it.

When I was relieved at four o'clock by the second mate, I entered my berth, and presently, hearing the captain go to his cabin, went to him and made a proposal. He reflected, and then answered :—

"Yes ; get it done."

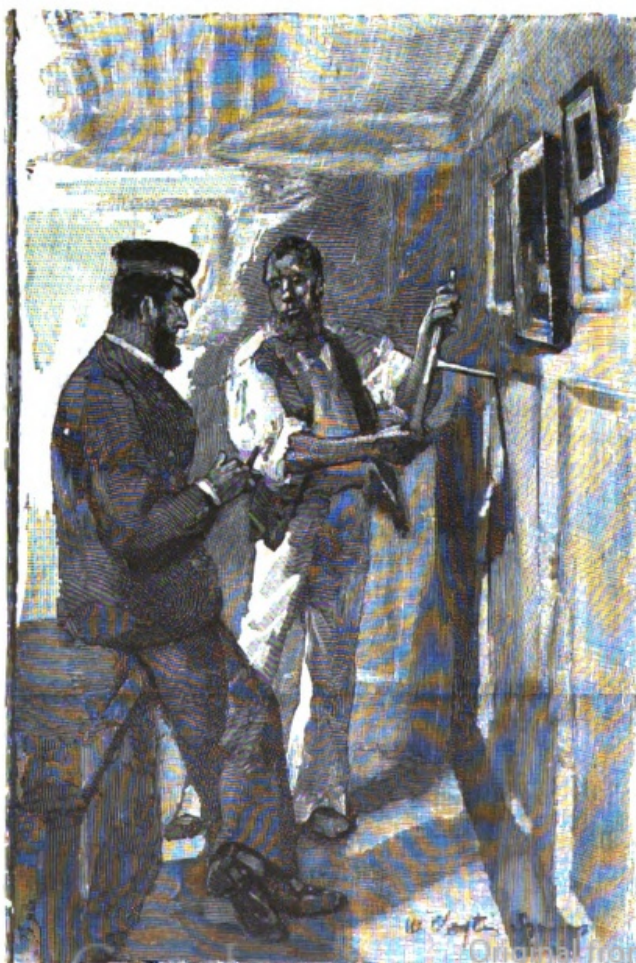
After some talk I went forward and told the carpenter to step aft and bore a hole in the bulkhead that separated the Major's berth from mine. He took the necessary tools from his chest and followed me. The captain was now again on deck, talking with the Major ; in fact, detaining him in conversation, as had been preconcerted. I went into the Major's berth, and quickly settled upon a spot for an eye-hole. The carpenter then went to work in my cabin, and in a few minutes bored an orifice large enough to enable me to command a large

portion of the adjacent interior. I swept the sawdust from the deck in the Major's berth, so that no hint should draw his attention to the hole, which was pierced in a corner shadowed by a shelf. I then told the carpenter to manufacture a plug and paint its extremity of the colour of the bulkhead. He brought me this plug in a quarter of an hour. It fitted nicely, and was to be withdrawn and inserted as noiselessly as though greased.

I don't want you to suppose this Peeping-Tom scheme was at all to my taste, albeit my own proposal ; but the truth is, the Major's telling us that someone had stolen his diamond made all who lived aft hotly eager to find out whether he spoke the truth or not ; for, if he had been really robbed of the stone, then suspicion properly rested upon the officers and the steward, which was an *infernal* consideration : dishonouring and inflaming enough to drive one to seek a remedy in even a baser device than that of secretly keeping watch on a man in his bedroom. Then, again, the captain told me that the Major, whilst they talked when the carpenter was at work making the hole, had said he would give notice of his loss to the police at

Cape Town (at which place we were to touch), and declared he'd take care no man went ashore—from Captain North himself down to the youngest apprentice—till every individual, every sea-chest, every locker, drawer, shelf and box, bunk, bracket and crevice had been searched by qualified rummagers.

On this the day of the theft, nothing more was said about the diamond : that is, after the captain had emphatically informed Major Hood that he meant to take no steps whatever in the matter. I had expected to find the Major sullen and silent at



THE CARPENTER WENT TO WORK.



dinner; he was not, indeed, so talkative as usual, but no man watching and hearing him would have supposed so heavy a loss as that of a stone worth fifteen thousand pounds, the gift of an Eastern potentate to the Queen of England, was weighing upon his spirits.

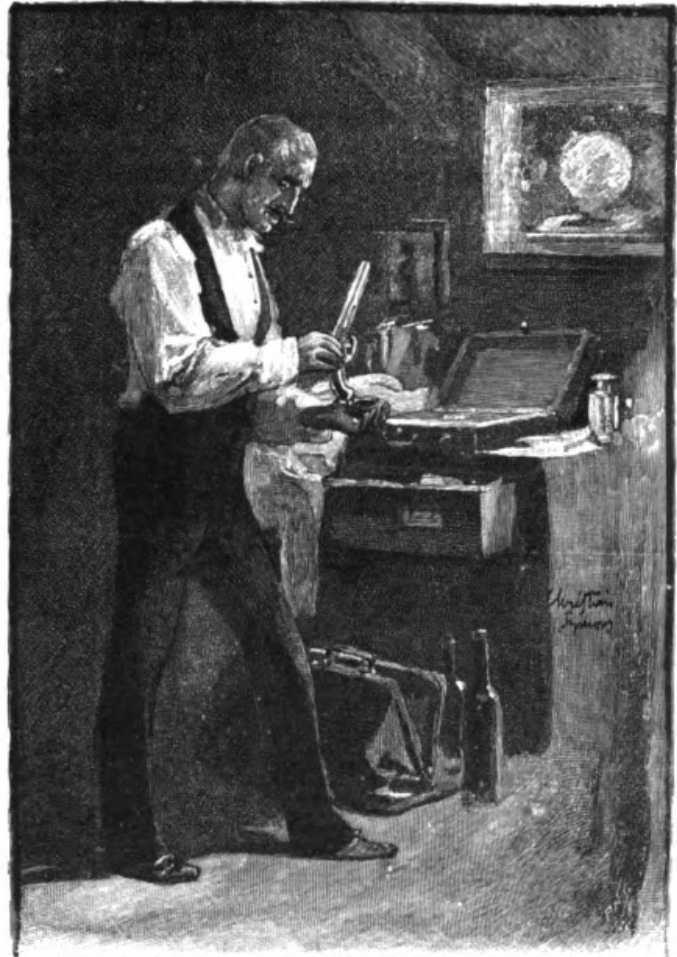
It is with reluctance I tell you that, after dinner that day, when he went to his cabin, I softly withdrew the plug and watched him. I blushed whilst thus acting, yet I was determined, for my own sake and for the sake of my shipmates, to persevere. I spied nothing noticeable saving this: he sat in a folding chair and smoked, but every now and again he withdrew his cigar from his mouth and talked to it with a singular smile. It was a smile of cunning, that worked like some baleful, magical spirit in the fine high breeding of his features; changing his looks just as a painter of incomparable skill might colour a noble, familiar face into a diabolical expression, amazing those who knew it only in its honest and manly beauty. I had never seen that wild, grinning countenance on him before, and it was rendered the more remarkable by the movement of his lips whilst he talked to himself, but inaudibly.

A week slipped by; time after time I had the man under observation; often when I had charge of the deck I'd leave the captain to keep a look out, and steal below and watch Major Hood in his cabin.

It was a Sunday, I remember. I was lying in my bunk half dozing—we were then, I think, about a three-weeks' sail from Table Bay—when I heard the Major go to his cabin. I was already sick of my aimless prying; and whilst I now lay I thought to myself: "I'll sleep; what is the good of this trouble? I know exactly what I shall see. He is either in his chair, or his bunk, or overhauling his clothes, or standing, cigar in mouth, at the open porthole." And then I said to myself: "If I don't look now I shall miss the only opportunity of detection that may occur." One is often urged by a sort of instinct in these matters.

I got up, almost as through an impulse of habit, noiselessly withdrew the plug, and looked. The Major was at that instant standing with a pistol-case in his hand: he opened it as my sight went to him, took out

one of a brace of very elegant pistols, put down the case, and on his apparently touching a spring in the butt of the pistol, the silver plate that ornamented the extremity sprang open as the lid of a snuff-box would, and something small and bright dropped into his hand. This he examined with the peculiar



"SOMETHING SMALL AND BRIGHT DROPPED INTO HIS HAND."

cunning smile I have before described; but owing to the position of his hand, I could not see what he held, though I had not the least doubt that it was the diamond.

I watched him breathlessly. After a few minutes he dropped the stone into the hollow butt-end, shut the silver plate, shook the weapon against his ear as though it pleased him to rattle the stone, then put it in its case, and the case into a portmanteau.

I at once went on deck, where I found the captain, and reported to him what I had seen. He viewed me in silence, with a stare of astonishment and incredulity. What I had seen, he said, was not the diamond. I told him the thing that had dropped into the Major's hand was bright, and, as I thought, sparkled, but it was so held I could not see it.



I was talking to him on this extraordinary affair when the Major came on deck. The captain said to me: "Hold him in chat. I'll judge for myself," and asked me to describe how he might quickly find the pistol-case. This I did, and he went below.

I joined the Major, and talked on the first subjects that entered my head. He was restless in his manner, inattentive, slightly flushed in the face; wore a lofty manner, and being half a head taller than I, glanced down at me from time to time in a condescending way. This behaviour in him was what Captain North and I had agreed to call his "injured air." He'd occasionally put it on to remind us that he was affronted by the captain's insensibility to his loss, and that the assistance of the police would be demanded on our arrival at Cape Town.

Presently looking down the skylight, I perceived the captain. Mackenzie had charge of the watch. I descended the steps, and Captain North's first words to me were:—

"It's no diamond!"

"What, then, is it?"

"A common piece of glass not worth a quarter of a farthing."

"What's it all about, then?" said I. "Upon my soul, there's nothing in Euclid to beat it. Glass?"

"A little lump of common glass; a fragment of bull's-eye, perhaps."

"What's he hiding it for?"

"Because," said Captain North, in a soft voice, looking up and around, "he's mad!"

"Just so!" said I. "That I'll swear to *now*, and I've been suspecting it this fortnight past."

"He's under the spell of some sort of mania," continued the captain; "he believes he's commissioned to present a diamond to the Queen; possibly picked up a bit of stuff in the street that started the delusion, then bought a case for it, and worked out the rest as we know."

"But why does he want to pretend that the stone was stolen from him?"

"He's been mastered by his own love for the diamond," he answered. "That's how I reason it. Madness has made his affection for his imaginary gem a passion in him."

"And so he robbed himself of it, you think, that he might keep it?"

"That's about it," said he.

After this I kept no further look-out upon the Major, nor would I ever take an opportunity to enter his cabin to view for myself the piece of glass as the captain described it, though curiosity was often hot in me.

We arrived at Table Bay in twenty-two days from the date of my seeing the Major with the pistol in his hand. His manner had for a week before been marked by an irritability that was often beyond his control. He had talked snappishly and petulantly at table, contradicted aggressively, and on two occasions gave Captain North the lie; but we had carefully avoided noticing his manner, and acted as though he were still the high bred, polished gentleman who had sailed with us from Calcutta.

The first to come aboard were the Customs people. They were almost immediately followed by the harbour-master. Scarcely had the first of the Custom House officers stepped over the side when Major Hood, with a very red face, and a lofty, dignified carriage, marched up to him, and said in a loud voice:—

"I have been robbed during the passage from Calcutta of a diamond worth fifteen thousand pounds, which I was bearing as a gift from the Maharajah of Ratnagiri to Her Majesty the Queen of England."

The Customs man stared with a lobster-like expression of face: no image could better hit the protruding eyes and brick-red countenance of the man.

"I request," continued the Major, raising his voice into a shout, "to be placed at once in communication with the police at this port. No person must be allowed to leave the vessel until he has been thoroughly searched by such expert hands as you and your *confrères* no doubt are, sir. I am Major Byron Hood. I have been twice wounded. My services are well known, and I believe duly appreciated in the right quarters. Her Majesty the Queen is not to suffer any disappointment at the hands of one who has the honour of wearing her uniform, nor am I to be compelled, by the act of a thief, to betray the confidence the Maharajah has reposed in me."

He continued to harangue in this manner for some minutes, during which I observed a change in the expression of the Custom House officers' faces.

Meanwhile Captain North stood apart in earnest conversation with the harbour-master. They now approached; the harbour-master, looking steadily at the Major, exclaimed:—

"Good news, sir! Your diamond is found!"

"Ha!" shouted the Major. "Who has it?"

"You'll find it in your pistol-case," said the harbour-master.

The Major gazed round at us with his wild,





*V. Christen, J. J. J. J.*  
"I HAVE BEEN ROBBED."

bright eyes, with a face a-work with the conflict of twenty mad passions and sensations. Then bursting into a loud, insane laugh, he caught the harbour-master by the arm, and in a low voice and a sickening, transforming leer of cunning, said: "Come, let's go and look at it."

We went below. We were six, including two Custom House officers. We followed

the poor madman, who grasped the harbour-master's arm, and on arriving at his cabin we stood at the door of it. He seemed heedless of our presence, but on his taking the pistol-case from the portmanteau, the two Customs men sprang forward.

"That must be searched by us," one cried, and in a minute they had it.

With the swiftness of experienced hands they found and pressed the spring of the pistol, the silver plate flew open, and out dropped a fragment of thick, common glass, just as Captain North had described the thing. It fell upon the deck. The Major sprang, picked it up, and pocketed it.

"Her Majesty will not be disappointed, after all," said he, with a courtly bow to us, "and the commission the Maharajah's honoured me with shall be fulfilled."

The poor gentleman was taken ashore that afternoon, and his luggage followed him.

He was certified mad by the medical man at Cape Town, and was to be retained there, as I understood, till the arrival of a steamer for England. It was an odd, bewildering incident from top to bottom. No doubt this particular delusion was occasioned by the poor fellow, whose mind was then fast decaying, reading about the transmission of the Koh-i-noor, and musing about it with a madman's proneness to dwell upon little things.





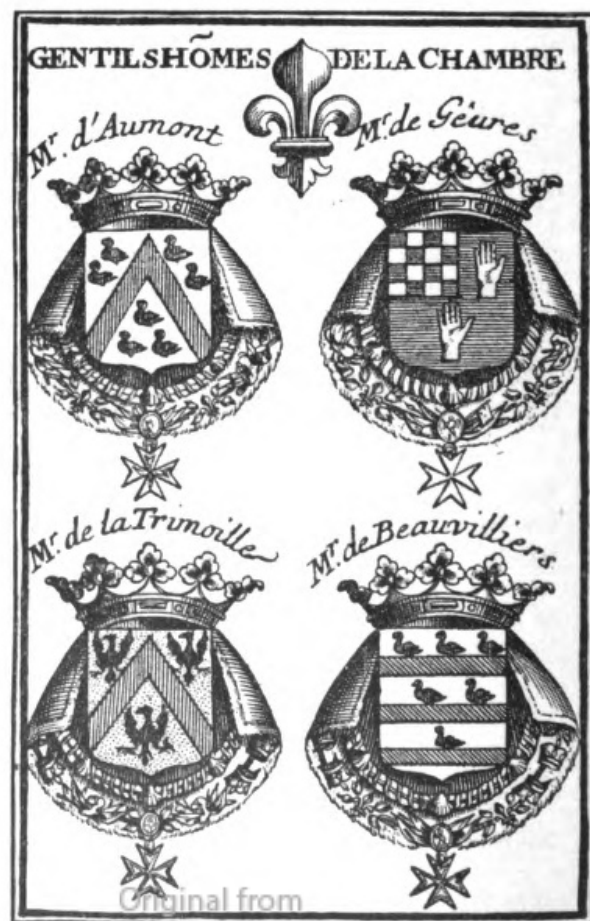
II.

THE "foolish business" of Heraldry has supplied the motive for numerous packs of cards. Two only, however, can be here shown, though there are instructive examples of the latter half of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries from England, Scotland, France, Germany, and Italy. The example given in Fig. 16 is English, of the date of 1690, and

the fifty-two cards of the pack give us the arms of the different European States, and of the peers of England and Scotland. A pack similar to this was engraved by Walter Scott, the Edinburgh goldsmith, in 1691, and is confined to the Arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and the great



FIG. 16



Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



Scottish families of that date, prepared under the direction of the Lyon King of Arms, Sir Alexander Erskine. The French heraldic example (Fig. 17) is from a pack of the time of Louis XIV., with the arms of the French nobility and the nobles of other European countries; the "suit" signs of the pack being "Fleur de Lis," "Lions," "Roses," and "Eagles."

Caligraphy, even, has not been left without recognition, for we have a pack, published



FIG. 18.

in Nuremberg, in 1767, giving examples of written characters and of free-hand pen drawing, to serve as writing copies. We show the Nine of Hearts from this pack (Fig. 18), and the eighteenth century South German graphic idea of a Highlander of the period is amusing, and his valorous attitude is sufficiently satisfying.

Biography has, too, its place in this playing-card cosmography, though it has not many examples. The one we give (Fig. 19) is German, of about 1730, and is from a pack which depicts a series of heads of Emperors, poets, and historians, Greek and Roman—a summary of their lives and occurrences therein gives us their *raison d'être*.

Of Geographical playing cards there are



FIG. 19.

several examples in the second half of the seventeenth century. The one selected for illustration (Fig. 20) gives a sectional



FIG. 20.



map of one of the English counties, each of the fifty-two cards of the pack having the map of a county of England and Wales, with its geographical limitations. These are among the more rare of old playing cards, and their gradual destruction when used as educational media will, as in the case of horn-books, and early children's books generally, account for this rarity. Perhaps the most interesting geographical playing cards which have survived this common fate, though they are the *ultima rarissima* of such cards, is the pack designed and engraved by H. Winstanley, "at Littlebury, in Essex," as we read on 'he Ace of Hearts. They appear to have been intended to afford instruction in geography and ethnology. Each of the cards has a descriptive account of one of the States or great cities of the world, and we have taken the King of Hearts (Fig. 21), with its description of England and the English, as the most interesting. The costumes are those of the time of James II., and the view gives us Old London Bridge, the Church of St. Mary Overy, on the south side of the Thames, and the Monument, then recently erected at the northern end of the bridge to commemorate the Great Fire, and which induced Pope's indignant lines:—

"Where London's column, pointing to the skies  
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and—lies."



FIG. 21.

The date of the pack is about 1685, and it has an added interest from the fact that its designer was the projector of the first Eddystone Lighthouse, where he perished when it was destroyed by a great storm in 1703.

Music, too, is not forgotten, though on playing cards it is seen in smaller proportion than other of the arts. To the popularity of the "Beggar's Opera" of John Gay, that satirical attack upon the Government of Sir Robert Walpole, we are indebted for its songs and music appearing as the *motif* of the pack, from which we give here the Queen of Spades (Fig. 22),

*Tune of Now ponder well ye Parents dear .  
Sung by Polly Peachum*

*Oh ponder well, be not severe;  
So save a wretched Wife!  
For on the Ropes that hangs my Dear  
Depends poor Polly's Life .*

Flute .

FIG. 22.

and the well-thumbed cards before us show that they were popular favourites. Their date may be taken as nearly coincident with that of the opera itself, viz., 1728. A further example of musical cards is given in Fig. 23, from a French pack of 1830, with its pretty piece of costume headgear, and its characteristic waltz music.

France has been prolific in what may be termed "Cartes de fantaisie," burlesque and satirical, not always designed, however, with due regard to the refinements of well-behaved communities. They are always spirited and, as specimens of inventive adaptation are worth notice. The example





FIG. 23.

shown (Fig. 24) is from a pack of the year 1818, and is good of its class.

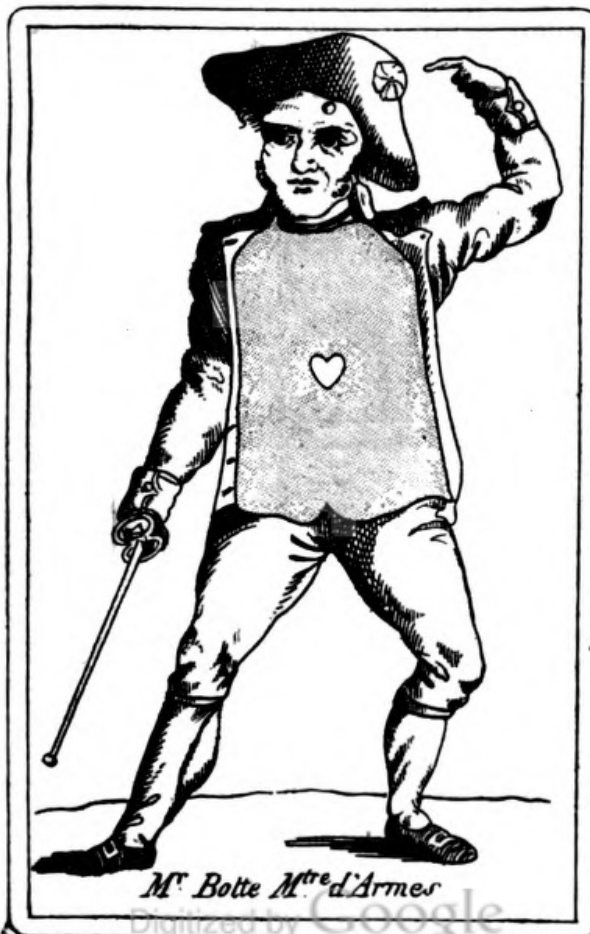


FIG. 24.

Of these "Cartes de fantaisie," each of the card-producing countries of Europe has at different dates produced examples of varying degrees of artistic value. Although not the best in point of merit, the most generally attractive of these are the packs produced in the years 1806-7-8 and 9, by the Tübingen bookseller, Cotta, and which were published in book form, as the "Karten Almanack," and also as ordinary packs. Every card has a design, in which the suit signs, or "pips," are brought in as an integral part, and admirable ingenuity is displayed in this adaptation; although not the best in the series, we give the Six of Hearts (Fig. 25),



FIG. 25.

as lending itself best to the purpose of reproduction, and as affording a fair instance of the method of design.

In England numerous examples of these illustrated playing cards have been produced of varying degrees of artistic merit, and, as one of the most amusing, we select the Knave of Spades from a pack of the year 1824 (Fig. 26). These cards are printed from copper-plates, and are coloured by hand, and show much ingenuity in the adaptation of the design to the form of the "pips."

Of the same class, but with more true





FIG. 26.

artistic feeling and treatment than the preceding, we give the Deuce of Clubs, from a pack with London Cries (Fig. 27), and another with Fables (Fig. 28), both



FIG. 27.

of which date from the earlier years of the last century, the former with the quaint costume and badge of a waterman, with his cry of "Oars! oars! do you want a boat?" In the middle distance the piers of Old London Bridge, and the house at its foot with overhanging gallery, make a pleasing old-time picture. The "Fables" cards are apparently from the designs of Francis Barlow, and are probably engraved by him; although we find upon some of them the name of J. Kirk, who, however, was the seller of the cards only, and who, as was not uncommon with the vendor of



FIG. 28.

that time, in this way robbed the artist of what honour might belong to his work. Both of these packs are rare; that of the "Fables" is believed to be unique. Of a date some quarter of a century antecedent to those just described we have an amusing pack, in which each card has a collection of moral sentences, aphorisms, or a worldly-wise story, or—we regret in the interests of good behaviour to have to add—something very much the reverse of them. The larger portion of the card is occupied by a picture of considerable excellence in illustration of the text; and notwithstanding the peculiarity to which we



have referred as attaching to some of them, the cards are very interesting as studies of costume and of the manners of the time—of what served to amuse our ancestors two centuries ago—and is a curious compound survival of Puritan teaching and the license of the Restoration period. We give one of them in Fig. 29.

The Ace of Clubs, shown in Fig. 30, is from a pack issued in Amsterdam about 1710, and is a good example of the Dutch burlesque cards of the eighteenth century. The majority of them have local allusions, the meaning of which is now lost; and many of them are of a character which will not bear



FIG. 29.

reproduction. A better-known pack of Dutch cards is that satirizing the Mississippi scheme of 1716, and the victims of the notorious John Law—the “bubble” which, on its collapse, four years later, brought ruin to so many thousands.

Our space forbids the treatment of playing cards under any but their pictorial aspects, though the temptation is great to attempt some description of their use from an early period as instruments of divination or fortune telling, for which in the hands of the “wise man” or woman of various countries they are still used, and to which primary purpose the early “Tarots” were doubtless applied; but,



FIG. 30.

as it is among the more curious of such cards, we give the Queen of Hearts from a pack of the immediate post-Commonwealth period (Fig. 31). The figure is called Semiramis—without, so far as can be seen, any reason. It is one of a mélange of names for cards in



FIG. 31.



which Wat Tyler and Tycho Brahe rub shoulders in the suit of Spades, and Mahomet and Nimrod in that of Diamonds!



FIG. 32.

In the pack we find the Knave of Clubs named "Hewson" (not the card-maker of that name), but he who is satirized by Butler as "Hewson the Cobbler." Elsewhere he is called "One-eyed Hewson." He is shown with but one eye in the card bearing his name, and as it is contemporary, it may be a fair presentment of the man who, whatever his vices, managed under Cromwell to obtain high honours, and who was by him nominated a member of the House of Lords. The bitter prejudice of the time is shown in the story which is told of Hewson, that on the day the King was beheaded he rode from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange proclaiming that "whoever should say that



FIG. 33.

Ihr hochzeit gästel ombl herbe y  
damit die freude volkom se y .



FIG. 34.

Charles Stuart died wrongfully should suffer death." Among the *quasi*-educational uses of playing cards we find the curious work of Dr. Thomas Murner, whose "Logica Memorativa Chartiludium," published at Strassburg in 1507, is the earliest instance known to us of a distinct application of playing cards to education, though the author expressly disclaims any knowledge of cards. The method used by the Doctor was to make each card an aid to memory, though the method must have been a severe strain of memory in itself. One of them is here given (Fig. 32), the suit being the German one of Bells (Schnellen).



It would seem that hardly any branch of human knowledge had been overlooked in the adaptation of playing cards to an educational purpose, and they who still have them in mind under the designation of "the Devil's books," may be relieved to know that Bible history has been taught by the means of playing cards. In 1603 there was published a Bible History and Chronology, under the title of the "Geistliche Karten Spiel," where, much as Murner did in the instance we have given above, the cards were used as an aid to memory, the author giving to each of the suit signs the distinctive appellation of some character or incident in Holy Writ. And more recently Zuccarelli, one of the original members of our Royal Academy, designed and etched a pack of cards with the same intention.

In Southern Germany we find in the last century playing cards specially prepared for gifts at weddings and for use at the festivities attending such events. These cards bore conventional representations of the bride, the bridegroom, the musicians, the priest, and the guests, on horseback or in carriages, each with a laudatory in-

scription. The card shown in Fig. 33 is from a pack of this kind of about 1740, the Roman numeral I. indicating it as the first in a series of "Tarots" numbered consecutively from I. to XXI., the usual Tarot designs being replaced by the wedding pictures described above. The custom of presenting guests with a pack of cards has been followed by the Worshipful Company of Makers of Playing Cards, who at their annual banquet give to their guests samples of the productions of the craft with which they are identified, which are specially designed for the occasion.

To conclude this article — much too limited to cover so interesting a subject — we give an illustration (Fig. 34) from a pack of fifty-two playing cards of *silver* — every card being engraved upon a thin

plate of that metal. They are probably the work of a late sixteenth century German goldsmith, and are exquisite examples of design and skill with the graver. They are in the possession of a well-known collector of all things beautiful, curious, and rare, by whose courteous permission this unique example appears here.



THE ARMS OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF MAKERS OF PLAYING CARDS, 1629.



*Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.*

LORD HOUGHTON.

BORN 1858.

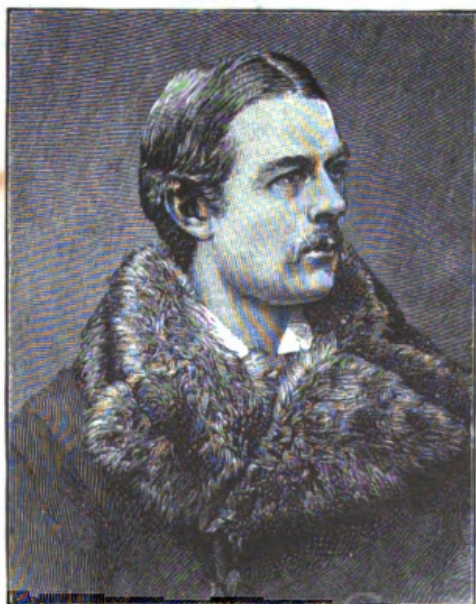
**L**ORD HOUGHTON, whose appointment to the post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland came



From a] AGE 2. [Photograph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 13. [Hills & Saunders.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. [W. & D. Downey.

somewhat as a surprise, is a Yorkshire landowner, and a son of the peer so well known both in literary and social circles as Richard Monckton Milnes, whose poems and prose writings alike will long keep his memory alive. This literary faculty has descended to the present peer, his recent volume of poems having been received by the best critics as bearing evidence



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.C.

of a true poetic gift. Lord Houghton, who served as a Lord-in-Waiting in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1886, is a rich man and the reputed heir of Lord Crewe; he has studied and travelled, and has taken some share, though hitherto not a very prominent one, in politics. He is a widower, and his sister presides over his establishment.





AGE 16.  
*From a Sketch in Crayons by Himself.*

JOHN PETTIE, R.A.  
BORN 1839.

**M**R. JOHN PETTIE was born in Edinburgh, and exhibited his earliest works in the Royal Scottish Academy. He came to London at the age of twenty-three, and at the age of twenty-seven was elected an A.R.A. His election to the distinction of R.A. took place when he was thirty-four, in the place of Sir Edwin



AGE 30.  
*From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.*

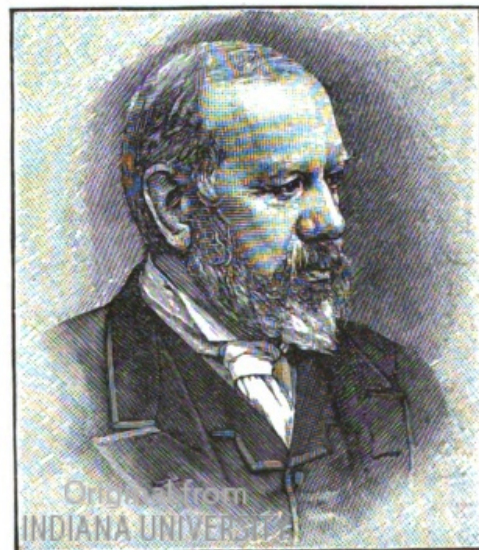
Landseer. Mr. Pettie's portraits and historical pictures are within the knowledge of every reader—his armour, carbines, lances, broadswords, and pistols are well-known features in every year's Academy—for his subjects are chiefly scenes of battle and of military life. His first picture hung in the Royal Academy was "The Armourers." He

has also painted many subjects from Shakespeare's works; his "Scene in the Temple Gardens" being one of his most popular productions. "The Death Warrant" represents



*From a Photo. by* AGE 40. *[Fradelle & Marshall.]*

an episode in the career of the consumptive little son of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. In "Two Strings to His Bow," Mr. Pettie showed a considerable sense of humour.



*From a Photo. by* PRESENT DAY. *[Raymond Lynde.]*  
Vol. v—21.



## THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

**P**RINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, daughter of H.R.H. Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, the seventh son of His Majesty King George III., married on June 12th, 1866, H.S.H. the Duke of Teck, whose portrait at different ages we have the pleasure of pre-



AGE 6.

From a Painting.



From a Drawing by] AGE 7. (James R. Swinton.

sented on the opposite page. The Duchess of Teck and her daughter Princess Victoria are well known and esteemed far beyond their own circle of society for their interest in works of charity and the genuine kindness of heart, which render them ever ready to enter into schemes of benevolence. We may remind our readers that a charming series of portraits of Princess Victoria of Teck appeared in our issue of February, 1892.



From a Painting by] AGE 17. [A. Winterhalter.



From a]

AGE 40.

[Painting.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Russell &amp; Sons.





From a] AGE 3. [Painting.

# THE DUKE OF TECK.

BORN 1837.

**H**IS SERENE HIGHNESS FRANCIS PAUL CHARLES LOUIS ALEXANDER, G.C.B., PRINCE AND DUKE

OF TECK, is the only son of Duke Alexander of Würtemberg and the Countess Claudine Rhédy and Countess of Hohenstein, a lady of a most illustrious but not princely house.



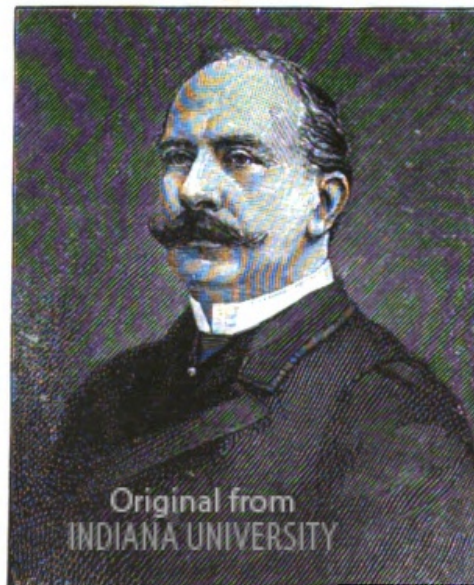
From a] AGE 28. [Painting.



From a] AGE 40. [Painting.



From a Painting by] AGE 5. [Johan Ebner.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY, [Elliott & Fry.

It is not generally known that a family law, which decrees that the son of a marriage between a prince of the Royal Family of Würtemberg and a lady not of princely birth, however nobly born, cannot inherit the crown, alone prevents the Duke of Teck from being King of Würtemberg. The Duke of Teck has served with distinction in the Army, having received the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's star, together with the rank of colonel.

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY





AGE 9.

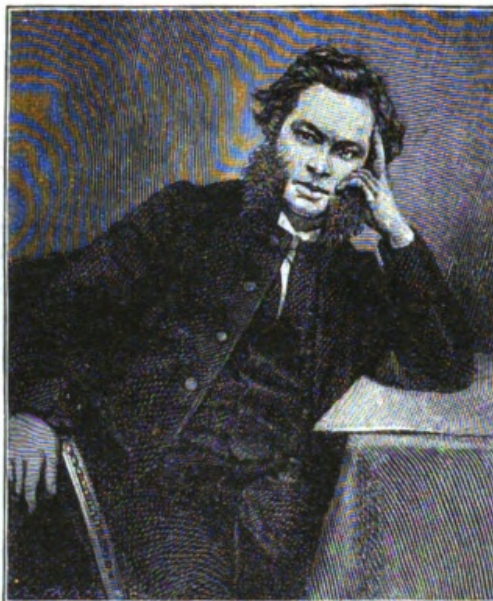
*From a Water-colour Drawing by his Father.*

REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

BORN 1838.



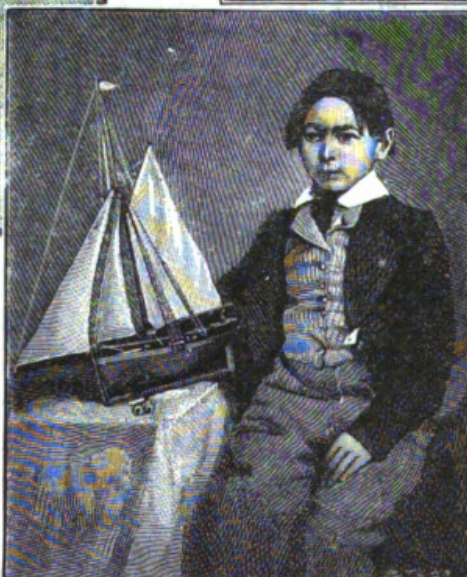
HE REVEREND  
HUGH REGI-  
NALD HAWEIS,  
preacher, lecturer,



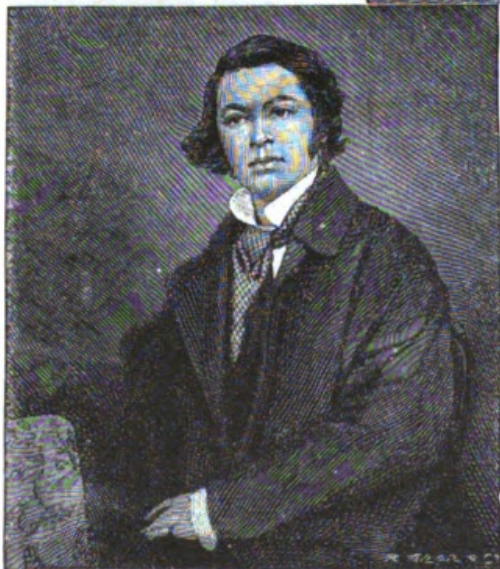
AGE 28.

*From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker.*

educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and appointed in 1866 incumbent of St. James's, Marylebone. He has been an indefatigable advocate of the Sunday opening of museums, and a frequent lecturer at the Royal Institution, notably on violins, church bells, and American humorists. He also took a great interest in the Italian Revolution.

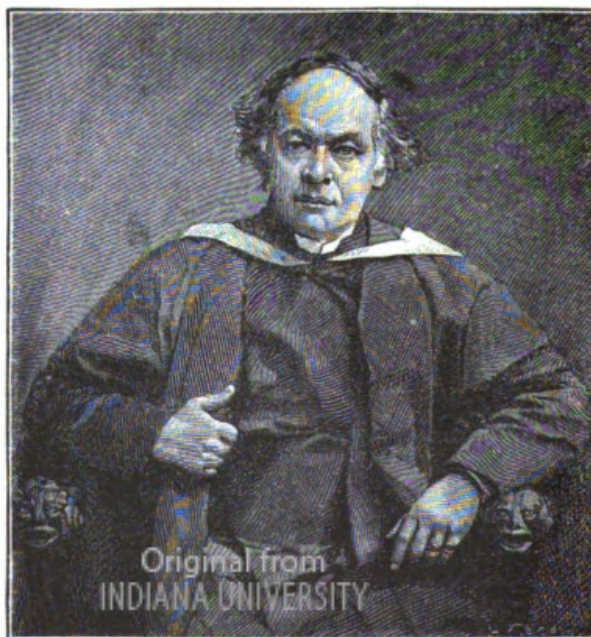


*From a] AGE 13. [Daguerreotype.*



*From a] AGE 18. [Daguerreotype.*

journalist, musician, was born at Egham, his father being the Rev. J. O. W. Haweis, rector of Slaughtam, Sussex. He was



*From a Photo. by]*

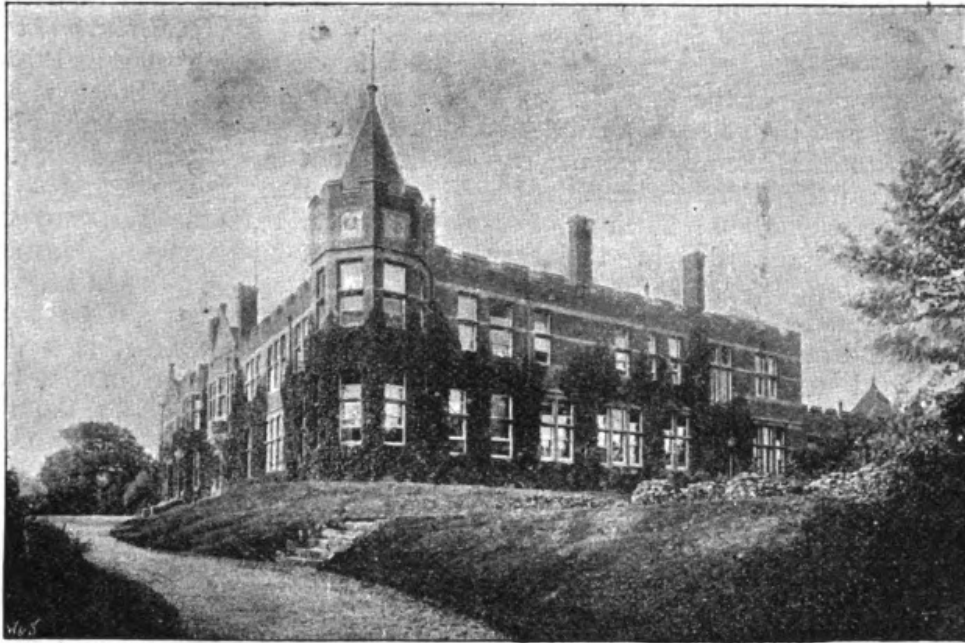
FRESENT DAY.

*[Russell & Sons,*



## Illustrated Interviews.

No. XX.—DR. BARNARDO, F.R.C.S. Ed.



From a Photo. by

"BABIES' CASTLE," HAWKHURST.

[Elliott & Fry.]



WHEN it is remembered that the Homes founded and governed by Dr. Barnardo comprise fifty distinct institutions; that since the foundation of the first Home, twenty-eight years ago, in Stepney, over 22,000 boys and girls have been rescued from positions of almost indescribable danger; that to-day five thousand orphans and destitute children, constituting the largest family in the world, are being cared for, trained, and put on a different footing to that of shoeless and stockingless, it will be at once understood that a definite and particular direction must be chosen in which to allow one's thoughts and investigations to travel. I immediately select the babies—the little ones of five years old and under; and it is possible that ere the last words of this paper are written, the Doctor may have disappeared from these pages, and we may find ourselves in fancy romping and playing with the babes in the green fields—one day last summer.

There is no misjudging the character of Dr. Barnardo—there is no misinterpreting his motives. Somewhat below the medium height, strong and stoutly built, with an expression at times a little severe, but with benevolent-looking eyes, which immediately

scatter the lines of severity: he at once impresses you as a man of immovable disposition and intentions not to be cast aside. He sets his heart on having a thing done. It is done. He conceives some new departure of rescue work. There is no rest for him until it is accomplished. His rapidity of speech tells of continual activity of mind. He is essentially a business man—he needs must be. He takes a waif in hand, and makes a man or woman of it in a very few years. Why should the child's unparent-like parent now come forward and claim it once more for a life of misery and probable crime? Dr. Barnardo thinks long before he would snap the parental ties between mother and child; but if neglect, cruelty, or degradation towards her offspring have been the chief evidences of her relationship, nothing in the wide world would stop him from taking the little one up and holding it fast.

I sat down to chat over the very wide subject of child rescue in Dr. Barnardo's cosy room at Stepney Causeway. It was a bitter cold night outside, the streets were frozen, the snow falling. In an hour's time we were to start for the slums—to see baby life in the vicinity of Flower and Dean Street, Brick Lane, and Wentworth Street—all typical localities where the fourpenny



lodging-house still refuses to be crushed by model dwellings. Over the comforting fire we talked about a not altogether uneventful past.

Dr. Barnardo was born in 1845, in Dublin. Although an Irishman by birth, he is not so by blood. He is really of Spanish descent, as his name suggests.

"I can never recollect the time," he said, "when the face and the voice of a child has not had power to draw me aside from everything else. Naturally, I have always had a passionate love for children. Their helplessness, their innocence, and, in the case of waif children, their misery, constitute, I feel, an irresistible appeal to every humane heart.

"I remember an incident which occurred to me at a very early age, and which made a great impression upon me.

"One day, when coming home from school, I saw standing on the margin of the pavement a woman in miserable attire, with a wretched-looking baby in her arms. I was then only a schoolboy of eleven years old, but the sight made me very unhappy. I remember looking furtively every way to see if I was observed, and then emptying my pockets—truly they had not much in them—into the woman's hands. But sauntering on, I could not forget the face of the baby—it fascinated me; so I had to go back, and in a low voice suggested to the woman that if she would follow me home I would try to get her something more.

"Fortunately, I was able to let her into the hall without attracting much attention, and then went down to the cook on my errand. I forget what was done, except that I know a good meal was given to the 'mother' and some milk to the baby. Just then an elder sister of mine came into the hall, and was attracted as I had been to the infant; but observing the woman she suddenly called out: 'Why, you are the

woman I have spoken to twice before, and this is a different baby; this is the third you have had!'

"And so it came to pass that I had my first experience of a beggar's shifts. The child was not hers; she had borrowed it, or hired it, and it was, as my sister said, the third in succession she had had within a couple of months. So I was somewhat humiliated as 'mother' and infant were quietly, but quickly, passed out through the hall door into the street, and I learned my first lesson that the best way to help the poor is not necessarily to give money to the first beggar you meet in the street, although it is well to always keep a tender heart for the sufferings of children."

"Hire babies! Borrow babies!" I interrupted.

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "and buy them, too. I know of several lodging-houses where I could hire a baby from fourpence to a shilling a day. The prettier the child is the better; should it happen to be a cripple, or possessing particularly thin arms and face, it is always worth a shilling. Little girls always demand a higher price than boys. I knew of one woman

—her supposed husband sells chickweed and groundsel—who has carried a baby exactly the same size for the last nine or ten years! I myself have, in days gone by, bought children in order to rescue them. Happily, such a step is now not needful, owing to changes in the law, which enable us to get possession of such children by better methods. For one girl I paid 10s. 6d., whilst my very first purchase cost me 7s. 6d. It was for a little boy and girl baby—brother and sister. The latter was tied up in a bundle. The woman—whom I found sitting on a door-step—offered to sell the boy for a trifle, half-a-crown, but not the mite of a girl, as she was 'her living.' However, I rescued them both, for



From a Photo. by]

DR. BARNARDO.

[Elliott & Fry.



the sum I have mentioned. In another case I got a poor little creature of two years of age—I can see her now, with arms no thicker than my finger—from her drunken ‘guardian’ for a shilling. When it came to washing the waif—what clothes it had on consisted of nothing but knots and strings; they had not been untied for weeks, perhaps months, and had to be cut off with a pair of scissors—we found something tied round its waist, to which the child constantly stretched out its wasted fingers and endeavoured to raise to its lips. On examination it proved to be an old fish-bone wrapped in a piece of cotton, which must have been at least a month old. Yet you must remember that these ‘purchases’ are quite exceptional cases, as my children have, for the most part, been obtained by legitimate means.”

Yes, these little mites arrive at Stepney somewhat strangely at times. A child was sent from Newcastle in a hamper. It bore a small tablet on the wicker basket, which read: “To Dr. Barnardo, London. With care.” The little girl arrived quite safe and perfectly sound. But the most remarkable instance of all was that of little Frank. Few children reach Dr. Barnardo whose

antecedents cannot be traced and their history recorded in the volumes kept for this purpose. But Frankie remains one of the unknown. Some time ago a carrier delivered what was presumably a box of Swiss milk at the Homes. The porter in charge received it, and was about to place it amongst other packages, when the faintest possible cry escaped through the cracks in the lid. The pliers were hastily brought, the nails flew out, the lid came off, and there lay little Frank in his diminutive baby’s robe, peacefully sleeping, with the end of the tube communicating with his bottle of milk still between his lips!

“That is one means of getting rid of children,” said Dr. Barnardo, after he had told me the story of Frank, “but there are others which might almost amount to a

respectable method. I have received offers of large sums of money from persons who have been desirous of my receiving their children into these Homes *without asking any questions*. Not so very long ago a lady came to Stepney in her carriage. A child was in it. I granted her an interview, and she laid down five £100 notes, saying they were mine if I would take the child and ask no questions. I did not take the child. Again. A well-known peer of the realm once sent his footman here with £100, asking me to take the footman’s son. No. The footman could support his child. Gold and silver will never open my doors unless there is real destitution. It is for the homeless, the actually destitute, that we open our doors day and night, without money and without price. It is a dark night outside, but if you will look up on this building, the words, ‘*No destitute boy or girl ever refused admission*,’ are large enough to be read on the darkest night and with the weakest eyesight; and that has been true all these seven-and-twenty years.

“On this same pretext of ‘asking no questions,’ I have been offered £10,000 down, and £900 a year guaranteed during the lifetime of the

wealthy man who made the offer, if I would set up a Foundling Institution. A basket was to be placed outside, and no attempt was ever to be made either to see the woman or to discover from whence she came or where she went. This, again, I refused. We *must* know all we can about the little ones who come here, and every possible means is taken to trace them. A photo is taken of every child when it arrives—even in tatters; it is re-photographed again when it is altogether a different small creature.”

Concerning these photographs, a great deal might be said, for the photographic studio at Stepney is an institution in itself. Over 30,000 negatives have been taken, and the photograph of any child can be turned up at a moment’s notice. Out of this arrangement romantic incidents sometimes grow.

Here is one of many. A child of three



From a] “TO DR. BARNARDO, WITH CARE.” [Photo.



years old, discovered in a village in Lancashire deserted by its parents, was taken to the nearest workhouse. There were no other children in the workhouse at the time, and a lady visitor, struck with the forlornness of the little girl waif, beginning life under the shadow of the workhouse, benevolently wrote to Dr. Barnardo, and after some negotiations the child was admitted to the Homes and its photograph taken. Then it went down to the Girls' Village Home at Ilford, where it grew up in one of the cottage families until eleven years old.

One day a lady called on Dr. Barnardo and told him a sad tale concerning her own child, a little girl, who had been stolen by a servant who owed her a spite, and who was lost sight of years ago. The lady had done all she could at the time to trace her child in vain, and had given up the pursuit; but lately an unconquerable desire to resume her inquiries filled her. Among other places, she applied to the police in London, and the authorities suggested that she should call at Stepney.

Dr. Barnardo could, of course, give her no clue whatever. Eight years had passed since the child had been lost; but one thing he could do—he could turn to his huge photographic album, and show her the faces of all the children who had been received within certain dates. This was done, and in the course of turning over the pages the lady's eye fell on the face of the little girl waif received from a Lancashire workhouse, and with much agitation declared that she was her child. The girl was still at Ilford. In an hour's time she was fetched up, and found to be a well-grown, nice-mannered child of eleven years of age—to be folded immediately in her mother's arms. "There could be no doubt," the Doctor added, "of the parentage; they were so much alike." Of course, inquiries had to be made as to the position of the lady, and assurances given that she was really able to maintain the child, and

that it would be well cared for. These being satisfactory, Dorothy changed hands, and is now being brought up under her mother's eye.

The boys and girls admitted to the fifty Homes under Dr. Barnardo's care are of all nationalities—black and white, even Hindus and Chinese. A little while ago there were fourteen languages spoken in the Homes.

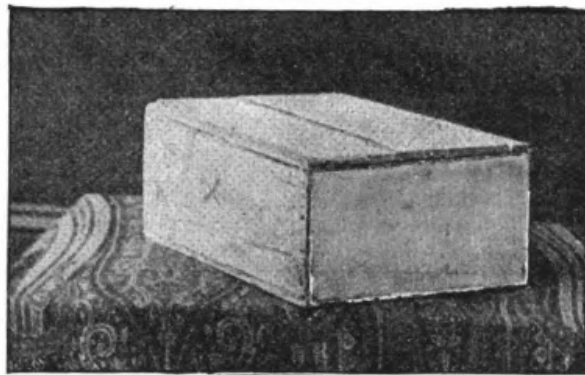
"And what about naming the 'unknown'?" I asked. "What about folk who want to adopt a child and are willing to take one of yours?"

"In the naming of unknown children," the Doctor replied, "we have no certain method, but allow ourselves to be guided by the facts of the case. A very small boy, two years ago, was discovered destitute upon a doorstep in Oxford. He was taken to the workhouse, and, after more or less investigation to discover the people who abandoned him, he came into my

hands. He had no name, but he was forthwith christened, and given the name of a very celebrated building standing close to where he was found.

"*Marie Perdu* suggests at once the history which attaches to her. *Rachel Trouvé* is equally suggestive. That we have not more names of this sort is due to the fact that we insist upon the most minute, elaborate and careful investigation of every case; and it is, I think, to the credit of our institutions that not more than four or five small infants have been admitted from the first without our having been able to trace each child home to its parentage, and to fill our records with incidents of its early history.

"Regarding the question of adoption. I am very slow to give a child out for adoption in England. In Canada—by-the-by, during the



FRANKIE'S BOX,  
EXTERIOR.



From a] FRANKIE'S BOX, INTERIOR. [Photograph.



year 1892, 720 boys and girls have emigrated to the Colonies, making a grand total of 5,834 young folks who have gone out to Canada and other British Colonies since this particular branch was started. As I was saying, in Canada, if a man adopts a child it really becomes as his own. If a girl, he must provide her with a marriage dowry."

"But the little ones—the very tiny ones, Dr. Barnardo, where do they go?" I interrupted.

"To 'Babies' Castle' at Hawkhurst, in Kent. A few go to Ilford, where the Girls' Village Home is. It is conducted on the cottage principle—which means *home*. I send some there—one to each cottage. Others are 'boarded out' all over the kingdom, but a good many, especially the feebler ones who need special medical and nursing care, go to 'Babies' Castle,' where you were—one day last summer!"

One day last summer! It was remembered only too well, and more so when we hurried out into the cold air outside and hastened our footsteps—eastwards. And as we walked along I listened to the story of Dr. Barnardo's first Arab boy. His love for waifs and strays as a child increased with years; it had been impressed upon his boyish memory, and when he became a young man and walked the wards of the London Hospital, it increased.

It was the winter of 1866. Together with one or two fellow students he conducted a ragged school in an old stable. The young student told the children stories—simple and understandable, and read to them such works as the "Pilgrim's Progress." The nights were cold, and the young students subscribed together—in a practical move—for a huge fire. One night young Barnardo was just about to go when, approaching the warming embers to brace himself up for the snow outside, he saw a boy lying there. He was in rags; his face pinched with hunger and suffering.

"Now then, my boy—it's time to go," said the medico.

"Please, sir, *do* let me stop."

"I can't, my lad—it's time to go home. Where do you live?"

"*Don't live nowhere, sir!*"

"Nowhere! Where's your father and mother?"

"Ain't got none, sir!"

"For the first time in my life," said Dr. Barnardo as he was telling this incident, "I was brought face to face with the misery of outcast childhood. I questioned the lad. He had been sleeping in the streets for two or

three years—he knew every corner of refuge in London. Well, I took him to my lodgings. I had a bit of a struggle with the landlady to allow him to come in, but at last I succeeded, and we had some coffee together.

"His reply to one question I asked him impressed me more than anything else.

"'Are there many more like you?' I asked.

"'Heaps, sir.'

"He spoke the truth. He took me to one spot near Houndsditch. There I obtained my first view of real Arab life. Eleven lads—some only nine and ten years of age—lay on the roof of a building. It was a strange sight—the moon seemingly singling out every sleeper for me. Another night we went together over to the Queen's Shades, near Billingsgate. On the top of a number of barrels, covered with tarpaulin, seventy-three fellows were sleeping. I had the whole lot out for a halfpenny apiece.

"'By God's help,' I cried inwardly, 'I'll help these fellows.'

"Owing to a meeting at Islington my experiences got into the daily Press. The late Lord Shaftesbury sent for me, and one night at his house at dinner I was chaffed for 'romancing.' When Lord Shaftesbury went with me to Billingsgate that same night and found thirty-seven boys there, he knew the terrible truth. So we started with fifteen or twenty boys, in lodgings, friends paying for them. Then I opened a dilapidated house, once occupied by a stock dealer, but with the help of brother medicos it was cleaned, scrubbed, and whitewashed. We begged, borrowed, and very nearly stole the needful bedsteads. The place was ready, and it was soon filled with twenty-five boys. And the work grew—and grew—and grew—you know what it is to-day!"

We had now reached Whitechapel. The night had increased in coldness, the snow completely covered the roads and pavements, save where the ruts, made by the slowly moving traffic and pedestrians' tread, were visible. To escape from the keen and cutting air would indeed have been a blessing—a blessing that was about to be realized in strange places. Turning sharply up a side street, we walked a short distance and stopped at a certain house. A gentle tap, tap at the door. It was opened by a woman, and we entered. It was a vivid picture—a picture of low life altogether indescribable.

The great coke fire, which never goes out save when the chimney is swept, and in front



of which were cooking pork chops, steaks, mutton-chops, rashers of bacon, and that odoriferous marine delicacy popularly known as a bloater, threw a strange glare upon "all sorts and conditions of men." Old men, with histories written on every wrinkle of their faces; old women, with straggling and unkempt white hair falling over their shoulders; young men, some with eyes that hastily dropped at your gaze; young women, some with never-mind-let's-enjoy-life-while-we're-here expressions on their faces; some with stories of misery and degradation plainly lined upon their features—boys and girls; and little ones! Tiny little ones!

Still, look at the walls; at the ceiling. It is the time of Christmas. Garlands of paper chains are stretched across; holly and evergreens are in abundance, and even the bunch of mistletoe is not missing. But, the little ones rivet my attention. Some are a few weeks old, others two, three, four, and five years old. Women are nursing them. Where are their mothers? I am told that they are out—and this and that girl is receiving twopence or threepence for minding baby until mother comes home once more. The whole thing is too terribly real; and now, now I begin to understand a little about Dr. Barnardo's work and the urgent necessity for it. "Save the children," he cries, "at any cost from becoming such as the men and women are whom we see here!"

That night I visited some dozen, perhaps twenty, of these lodging-houses. The same men and women were everywhere, the same fire, the same eatables cooking—even the chains of coloured papers, the holly and the bunch of mistletoe—and the wretched children as well.

Hurrying away from these scenes of the nowadays downfall of man and woman, I returned home. I lit my pipe and my memory went a way to the months of song and sunshine—one day last summer!

I had got my parcel of toys—balls and steam-engines, dolls, and funny little wooden

men that jump about when you pull the string, and what-not. But, I had forgotten the sweets. Samuel Huggins, however, who is licensed to sell tobacco and snuff at Hawk-hurst, was the friend in need. He filled my pockets—for a consideration. And, the fine red-brick edifice, with clinging ivy about its walls, and known as "Babies' Castle," came in view.

Here they are—just on their way to dinner. Look at this little fellow! He is leading on either side a little girl and boy. The little girl is a blind idiot, the other youngster is also blind; yet he knows every child in the place by touch. He knew what a railway engine was. And the poor little girl got the biggest rubber ball in the pack, and for five hours she sat in a corner bouncing it against her forehead with her two hands.

Here they come—the fifty yards' race down the corridor; a dozen of the very smallest crawling along, chuckling and screaming with excitement. Frank leads the way. Artful Frank! He is off bottles now, but he still has an inclination that way, and, unless his miniature friends and acquaintances keep a sharp look-out, he annexes theirs in the twinkling of an eye. But, then, Frank is a veritable young prize-fighter. And as the race continues, a fine Scotch collie—Laddie—jumps and flies over the heads of the small competitors for the first in to lunch. You don't believe it? Look at the picture of Tommy lying down with his head resting peacefully on Laddie. Laddie! To him the children are as lambs. When they are gambolling in the green fields he wanders

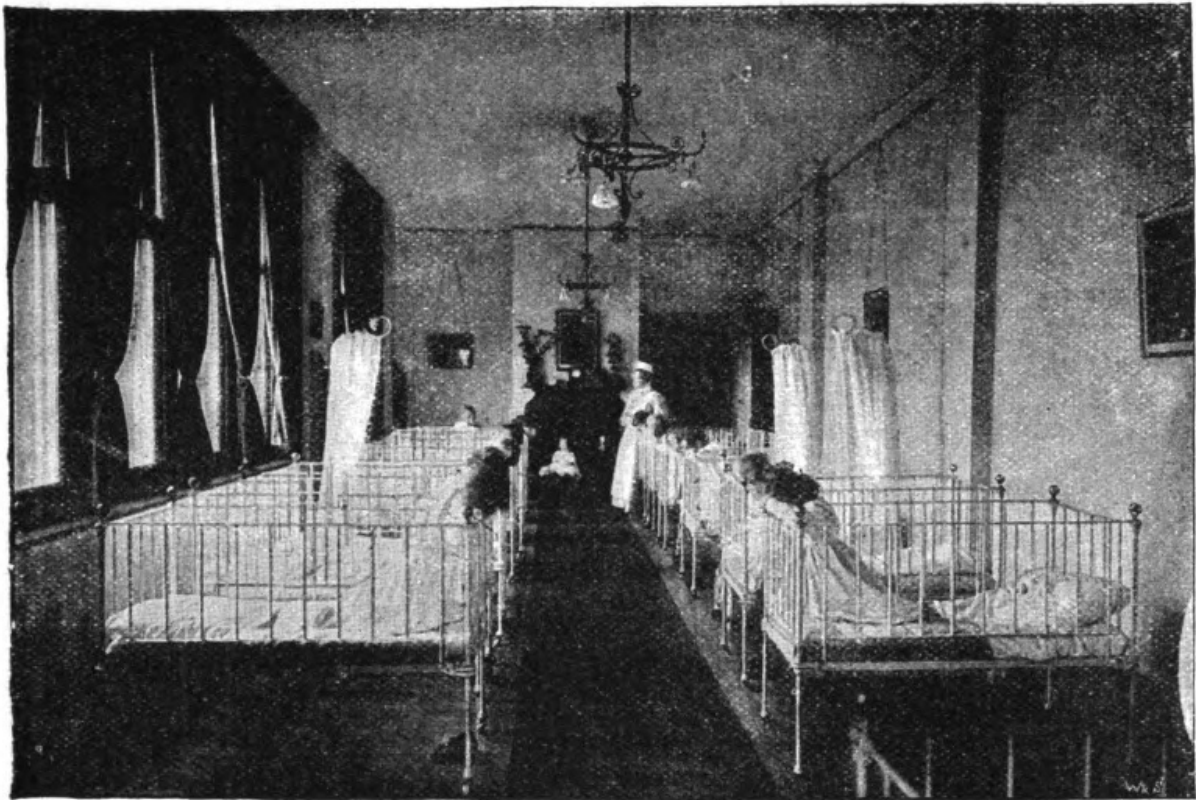


From a Photo. by

"LADDIE" AND "TOMMY."

[Elliott & Fry.]





From a Photo. by]

EVENING PRAYER.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

about amongst them, and "barks" them home when the time of play is done and the hour of prayer has come, when the little ones kneel up in their cots and put up their small petitions.

Here they are in their own particular

dining-room. Never were such huge bowls of meat-soup set before children. Still, they'll eat every bit, and a sweet or two on the top of that. I asked myself a hundred times, Can these ever have been such children as I have seen in the slums? This is

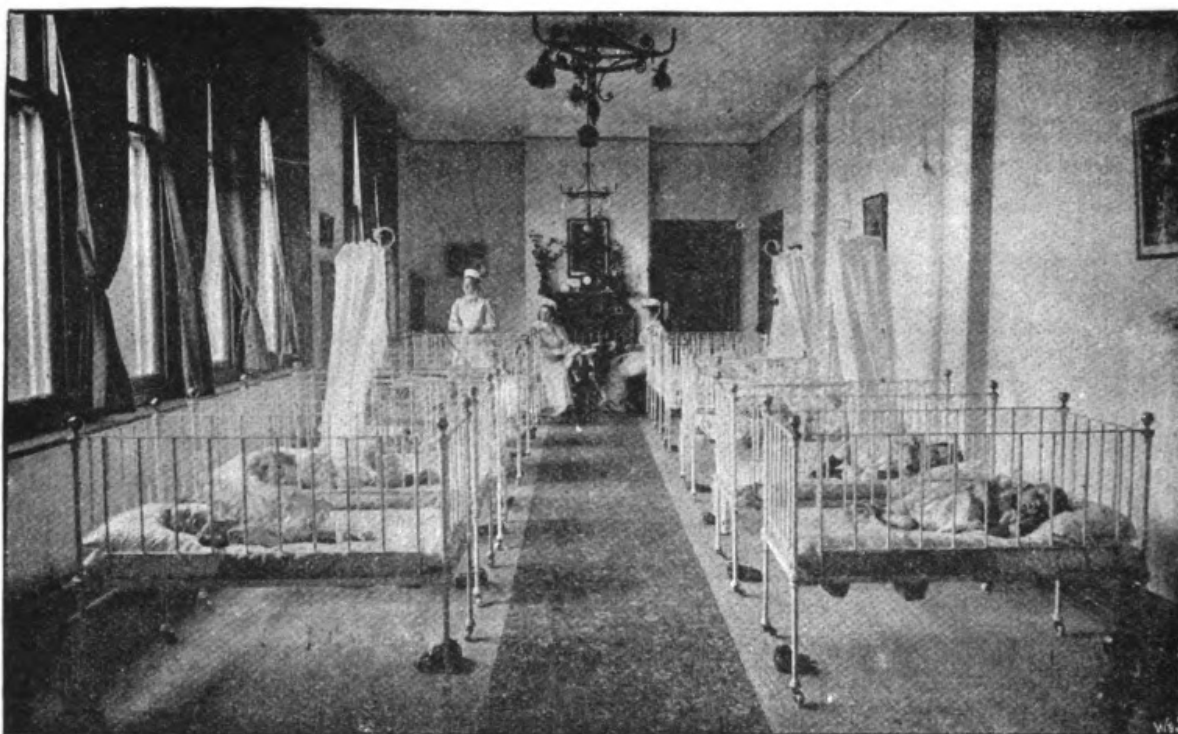


From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.





From a Photo. by]

THE MID-DAY SLEEP.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

little Daisy. Her name is not the only pretty thing about her. She has a sweet face. Daisy doesn't know it; but her mother went mad, and Daisy was born in a lunatic asylum. Notice this young man who seems to take in bigger spoonfuls than all the others. He's got a mouth like a money box—open to take all he can get. But when he first came to "Babies' Castle" he was so weak—starved in truth—that for days he was carried about on a pillow. Another little fellow's father committed suicide. Fail not to observe and admire the appetite of Albert Edward. He came with no name, and he was christened so. His companions call him "The Prince!" Yet another. This little girl's mother is to-day a celebrated beauty—and her next-door diner was farmed out and insured. When fourteen months old the child only weighed fourteen pounds. Every child is a picture—the wan cheeks are no more, a rosy hue and healthy flush are on every face.

After dinner comes the mid-day sleep of two hours.

Now, I must needs creep through the bedrooms, every one of which



From a Photo. by]

SISTER ALICE.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.





From a Photo. by]

"ANNIE'S BATH."

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

"Who are you, my little one?" I whispered.

And the whisper came back—"I'm Sister's Fidget!"

"Sister's who?"

"Sister's Fidget, please, sir."

I learnt afterwards that she was a most useful young woman. All the clothes worn at "Babies' Castle" are given by friends. No clothing is bought, and this young woman has them all tried on her, and after the fitting of some thirty or forty frocks, etc., she—fidgets! Hence her name.

"But why does that little boy

is a pattern of neatness. The boots and shoes are placed under the bed—not a sound is heard. Amongst the sleepers the "Midget" is to be found. It was the

"Midget" who came in the basket from Newcastle, "with care." I had crept through all the dormitories save one, when a sight I had not seen in any of the others met me. It was in a double bed—the only one at "Babies' Castle." A little boy lay sleeping by the side of a four-year-old girl. Possibly it was my long-standing leaning over the rails of the cot that woke the elder child. She slowly opened her eyes and looked up at me.

sleep by you?" I questioned again.

"That's Erney. He walks in his seep. One night I couldn't seep. As I was tying to look out of the window—Erney came

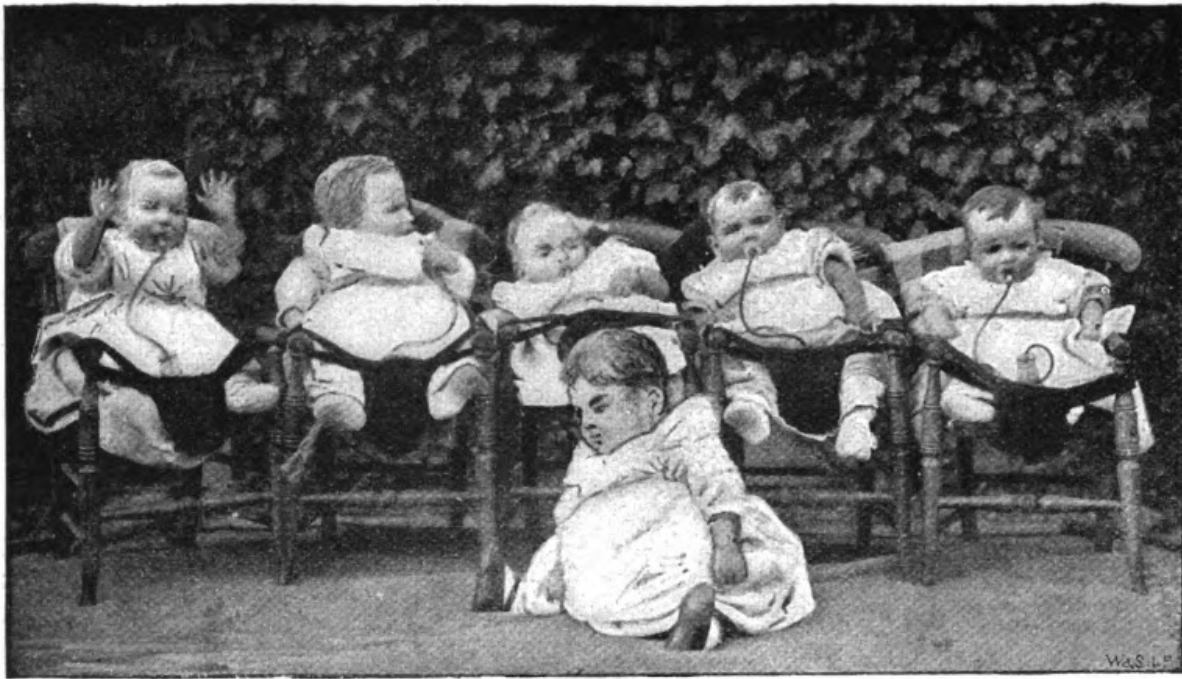


From a Photo. by]

IN THE INFIRMARY.

[Elliott & Fry.  
Vol. v—24.





From a Photo. by]

"A QUIET PULL."

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

walking down here. He was fast asleep. I got up ever so quick."

"And what did you do?"

"Put him in his bed again!"

I went upstairs with Sister Alice to the nursery. Here are the very smallest of them all. Some of the occupants of the white enamel cribs—over which the name of the babe appears—are only a very few weeks old. Here is Frank in a blue frock. It was Frank who came in the condensed milk box. He is still at his bottle as he was when first he came. Sleeping opposite each other are the fat lady and gentleman of the establishment. Annie is only seven months and three days old. She weighs 16lb. 4oz. She was bathed later on—and took to the water beautifully. Arthur is eleven months. He only weighs 22lb. 4oz. ! Eighteen gallons of milk are consumed every day at "Babies' Castle," from sixty to seventy bottles

filled per diem, and all the bottle babies are weighed every week and their record carefully kept. A glance through this book reveals the indisputable fact that Arthur puts on flesh at a really alarming rate. But there are many others who are "growing" equally as well. The group of youngsters who were carried from the nursery to the garden, where they could sit in their chairs in the sunshine and enjoy a quiet pull at their respective bottles, would want a lot of beating for



From a Photo. by]

IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.



healthy faces, lusty voices, and seemingly never-to-be-satisfied appetites.

A piteous moan is heard. It comes from a corner partitioned off. The coverlet is gently cast on one side for a moment, and I ask that it may quickly be placed back again. It is the last one sent to "Babies' Castle." I am wondering still if this poor little mite can live. It is five months old. It weighs 4lb. 11oz. Such was the little one when I was at "Babies' Castle."

I looked in at the surgery, presided over by a fully-qualified lady doctor; thence to the infirmary, where were just three or four occupants suffering from childish complaints, the most serious of which was that of the youngster christened "Jim Crow." Jimmy was "off his feed." Still, he could shout—aye, as loud as did his famous namesake. He sat up in his little pink flannel nightgown, and screamed with delight. And poor Jimmy soon learnt how to do it. He only had to pull the string, and the aforementioned funny little wooden man kicked

his legs about as no mortal ever did, could, or will.

I saw the inhabitants at "Babies' Castle" in the schoolroom. Here they are happily perched on forms and desks, listening to some simple story, which appeals to their childish fancies. How they sing! They "bring down the house" with their thumping on the wooden desks as an accompaniment to the "big bass drum," whilst a certain youngster's rendering of a juvenile ditty, known as "The Muffin Man,"

is calculated to make one remember his vocal efforts whenever the hot and juicy muffin is put on the breakfast table. Little Mary still trips it neatly. She can't quite forget the days and nights when she used to accompany her mother round the public-houses and dance for coppers. Jane is also a terpsichorean artiste, and tingles the tam-



From a Photo. by

THE NURSING STAFF.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by

"BABIES' BROUGHAM."

[Elliott & Fry.





From a Photo. by]

AT THE GATE.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

bourine to the stepping of her feet; whilst Annie is another disciple of the art, and sings a song with the strange refrain of "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!"

Now, hurrah for play!—and off we go

gate and let them down the steps, the little girl with the golden locks all over her head sharply advising her smaller companions to "Come along—come along!" Then young Christopher mounts the rocking-

with a highly respectable donkey—warranted not to proceed too fast—attached to it. Look at this group at the gate. They can't quite understand what "the genelman" with the cloth over his head and a big brown box on three pieces of stick is going to do, but it is all right. They are taught to smile here, and the photographer did not forget to put it down.

And I open the



From a Photo. by]

IN THE PLAYING FIELDS.

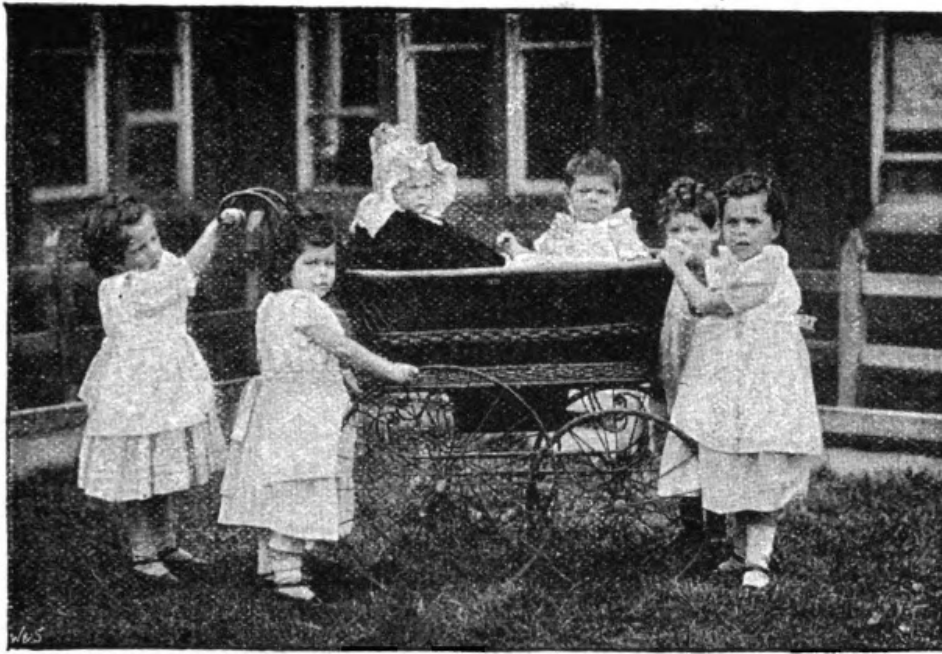
[Elliott &amp; Fry.

helter-skelter to the fields, Laddie barking and jumping at the youngsters with un-suppressed delight.

If you can escape from joining in their games—but they are irresistible—do, and walk quietly round and take stock of these rescued little ones. Notice this small contingent just starting from the porch. Babies' ougham only consists of a small covered cart,

horse of the establishment, the swinging-boats are quickly crammed up with passengers, and twenty or thirty more little minds are again set wondering as to why "the genelman" will wrap his head up in a piece of black cloth and cover his eyes whenever he wants to see them. And the Castle perambulator! How pretty the occupants—how ready the hands to give Susan and Willie a





From a Photo. by]

THE "CASTLE" PERAMBULATOR.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

trip round. They shout, they jump, they do all and more than most children, so wild and free is their delight.

The sun is shining upon these one-time waifs and strays, these children of the East—the flowers seem to grow for them, and the grass keeps green as though to atone for the dark days which ushered in their birth. Let

them sing to-day—they were made to sing—let them be *children* indeed. Let them shout and tire their tiny limbs in play—they will sleep all the better for it, and eat a bigger breakfast in the morning. The nurses are beginning to gather in their charges. Laddie is leaping and barking round the hedge-rows in search of any wanderers.

And the inhabitants of "Babies'

Castle" congregate on the steps of their home. We are saying "Good-bye." "Jim Crow" is held up to the window inside, and little Ernest, the blind boy, waves his hands with the others and shouts in concert. I drive away. But one can hear their voices just as sweet to-night as on one day last summer!

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by]

ON THE STEPS.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.



# *Beauties :—Children.*

MISS CROSS.  
From a Photo. by A. Bassano.



MISS WATERLOW.  
From a Photo. by A. Bassano.

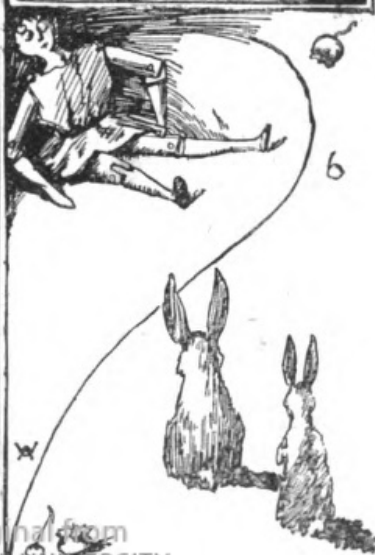


MISS IRIS MARGUERITE FOSTER.  
From a Photo. by J. S. Catford, Ifracombe.



Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY





MISS WHITE.  
From Photographs by

MISS WINSTEAD.

MISS SERJEANT.  
(Alex. Bassano.)



# *Beauties :—Children.*

MISS CROSS.  
From a Photo. by A. Bassano.



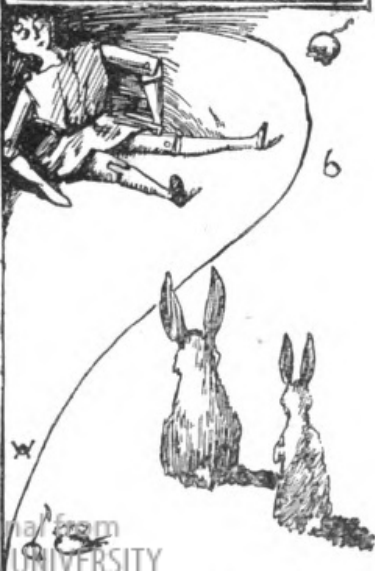
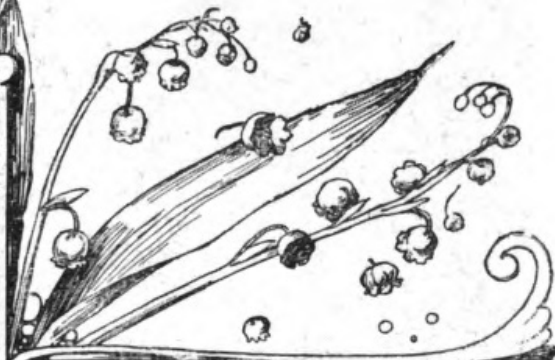
MISS WATERLOW.  
From a Photo. by A. Bassano.



MISS IRIS MARGUERITE FOSTER.  
From a Photo. by J. S. Catford, Ilfracombe.

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY





MISS WHITE.  
From Photographs by

MISS WINSTEAD.

MISS SERJEANT.  
[Alex. Bassan]





From a Photo. by

[Pentney.

MISS BEAUMONT.



MISS DUNLOP.  
From Photo. by A. Bassano.

From a Photo. by

THE MISSES WHITE.

[A. Bassano.

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



## *Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.*

### VIII.—THE MASKED RULER OF THE BLACK WRECKERS.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.  
“**H**ASSAN,” called Denviers to our guide in an imperative tone, as the latter was looking longingly at the wide expanse of sea over which our boat was

helplessly drifting, “lie down yonder immediately!” The

Arab rose slowly and reluctantly, and then extended himself at the bottom of the boat out of sight of the tempting waters.

“How much longer are these torments to last, Frank?” I asked wearily, as I looked into the gaunt, haggard face of my companion as we sat in the prow of our frail craft and gazed anxiously but almost hopelessly onward to see if land might even yet loom up in the distance.

“Can’t say, Harold,” he responded; “but I think we can hold out for two more days, and surely by that time we shall either reach some island or else be rescued by a passing vessel.” Two

more days—forty-eight more hours of this burning heat and thirst! I glanced most uneasily at our guide as he lay impassively in the boat, then I continued:—

“Do you think that Hassan will be able to resist the temptation of these maddening

waters round us for so long as that?” There was a serious look which crossed Denviers’ face as he quietly replied:—

“I hope so, Harold; we are doing our best for him. The Arab gets a double share now of our pitifully slender stock, although, happily, he doesn’t know it; if he did he would certainly refuse to take his dole of rice

and scanty draught of water, and then I’m afraid that it would be all over with him. He bears up bravely enough, but I don’t at all like the bright look in his eyes which has been there for the last few hours. We must have travelled now more than half way across the Bay of Bengal with such a driving wind as this behind us. It’s certainly lucky for us that our valuables

were not on board the other boat, for we shall never see that again, nor its cowardly occupants. The horses, our tent, and some of our weapons are, of course, gone altogether, but we shall be able to shift for ourselves well enough if once we are so lucky as to reach land again.”

“I can’t see of what use any weapons are just at present,” I responded, “nor, for the matter of that, the gems which we have hidden about our persons. For the whole five days during which we have been driven on by this fierce, howling wind I have not



“HELPLESSLY DRIFTING.”



seen a living thing except ourselves—not even a bird of the smallest size.”

“Because they know more about these storms than we do, and make for the land accordingly,” said Denviers; then glancing again at the Arab, he continued:—

“We must watch Hassan very closely, and if he shows signs of being at all likely to lose his self-control, we shall have to tie him down. We owe a great deal to him in this present difficulty, because it was entirely through his advice that we brought any provisions with us at all.”

“That is true enough,” I replied; “but how were we to know that a journey which we expected would occupy less than six hours was to end in our being cast adrift at the mercy of wind and wave in such a mere cockle-shell as this boat is, and so driven sheer across this waste of waters?”

“Well, Harold,” said Denviers, quietly, “we must stick to our original plan of resting turn and turn about if we wish to keep ourselves alive as long as possible. I will continue my watch from the prow, and meantime you had better endeavour to obtain some rest; at all events we won’t give in just yet.” He turned his head away from me as he spoke and narrowly surveyed the scene around us, magnificent as it was, notwithstanding its solitude and the perils which darkly threatened us.

Leaving the hut of the Cingalese after our adventure with the Dhahs in the forest of Ceylon, we had made our way to Trincomalee, where we had embarked upon a small sailing boat, similar in size and shape to those which may be constantly seen on the other side of the island, and which are used by the pearl-divers. We had heard of some wonderful sea-worn caves, which were to be seen on the rocky coast at some distance from Trincomalee, and had thus set out, intending afterwards to land on a more southerly portion of the island—for we had determined to traverse the coast, and, returning to Colombo again, to take ship for Burmah. Our possessions were placed in a second boat, which had a planked covering of a rounded form, beneath which they were secured from the dashing spray affecting them. We had scarcely got out for about an hour’s distance when the natives stolidly refused to proceed farther, declaring that a violent storm was about to burst upon us. We, however, insisted on continuing our journey, when those in the second boat suddenly turned its prow round and made hastily for the land, at the

same time that our own boatman dived from the side and dexterously clambered up on the retreating boat, leaving us to shift for ourselves as best we could. Their fears were only too well grounded, for before we were able to make an attempt to follow them as they coolly made off with our property in the boat, the wind struck our own little boat heavily, and out to sea we went, driven through the rapidly rising waves in spite of our efforts to render the boat manageable.

For five days we had now been whirled violently along; a little water and a few handfuls of rice being all that we had to share between the three of us who occupied the boat, and upon whom the sun each day beat fiercely down in a white heat, increasing our sufferings ten-fold—the effects of which could be seen plainly enough as we looked into each other’s faces.

Behind us the sun had just set in a sky that the waves seemed to meet in the distance, and to be blended with them into one vast purple and crimson heaving mass. Round us and before us, the waters curled up into giant waves, which flung high into the air ridges of white foam and then fell sheer down into a yawning gulf, only to rise again nearer and nearer to the quivering sides of our frail craft, which still pressed on—on to where we expected to meet with death rather than rescue, as we saw the ripped sail dip itself into the seething waters like the wing of a wounded sea-bird.

Following my companion’s suggestion I lay down and closed my eyes, and was so much exhausted, indeed, that before long I fell into a restless sleep, from which I at last awoke to hear Denviers speaking to me as he shook my arm gently to arouse me.

“Harold,” he said, in a subdued tone, “I want you to see whether I am deceiving myself or not. Come to the prow of the boat and tell me what you can see from there.”

I rose slowly, and as I did so gave a glance at the Arab, who was lying quite still in the bottom of the boat, where Denviers had commanded him to rest some hours before. Then, following the direction in which my companion pointed, I looked far out across the waves. The storm had abated considerably in the hours during which I had slept, for the waters which stretched round us were becoming as still as the starlit sky above. Looking carefully ahead of us, I thought that in the distance I could discern the faint flicker of a flame, and accordingly pointed it out to Denviers.



"Then I am not mistaken," he exclaimed. "I have been watching it for some time, and as the waves have become less violent, it seemed to shine out; but I was afraid that after all I might be deluding myself by raising such a hope of assistance, for, as you know, our guide Hassan has been seeing land all day, which, unfortunately for us, only existed in his imagination."

"He is asleep," I responded; "we will watch this light together, and when we get near to it, then he can be awakened if necessary." We slowly drew closer and closer to the flame, and then we thought that we could discern before us the mast of a vessel, from which the light seemed to be hung out into the air. At last we were sufficiently near to clearly distinguish the mast, which was evidently rising from out of the sea, for the hull of the vessel was not apparent to us, even when we were cast close to it.

"A wreck!" cried Denviers, leaning over the prow of our boat. "We were not the only ones who suffered from the effects of the driving storm." Then pointing a little to the east of the mast, he continued:—

"There is land at last, for the tops of several trees are plainly to be seen." I looked eastward as he spoke, and then back again to the mast of the vessel.

"We have been seen by those clinging yonder," I exclaimed. "There is a man evidently signalling to us to save him." Denviers scanned the mast before us, and replied:—

"There is only one man clinging there, Harold. What a strange being he is—look!" Clinging to the rigging with one hand, a man, who was perfectly black and almost clothless, could be seen holding aloft towards us a blazing torch, the glare of which fell full upon his face.

"We must save him," said Denviers, "but I'm afraid there will be some difficulty in doing so. Wake Hassan as quickly as you can." I roused the Arab, and when he scanned the face and form of the apparently wrecked man he said, in a puzzled tone:—

"Sahibs, the man looks like a Papuan, but we are far too distant from their land for that to be so."

"The mast and ropes seem to me to be very much weather-beaten," I interposed, as the light showed them clearly. "Why, the wreck is an old one!"

"Jump!" cried Denviers, at that moment, to the man clinging to the rigging, just as the waters, with a swirl, sent us past the ship. The watcher flung his blazing torch into the waves, and the hiss of the brand was followed by a splash in the sea. The holder of it had dived from the rigging and directly after reappeared and clambered into our



"A STRANGE BEING."

boat, saved from death, as we thought—little knowing the fell purpose for which he had been stationed to hold out the flaring torch as a welcoming beacon to be seen afar by any vessel in distress. I glanced at the dangerous ring of coral reef round the island on which the ship had once struck, and then looked at the repulsive islander, who sat gazing at us with a savage leer. Although somewhat resembling a Papuan, as Hassan had said, we were soon destined to know what he really was, for the Arab, who had been glancing narrowly and suspiciously at the man, whispered to us cautiously:—



"Sahibs, trust not this islander. We must have reached the land where the Tamils dwell. They have a sinister reputation, which even your slave has heard. This savage is one of those who lure ships on to the coral reefs, and of whom dark stories are told. He is a black wrecker!"

## II.

WE managed by means of Hassan to communicate to the man who was with us in the boat that we were desperately in need of food, to which he made some unintelligible response. Hassan pressed the question upon him again, and then he volunteered to take our boat through the dangerous reefs which were distinguishable in the clear waters, and to conduct us to the shore of the island, which we saw was beautifully wooded. He managed the boat with considerable skill, and when at last we found ourselves upon land once again, we began to think that, perhaps, after all, the natives might be friendly disposed towards us.

Our new-found guide entered a slight crevice in the limestone rock, and came forth armed with a stout spear tipped, as we afterwards found, with a shark's tooth.

"I suppose we must trust to fortune," said Denviers, as we carefully followed the black in single file over a surface which seemed to be covered with a mass of holes.

"We must get food somehow," I responded. "It will be just as safe to follow this Tamil as to remain on the shore waiting for daybreak. No doubt, if we did so the news of our arrival would be taken to the tribe and an attack made upon us. Thank goodness, our pistols are in our belts after all, although our other weapons went with the rest of the things which we lost."

The ground

which we were traversing now began to assume more the appearance of a zigzag pathway, leading steeply downward, however, for we could see it as it twisted far below us, and apparently led into a plain. The Tamil who was leading the way seemed to purposely avoid any conversation with us, and Denviers catching up to him grasped him by the shoulder. The savage stopped suddenly and shortened his hold upon the spear, while his face glowed with all the fury of his fierce nature.

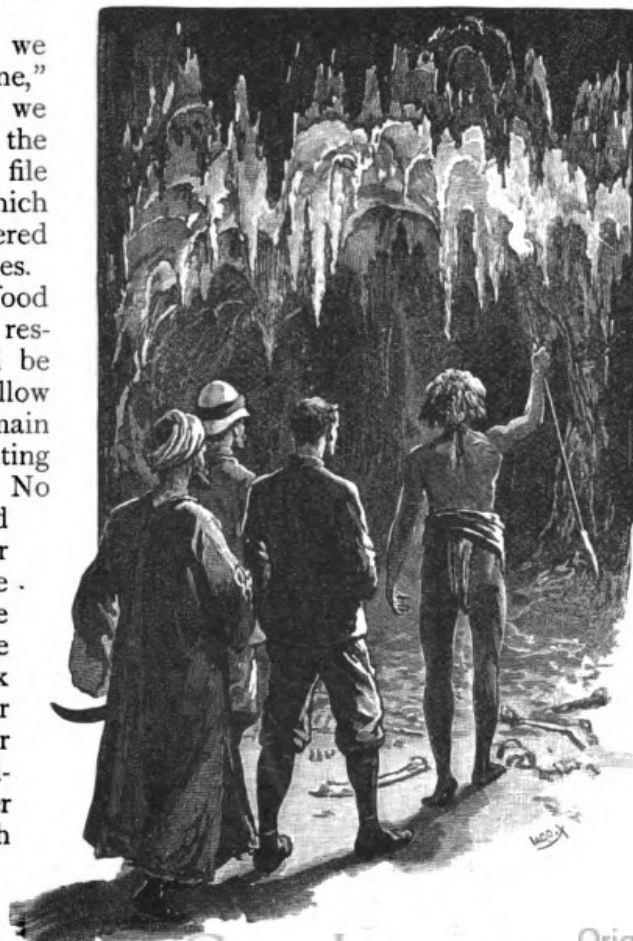
"Where does this path lead to?" Denviers asked, making a motion towards it to explain the information which he desired to obtain. Hassan hurried up and explained the words which were returned in a guttural tone:—

"To where the food for which ye asked may be obtained."

The path now began to widen out, and we found ourselves, on passing over the plain which we had seen from above, entering a vast grotto from the roof of which long crystal prisms hung, while here and there natural pillars of limestone seemed to give their support to the roof above. Our strange guide now fastened a torch of some

resinous material to the butt end of his spear and held it high above us as we slowly followed him, keeping close to each other so as to avoid being taken by surprise.

The floor of this grotto was strewn with the bones of some animal, and soon we discovered that we were entering the haunt of the Tamil tribe. From the far end of the grotto we heard the sound of voices, and as we approached saw the gleam of a wood fire lighting up the scene before us. Round this were gathered a number of the tribe to which the man belonged, their spears resting in their hands as though they were ever watchful and ready to make an attack. Uttering a peculiar bird-like cry, the savage thus apprised



"WE SLOWLY FOLLOWED HIM."

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the others of our approach, whereupon they hastily rose from the fire and spread out so that on our nearing them we were immediately surrounded.

"Hassan," said Denviers, "tell these grinning niggers that we mean to go no farther until they have provided us with food."

The Arab managed to make himself understood, for the savage who had led us into the snare pointed to one of the caverns which ran off from the main grotto, and said:—

"Sports of the ocean current, which brought ye into the way whence ye may see the Great Tamil, enter there and food shall be given to ye."

We entered the place pointed out with considerable misgivings, for we had not forgotten the plot of the Hindu fakir. We could see very little of its interior, which was only partly lighted by the torch which the Tamil still carried affixed to his spear. He left us there for a few minutes, during which we rested on the limestone floor, and, being unable to distinguish any part of the cavern around us, we watched the entry closely, fearing attack. The shadows of many spears were flung before us by the torch, and, concluding that we were being carefully guarded, we decided to await quietly the Tamil's return. The much-needed food was at length brought to us, and consisted of charred fragments of fish, in addition to some fruit, which served us instead of water, for none of the last was given to us. The savage contemptuously threw what he had brought at our feet, and then departed. Being anxious to escape, we ventured to approach again the entrance of the cavern, but found ourselves immediately confronted by a dozen blacks, who held their spears in a threatening manner as they glared fiercely at us, and uttered a warning exclamation.

"Back to the cave!" they cried, and thinking that it would be unwise for us to endeavour to fight our way through them till day dawned, we returned reluctantly, and threw ourselves down where we had rested before. After some time, the Tamil who evidently looked upon us as his own prisoners entered the cavern, and with a shrill laugh motioned to us to follow him. We rose, and re-entering the grotto, were led by the savage through it, until at last we stood confronting a being at whom we gazed in amazement for some few minutes.

Impassive and motionless, the one whom we faced rested upon a curiously carved

throne of state. One hand of the monarch held a spear, the butt end of which rested upon the ground, while the other hung rigidly to his side. But the glare which came from the torches which several of the Tamils had affixed to their spears revealed to us no view of the face of the one sitting there, for, over it, to prevent this, was a hideous mask, somewhat similar to that which exorcists wear in many Eastern countries. The nose was perfectly flat, from the sides of the head large ears protruded, huge tusks took the place of teeth, while the leering eyes were made of some reddish, glassy substance, the entire mask presenting a most repulsive appearance, being evidently intended to strike terror into those who beheld it. The strangest part of the scene was that one of the Tamils stood close by the side of the masked monarch, and seemed to act as interpreter, for the ruler never spoke, although the questions put by his subject soon convinced us that we were likely to have to fight our way out of the power of the savage horde.

"The Great Tamil would know why ye dared to land upon his sacred shores?" the fierce interpreter asked us. Denviers turned to Hassan, and said:—

"Tell the Great Tamil who hides his ugly face behind this mask that his treacherous subject brought us, and that we want to leave his shores as soon as we can." Hassan responded to the question, then the savage asked:—

"Will ye present your belts and weapons to the Great Tamil as a peace offering?" We looked at the savage in surprise for a moment, wondering if he shrewdly guessed that we had anything valuable concealed there. We soon conjectured rightly that this was only a ruse on his part to disarm us, and Hassan was instructed to say that we never gave away our weapons or belts to friends or foes.

"Then the Great Tamil orders that ye be imprisoned in the cavern from which ye have come into his presence until ye fulfil his command," said the one who was apparently employed as interpreter to the motionless ruler. We signified our readiness to return to the cave, for we thought that if attacked there we should have enemies only in front of us, whereas at that moment we were entirely surrounded. The fierce guards as they conducted us back endeavoured to incite us to an attack, for they several times viciously struck us with the butts of their spears, but, following Denviers' example, I managed to restrain my anger, waiting for a





"THE GREAT TAMIL."

good opportunity to amply repay them for the insult.

"What a strange ruler, Harold," said Denviers, as we found ourselves once more imprisoned within the cave.

"He made no attempt to speak," I responded; "at all events, I did not hear any words come from his lips. It looked like a piece of masquerading more than the interrogation of three prisoners. I wonder if there is any way of escaping out of this place other than by the entrance through which we came."

"We may as well try to find one," said Denviers, and accordingly we groped about the dim cave, running our hands over its roughened sides, but could discover no means of egress.

"We must take our chance, that is all," said my companion, when our efforts had proved unsuccessful. "I expect that they will make a strong attempt to disarm us, if nothing worse than that befalls us. These savages have a mania for getting possession of civilized weapons. One of our pistols

would be to them a great treasure."

"Did you notice the bones which strewed the cavern when we entered?" I interrupted, for a strange thought occurred to me.

"Hush! Harold,"

Denviers whispered, as we reclined on the hard granite flooring of the cave. "I don't think Hassan observed them, and there is no need to let him know what we infer from them until we cannot prevent it. There is no reason why we should hide from each other the fact that these savages are evidently cannibals, which is in my opinion the reason why they lure vessels upon the reefs here. I noticed that several of them wore bracelets round their arms and ankles, taken no doubt from their victims. I should think that in a storm like the one

which drove us hither, many vessels have drifted at times this way. We shall have to fight for our lives, that is pretty certain; I hope it will be in daylight, for as it is we should be impaled on their spears without having the satisfaction of first shooting a few of them."

"Sahibs," said Hassan, who had been resting at a little distance from us, "it will be best for us to seek repose in order to be fit for fighting, if necessary, when these savages demand our weapons."

"Well, Hassan," said Denviers, "you are better off than we are. True we have our pistols, but your sword has never left your side, and I dare say you will find plenty of use for it before long."

"If the Prophet so wills," said the Arab, "it will be at the service of the Englishmen. I rested for many hours on the boat before we reached this land, and will now keep watch lest any treachery be attempted by these Tamils." We knew that under the circumstances Hassan's keen sense of hearing would be more valuable than our own, and



after a slight protest agreed to leave him to his self-imposed task of watching while we slept. He moved close to the entrance of the cave, and we followed his example before seeking repose. Hassan made some further remark, to which I do not clearly remember responding, the next event recalled being that he awoke us from a sound sleep, saying:—

"Sahibs, the day has dawned, and the Tamils are evidently going to attack us." We rose to our feet and, assuring ourselves that our pistols were safe in our belts, we stood at the entrance of the cave and peered out. The Tamils were gathering round the spot, listening eagerly to the man who had first brought us into the grotto, and who was pointing at the cave in which we were and gesticulating wildly to his companions.

### III.

THE savage bounded towards us as we appeared in the entry, and, grinning fiercely, showed his white, protruding teeth.

"The Great Tamil commands his prisoners to appear before him again," he cried. "He would fain learn something of the land whence they came." We looked into each other's faces irresolute for a minute. If we advanced from the cave we might be at once surrounded and slain, yet we were unable to tell how many of the Tamils held the way between us and the path down which we had come when entering the grotto.

"Tell him that we are ready to follow him," said Denviers to Hassan; then turning to me he whispered: "Harold, watch your chance when we are before this motionless nigger whom they call the Great Tamil. If I can devise a scheme I will endeavour to find a way to surprise them, and then we must make a dash for liberty." The Tamils, however, made no attempt to touch us as we passed out before them and followed the messenger sent to summon us to appear again before their monarch. The grotto was still gloomy, for the light of day did not penetrate well into it. We could, however, see clearly enough, and the being before whom we were brought a second time seemed more repulsive than ever. We

noticed that the limbs of his subjects were tattooed with various designs as they stood round us and gazed in awe upon the silent form of their monarch.

"The Great Tamil would know whether ye have yet decided to give up your belts and weapons, that they may adorn his abode with the rest which he has accumulated," said the savage who stood by the monarch's spear, as he pointed to a part of the grotto where we saw a huge heap of what appeared to us to be the spoils of several wrecks. Our guide interpreted my companion's reply.

"We will not be disarmed," answered Denviers. "These are our weapons of defence; ye have your own spears, and they should be sufficient for your needs."

"Ye will not?" demanded the savage, fiercely.

"No!" responded Denviers, and he moved his right hand to the belt in which his pistols were.

"Seize them!" shrieked the impassioned savage; "they defy us. Drag them to the mortar and crush them into dust!" The words had scarcely passed his lips when Denviers rushed forward and snatched the



"DENVIER'S RUSHED FORWARD."



mask from the Tamil sitting there! The savages around, when they saw this, seemed for a moment unable to move; then they threw themselves wildly to the ground and grovelled before the face which was thus revealed. The motionless arm of the form made no attempt to move from the side where it hung to protect the mask from Denviers' touch, for the rigid features upon which we looked at that moment were those of the dead!

"Quick, Harold!" exclaimed Denviers, as he saw the momentary panic which his action had caused among the superstitious Tamils. "On to the entry!" We bounded over the guards as they lay prostrate, and a moment afterwards were rushing headlong towards the entrance of the grotto. Our escape was by no means fully secured, however, for as we emerged we found several Tamils prepared to bar our further advance.

Denviers dashed his fist full in the face of one of the yelling savages, and in a moment got possession of the spear which he had poised, while the whirl of Hassan's blade cleared our path. I heard the whirr of a spear as it narrowly missed my head and pierced the ground before me. Wrenching it out of the hard ground I followed Hassan and Denviers as they darted up the zigzag path. On we went, the savages hotly pursuing us, then those in the van stopped until the others from the cave joined them, when they all made a mad rush together after us. Owing to the path zigzagging as it did, we were happily protected in a great measure from the shower of spears which fell around us.

We had nearly reached the top of the path when, turning round, I saw that our pursuers were only a few yards away, for the savages seemed to leap rather than to run over the ground, and certainly would leave us no chance to reach our boat and push off from them. Denviers saw them too, and cried to me:—

"Quick, Harold, lend Hassan and me a hand!" I saw that they had made for a huge piece of granite which was poised on a hollow, cup-like base, and directly afterwards the three of us were behind it straining with all our force to push it forward. The foremost savage had all but reached us when, with one desperate and successful attempt, we sent the monster stone crashing down upon the black, yelling horde!

We stopped and looked down at the havoc which had been wrought among them; then we pressed on, for we knew that our advance

was likely to be only of short duration, and that those who were uninjured would dash over their fallen comrades and follow us in order to avenge them. Almost immediately after we reached the spot where our boat was moored we saw one of our pursuers appear, eagerly searching for our whereabouts. We hastily set the sail to the breeze, which was blowing from the shore, while the savage wildly urged the others, who had now reached him, to dash into the water and spear us.

Holding their weapons between their teeth, fully twenty of the blacks plunged into the sea and made a determined effort to reach us. They swam splendidly, keeping their fierce eyes fixed upon us as they drew nearer and nearer.

"Shall we shoot them?" I asked Denviers, as we saw that they were within a short distance of us.

"We don't want to kill any more of these black man-eaters," he said; "but we must make an example of one of them, I suppose, or they will certainly spear us."

I watched the savage who was nearest to us. He reached the boat, and, holding on by one of his black paws, raised himself a little, then gripped his spear in the middle and drew it back. Denviers pointed his pistol full at the savage and fired. He bounded completely out of the water, then fell back lifeless among his companions! The death of one of their number so suddenly seemed to disconcert the rest, and before they could make another attack we were standing well out to sea. We saw them swim back to the shore and line it in a dark, threatening mass, brandishing their useless spears, until at last the rising waters hid the island from our view.

"A sharp brush with the niggers, indeed!" said Denviers. "The worst of it is that unless we are picked up before long by some vessel we must make for some part of the island again, for we must have food at any cost."

We had not been at sea, however, more than two hours afterwards when Hassan suddenly cried:—

"Sahibs, a ship!"

Looking in the direction towards which he was turned we saw a vessel with all sails set. We started up, and before long our signals were seen, for a boat was lowered and we were taken on board.

"Well, Harold," said Denviers, as we lay stretched on the deck that night, talking over our adventure, "strange to say we are bound for the country we wished to reach, although



we certainly started for it in a very unexpected way."

"Did the sahibs fully observe the stone which was hurled upon the savages?" asked Hassan, who was near us.

Denviers turned to him as he replied:—

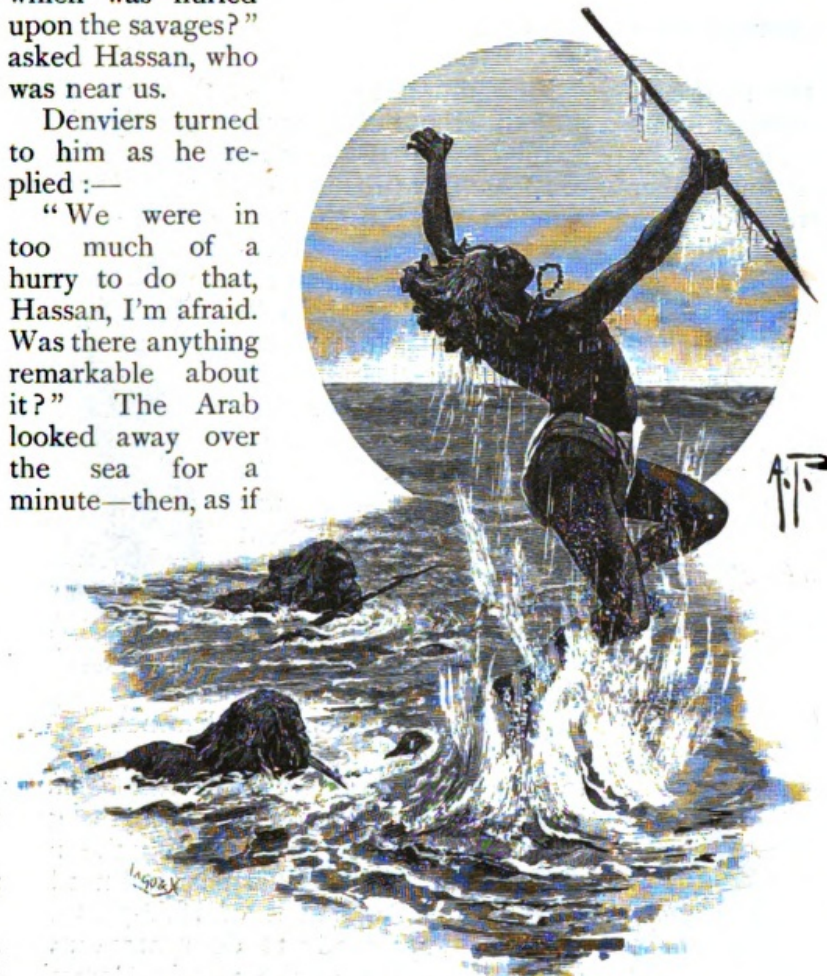
"We were in too much of a hurry to do that, Hassan, I'm afraid. Was there anything remarkable about it?" The Arab looked away over the sea for a minute—then, as if

strange the way in which he saved us. The huge stone which crushed the savages was the same with which they have destroyed their victims in the hollowed-out mortar in which it stood! I have once before seen such a stone, and the death to which they condemned us drew my attention to it as we pushed it down upon them."

"Then," said Denviers, "their strange monarch was not disappointed after all in his sentence being carried out—only it affected his own subjects."

"That," said Hassan, "is not an infrequent occurrence in the East; but so long as the proper number perishes, surely it matters little who complete it fully."

"A very pleasant view of the case, Hassan," said Denviers; "only we who live Westward will, I hope, be in no particular hurry to adopt such a custom; but go and see if you can find out where our berths are, for we want to turn in." The Arab obeyed, and returned in a few minutes, saying that



"HE BOUNDED COMPLETELY OUT OF THE WATER."

talking to himself, he answered: "Great is Allah and his servant Mahomet, and

he, the unworthy latchet of our shoes, had discovered them.



## *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

### II.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)



LOOKING round the House of Commons now gathered for its second Session, one is struck by the havoc death and other circumstances have made with the assembly that filled the same chamber twenty years ago, when I first looked on from behind the Speaker's Chair. Parliament, like the heathen goddess, devours its own children. But the rapidity with which the process is completed turns out on minute inquiry to be a little startling. Of the six hundred and seventy members who form the present House of Commons, how many does the Speaker suppose sat with him in the Session of 1873?

Mr. Peel himself was then in the very prime of life, had already been eight years member for Warwick, and by favour of his father's old friend and once young disciple, held the office of Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. Members, if they paid any attention to the unobtrusive personality seated at the remote end of the Treasury Bench, never thought the day would come when the member for Warwick would step into the Chair and rapidly establish a reputation as the best Speaker of modern times.

I have a recollection of seeing Mr. Peel stand at the table answering a question connected with his department; but I noticed him only because he was the youngest son of the great Sir Robert Peel, and was a striking contrast to his brother Robert, a flamboyant personage who at that time filled considerable space below the gangway.



THE SPEAKER.



SIR ROBERT PEEL.

In addition to Mr. Peel there are in the present House of Commons exactly fifty-one members who sat in Parliament in the Session of 1873—fifty-two out of six hundred and fifty-eight as the House of that day was numbered. Tick-ing them off in alphabetical order, the first of the Old Guard, still hale and enjoying the respect and esteem of members on both sides of the House, is Sir Walter Barttelot. As Colonel Barttelot he was known to the Parliament of 1873. But since then, to quote a phrase he has emphatically reiterated in the ears of many Parliaments, he has "gone one step farther," and become a baronet.



SIR W. BARTELLOT.

This tendency to forward movement seems to have been hereditary; Sir Walter's father, long honourably known as Smyth, going "one step farther" and assuming the name of Barttelot. Colonel Barttelot did not loom large in the Parliament of 1868-74, though he was always ready to do sentry duty on nights when the House was in Committee on the Army Estimates. It was the Parliament of 1874-80, when the air was full of rumours of war, when Russia and Turkey clutched each other by the throat at Plevna, and when the House of Commons, meeting for ordinary business, was one night startled by news that the Russian Army was at the gates of Constantinople—it was then Colonel Barttelot's military experience (chiefly gained in discharge of his duties as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Battalion Sussex Rifle Volunteers) was lavishly placed at the disposal of the House and the country.

When Disraeli was going out of office he made the Colonel a baronet, a distinction the more honourable to both since Colonel Barttelot, though a loyal Conservative, was never a party hack.

Sir Michael Beach sat for East Gloucestershire



in 1873, and had not climbed higher up the Ministerial ladder than the Under Secretaryship of the Home Department. Another Beach, then as now in the House, was the member for North Hants. William Wither Bramston Beach is his full style. Mr. Beach has been in Parliament thirty-six years, having through that period uninterruptedly represented his native county, Hampshire. That is a distinction he shares with few members to-day, and to it is added the privilege of being personally the obscurest man in the Commons. I do not suppose there are a hundred men in the House to-day who at a full muster could point out the member for Andover. A close attendance upon Parliament through twenty years necessarily gives me a pretty intimate knowledge of members. But I not only do not know Mr. Beach by sight, but never heard of his existence till, attracted by the study of relics of the Parliament elected in 1868, I went through the list.



MR. W. W. B. BEACH.

Another old member still with us is Mr. Michael Biddulph, a partner in that highly-respectable firm, Cocks, Biddulph, and Co. Twenty years ago Mr. Biddulph sat as member for his native county of Hereford, ranked as a Liberal and a reformer, and voted for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and other measures forming part of Mr. Gladstone's policy. But political events with him, as with some others, have moved too rapidly, and now he, sitting as member for the Ross Division of the county, votes with the Conservatives.



MR. A. H. BROWN.

Mr. Jacob Bright is still left to us, representing a division of the city for which he was first elected in November, 1867. Mr. A. H. Brown represents to-day a Shropshire borough, as he did

twenty years ago. I do not think he looks a day older than when he sat for Wenlock in 1873. But though then only twenty-nine, as the almanack reckons, he was a middle-aged young man with whom it was always difficult to connect associations of a cornetcy in the 5th Dragoon Guards, a post of danger which family tradition persistently assigns to him.

Twenty years ago the House was still struggling with the necessity of recognising a Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. In 1868, one Mr. Henry Campbell had been elected member for the Stirling



MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Districts. Four years later, for reasons, it is understood, not unconnected with a legacy, he added the name of Bannerman to his patronymic. At that time, and till the dissolution, he sat on the Treasury Bench as Financial Secretary to the War Office.

Mr. Henry Chaplin is another member, happily still left to us, who has, over a long space of years, represented his native county. It was as member for Mid-Lincolnshire he entered the House of Commons at the memorable general election of 1868, the fate of the large majority of his colleagues impressing upon him at the epoch a deeply rooted dislike of Mr. Gladstone and all his works.



MR. HENRY CHAPLIN.

Mr. Jeremiah James Colman, still member for Norwich, has sat for that borough since February, 1871, and has preserved, unto this last, the sturdy Liberalism imbued with which he embarked on political life. When he entered the House he made the solemn record that J. J. C. "does not consider the recent Reform Bill as the end at which we should rest." The Liberal Party has marched far since then, and the great Norwich manufacturer has always mustered in the van.



In the Session of 1873, Sir Charles Dilke had but lately crossed the threshold of manhood, bearing his days before him, and possibly viewing the brilliant career through



SIR CHARLES DILKE.

which for a time he strongly strode. Just thirty, married a year, home from his trip round the world, with Greater Britain still running through successive editions, the young member for Chel-

sea had the ball at his feet. He had lately kicked it with audacious eccentricity. Two years earlier he had made his speech in Committee of Supply on the Civil List. If such an address were delivered in the coming Session it would barely attract notice any more than does a journey to America in one of the White Star Liners. It was different in the case of Columbus, and in degree Sir Charles Dilke was the Columbus of attack on the extravagance in connection with the Court.

What he said then is said now every Session, with sharper point, and even more uncompromising directness, by Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Storey, and others. It was new to the House of Commons twenty-two years ago, and when Mr. Auberon Herbert (to-day a sedate gentleman, who writes good Tory letters to the *Times*) seconded the motion in a speech of almost hysterical vehemence, there followed a scene that stands memorable even in the long series that succeeded it in the following Parliament. Mr. James Lowther was profoundly moved; whilst as for Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, his feelings of loyalty to the Throne were so overwrought that, as was recorded at the time, he went out behind the Speaker's chair, and crowed thrice. Amid the uproar, someone, anticipating the action of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar on another historic occasion, "spied strangers." The galleries were cleared, and for an hour there raged throughout the

House a wild scene. When the doors were opened and the public readmitted, the Committee was found placidly agreeing to the vote Sir Charles Dilke had challenged.

Mr. George Dixon is one of the members for Birmingham, as he was twenty years ago, but he wears his party rue with a difference. In 1873 he caused himself to be entered in "Dod" as "an advanced Liberal, opposed to the ratepaying clause of the Reform Act, and in favour of an amendment of those laws which tend to accumulate landed property." Now Mr. Dixon has joined "the gentlemen of England," whose tendency to accumulate landed property shocks him no more.



MR. GEORGE DIXON.

Sir William Dyke was plain Hart Dyke in '73; then, as now, one of the members for Kent, and not yet whip of the Liberal Party, much less Minister of Education. Mr. G. H. Finch also then,



SIR W. HART DYKE.

as now, was member for Rutland, running Mr. Beach close for the prize of modest obscurity.

In the Session of 1873 Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, sixty-four years of age, and wearied to death. I well remember him seated on the Treasury Bench in those days, with eager face and restless body. Sometimes, as morning broke on the long, turbulent sitting, he let his head fall back on the bench, closing his eyes and seeming to sleep; the worn face the while taking on ten years of added age. In the last two Sessions of the Salisbury Parliament he often looked younger than he had done eighteen or nineteen years earlier. Then, as has happened to him since, his enemies were those of his own household. This Session—of 1873—saw the birth of the Irish University Bill, which broke the power of the strongest Ministry that had ruled in England since the Reform Bill.



Mr. Gladstone introduced the Bill himself, and though it was singularly intricate, he within the space of three hours not only made it clear from preamble to schedule, but had talked over a predeterminedly hostile House into believing it would do well to accept it. Mr. Horsman, not an emotional person, went home after listening to the speech, and wrote a glowing letter to the *Times*, in which he hailed Mr. Gladstone and the Irish University Bill as the most notable of the recent dispensations of a beneficent Providence. Later, when the Tea-room teemed with cabal, and revolt rapidly spread through the Liberal host, presaging the defeat of the Government, Mr. Horsman, in his most solemn manner, explained

away this letter to a crowded and hilarious House. The only difference between him and seven-eighths of Mr. Gladstone's audience was that he had committed the indiscretion of putting pen to paper whilst he was yet under the spell of the orator, the others going home to bed to think it over.

On the eve of a new departure, once more Premier, idol of the populace, and captain of a majority in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone's thoughts may peradventure turn to those weary days twenty years dead. He would not forget one Wednesday afternoon when the University Education Bill was in Committee, and Mr. Charles Miall was speaking from the middle of the third bench below the gangway. The Nonconformist conscience then, as now, was a ticklish thing. It had been pricked by too generous provision made for an alien Church, and Mr. Miall was solemnly, and with indubitable honest regret, explaining how it would be impossible for him to support the Government. Mr. Gladstone listened with lowering brow and face growing ashy pale with anger. When plain, commonplace Mr. Miall resumed his seat, Mr. Gladstone leaped to his feet with torpedic action and energy. With voice stinging with angry scorn, and with magnificent gesture of the hand, designed for the cluster of malcontents below the gangway, he besought the honourable gentleman "in Heaven's name" to take his support elsewhere. The injunction was obeyed. The Bill was thrown

out by a majority of three, and though, Mr. Disraeli wisely declining to take office, Mr. Gladstone remained on the Treasury Bench, his power was shattered, and he and the Liberal party went out into the wilderness to tarry there for six long years.

To this catastrophe gentlemen at that time respectively known as Mr. Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Henry James appreciably contributed. They worried Mr. Gladstone into dividing between them the law offices of the Crown. But this turn of affairs came too late to be of advantage to the nation. The only reminders of that episode in their political career are the title of knighthood and a six months' salary earned in the recess preceding the general election of 1874.

Mr. Disraeli's keen sight recognised the game being played on the Front Bench below the gangway, where the two then inseparable friends sat shoulder to shoulder. "I do not know," he slyly said, one night when the Ministerial crisis was impending, "whether the House is yet to regard the observations of the hon. member for Oxford (Vernon Harcourt) as carrying the authority of a Solicitor-General!"

Of members holding official or ex-official positions who will gather in the House of Commons this month, and who were in Parliament in 1873, are Mr. Goschen, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and Liberal member for the City of London; Lord George Hamilton,

member for Middlesex, and not yet a Minister; Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, member for Reading, and Secretary to the Admiralty; Mr. J. Lowther, not yet advanced beyond the Secretaryship of the Poor Law Board, and that held only for a few months pending the Tory rout in 1868; Mr. Henry Matthews,



MR. GLADSTONE.



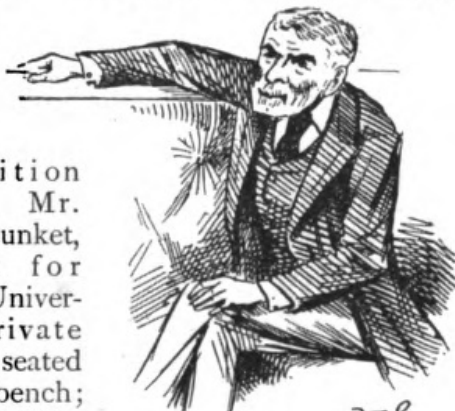


then sitting as Liberal member for Dungarvan, proud of having voted for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869; Mr. Osborne Morgan, not yet on the Treasury Bench; Mr. Mundella, inseparable from Sheffield, then sitting below the gangway, serving a useful apprenticeship for the high office to which he has since been called; George Otto Trevelyan, now Sir George, then his highest title to fame being the

Competition Wallah; Mr. David Plunket, member for Dublin University, a private member seated on a back bench; Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, just

married, interested in the "First Principles of Modern Chemistry"; and Mr. Stansfeld, President of the Local Government Board, the still rising hope of the Radical party.

Members of the Parliament of 1868 in the House to-day, seated on back benches above or below the gangway, are Colonel Gourley, inconsolable at the expenditure on Royal yachts; Mr. Hanbury, as youthful-looking as his contemporary, ex-Cornet Brown, is aged; Mr. Staveley Hill, who is reported to possess an appreciable area of the American Continent; Mr. Illingworth, who approaches the term of a quarter of a century's unobtrusive but useful Parliamentary service; Mr. Johnston, still of Ballykilbeg, but no longer a Liberal, as he ranked twenty years ago; Sir John Kennaway, still towering over his leaders from a back bench above the gangway; Sir Wilfrid Lawson, increasingly wise, and not less gay than of yore; Mr. Lea, who has gone over to the



SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN.



SIR W. LAWSON.

enemy he faced in 1873; Sir John Lubbock, who, though no sluggard, still from time to time goes to the ants; Mr. Peter M'Lagan, who has succeeded Sir Charles Forster as Chairman of the Committee on Petitions; Sir John Mowbray, still, as in 1873, "in favour of sober, rational, safe, and temperate progress," and meanwhile voting against all Liberal measures; Sir Richard Paget, model of the old-fashioned Parliament man; Sir John Pender, who, after long exile, has returned to the Wick Burghs;



SIR J. MOWBRAY.

Mr. T. B. Potter, still member for Rochdale, as he has been these twenty-seven years; Mr. F. S. Powell, now Sir Francis; Mr. William Rathbone, still, as in times of yore, "a decided Liberal"; Sir Matthew White Ridley, not yet Speaker; Sir Bernard Samuelson, back again to Banbury Cross; Mr. J. C. Stevenson, all these years member for South Shields; Mr. C. P. Villiers, grown out of Liberalism into the Fatherhood of the House; Mr. Hussey Vivian, now Sir Hussey; Mr. Whitbread, supremely sententious, courageously commonplace; and Colonel

Saunderson. But here there seems a mistake. There was an Edward James Saunderson in the Session of 1873 as there is one in the Session of 1893. But Edward James of twenty years ago sat for Cavan, ranked as a Liberal, and voted with Mr. Gladstone, which the Colonel Saunderson of to-day certainly does not. Yet, oddly enough, both date their election addresses from Castle Saunderson, Belturbet, Co. Cavan.



COLONEL SAUNDERSON.





TRANSLATED FROM A TURKISH STORY.



I WAS sold in Circassia when I was only six years old. My uncle, Hamdi-bey, who had inherited nothing from his dying brother but two children, soon got rid of us both. My brother Ali was handed over to some dervishes at the Mosque of Yéni-Chéir, and I was sent to Constantinople.

The slave-dealer to whom I was taken was a woman who knew nothing of our language, so that I was obliged to learn Turkish in order to understand my new mistress. Numbers of customers came to her, and every day one or other of my companion slaves went away with their new owners.

Alas! my lot seemed terrible to me. I was nothing but a slave, and as such I had to humble myself to the dust in the presence of my mistress, who brought us up to be able to listen with the most immovable expression on our faces, and with smiles on our lips, to all the good qualities or faults that her customers found in us.

The first time that I was taken to the *séamlık* (reception-room) I was ten years old. I was considered very pretty, and my mistress had bought me a costume of pink cotton, covered with a floral design; she had had my nails tinted and my hair plaited, and expected to get a very good price for me. I had been taught to dance, to curtsy humbly to the men and to kiss the ladies' *feradje* (cloaks), to hand the coffee (whilst kneeling)

to the visitors, or stand by the door with my arms folded ready to answer the first summons. These were certainly not very great accomplishments, but for a child of my age they were considered enough, especially as, added to all that, I had a very white skin, a slender, graceful figure, black eyes and beautiful teeth.

I felt very much agitated on finding myself amongst all the other slaves who were waiting for purchasers. Most of them were poor girls who had been brought there to be exchanged. They had been sent away from one harem, and would probably have to go to some other. My heart was filled with a vague kind of dread of I knew not what, when suddenly my eyes rested on three hideous negroes, who had come there to buy some slaves for the harem of their Pasha. They were all three leaning back on the sofa discussing the merits and defects of the various girls standing around them.

"Her eyes are too near together," said one of them.

"That one looks ill."

"This tall one is so round-backed."

I shivered on hearing these remarks, whilst the poor girls themselves blushed with shame or turned livid with anger.

"Come here, Féliknaz," called out my mistress, for I was hiding behind my companions. I went forward with lowered eyes, but my heart was beating wildly with indignation and fear. As soon as the negroes caught sight of me they said something in





"THREE HIDEOUS NEGROES."

Arabic and laughed, and this was not lost on my mistress.

"Where does this one come from?" asked one of them, after examining me attentively.

"She is a Circassian. She has cost me a lot of money, for I bought her four years ago and have been bringing her up carefully. She is very intelligent and will be very pretty. *Bir elmay* (quite a diamond)," she added, in a whisper. "Féliknaz, dance for us, and show us how graceful you can be."

I drew back, blushing, and murmured, "There is no music for me to dance to."

"That doesn't matter at all. I'll sing something for you. Come, commence at once!"

I bowed silently and went back to the end of the room, and then came forward again dancing, bowing to the right and left on my way, whilst my mistress beat time on an old drum and sang the air of the *yassédi* dance in a hoarse voice. In spite of my pride and my terror, my dancing appeared to please these men.

"We will certainly buy Féliknaz," said one of them; "how much will you take for her?"

"Twelve Késatchiés\*! not a fraction less."

The negro drew a large purse out of his pocket and counted the money over to my mistress. As soon as she had received it she turned to me and said:—

"You ought to be thankful, Féliknaz, for you are a lucky girl. Here you are, the first time you have been shown, bought for the wealthy Saïd Pasha, and you are to wait upon a charming Hanoum of your own age. Mind and be obedient, Féliknaz; it is the only thing for a slave."

I bent to kiss my mistress's hand, but she raised my face and kissed my forehead. This caress was too much for me at such a moment, and my eyes filled with tears. An intense craving for affection is always felt by all who are desolate. Orphans

and slaves especially know this to their cost.

The negroes laughed at my sensitiveness, and pushed me towards the door, one of them saying, "You've got a soft heart and a face of marble, but you will change as you get older."

I did not attempt to reply, but just walked along in silence. It would be impossible to give an idea of the anguish I felt when walking through the Stamboul streets, my hand held by one of these men. I wondered what kind of a harem I was going to be put into. "Oh, Allah!" I cried, and I lifted my eyes towards Him, and He surely heard my unuttered prayer, for is not Allah the protector of all who are wretched and forlorn?

## II.

THE old slave-woman had told me the truth. My new mistress, Adilé-Hanoum, was good and kind, and to this day my heart is filled with gratitude when I think of her.

Allah had certainly cared for me. So

\*One Késatchié is about 24 francs.



many of my companion-slaves had, at ten years old, been obliged to go and live in some poor Mussulman's house to do the rough work and look after the children. They had to live in unhealthy parts of the town, and for them the hardships of poverty were added to the miseries of slavery, whilst I had a most luxurious life, and was petted and cared for by Adilé-Hanoum.

I had only one trouble in my new home, and that was the cruelty and the fear I felt of my little mistress's brother, Mourad-bey. It seemed as though, for some inexplicable reason, he hated me; and he took every opportunity of teasing me, and was only satisfied when I took refuge at his sister's feet and burst into tears.

In spite of all this I liked Mourad-bey. He was six years older than I, and was so strong and handsome that I could not help forgiving him; and, indeed, I just worshipped him.

When Adilé-Hanoum was fourteen her parents engaged her to a young Bey who lived at Salonica, and whom she would not see until the eve of her marriage. This Turkish custom of marrying a perfect stranger seemed to me terrible, and I spoke of it to my young mistress.

She replied in a resigned tone: "Why should we trouble ourselves about a future which Allah has arranged? Each star is safe in the firmament, no matter in what place it is."

One evening I was walking up and down on the closed balcony outside the *haremlik*. I was feeling very sad and lonely, when sud-



"MY MISTRESS BEAT TIME."

denly I heard steps behind me, and by the beating of my heart I knew that it was Mourad-bey.

"Féliknaz," he said, seizing me by the arm, "what are you doing here, all alone?"

"I was thinking of my country, Bey-Effendi. In our Circassia all men are equal, just like the ears of corn in a field."

"Look up at me again like that, Féliknaz; your eyes are gloomy and troubled, like the Bosphorus on a stormy day."

"It is because my heart is like that," I said, sadly.

"Do you know that I am going to be married?"

he asked, after a moment's silence.

I did not reply, but kept my eyes fixed on the ground.

"You are thinking how unhappy I shall make my wife," he continued; "how she will suffer from my bad treatment."

"Oh! no," I exclaimed. "I do not think she will be unhappy. You will, of course, love *her*, and that is different.

You are unkind to *me*, but then that is not the same."

"You think I do not love *you*," said the Bey, taking my hands and pressing them so that it seemed as though he would crush them in his grasp. "You are mistaken, Féliknaz. I love you madly, passionately; I love you so much that I would rather see you dead here at my feet than that you should ever belong to any other than to me!"

"Why have you been so unkind to me always, then?" I murmured, half-closing my eyes, for he was gazing at me with such an intense expression on his dark, handsome face that I felt I dare not look up at him again.



"Because when I have seen you suffering through me it has hurt me too ; and yet it has been a joy to me to know you were thinking of me and to suffer with you, for whenever I have made you unhappy, little one, I have been still more so myself. Your smiles and your gentleness have tamed me though, at last ; and now you shall be mine, not as Féliknaz the slave, but as Féliknaz-Hanoum, for I respect you, my darling, as much as I love you !"

Mourad-bey then took me in his arms and kissed my face and neck, and then he went back to his rooms, leaving me there leaning on the balcony and trembling all over.

Allah had surely cared for me, for I had never even dared to dream of such happiness as this.

### III.

AND so I became *Hanoum*. My dear Adilé was my sister, and though after years of habit I was always throwing myself down at her feet, she would make me get up and sit at her side, either on the divan or in the carriage. Mourad's love for me had put aside the barrier which had separated us. There was, however, now a terrible one between my slaves and myself. Most of them were poor girls from my own country and of my own rank. Until now we had been companions and friends, but I felt that they detested me at present as much as they used to love me, and I was afraid of their hatred. They had all of them undoubtedly hoped to find favour in the eyes of their young master, and now that I was raised to so high a position their hatred was terrible. I did my utmost : I obtained all kinds of favours for them ; but all to no purpose, for they were unjust and unreasonable.

My great refuge and consolation was Mourad's love for me—he was now just as gentle and considerate as he had been

tyrannical and overbearing. My sister-in-law was married on the same day that I was, and went away to Salonica, and so I lost my dearest friend.

### IV.

MOURAD loved me, I think, more and more, and when a little son was born to us it seemed as though my cup of happiness was full. I had only one trouble : the knowledge



"SLAVES."

of the hatred of my slaves ; and after the birth of my little boy, that increased, for in the East, the only bond which makes a marriage indissoluble is the birth of a child.

When our little son was a few months old Mourad went to spend a week with his father, who was then living at Béicos. I did not mind staying alone for a few days, as all my time was taken up with my baby-boy. I



took entire charge of him, and would not trust anyone else to watch over him at all.

One night, when eleven o'clock struck, everything was silent in the harem; evidently everyone was asleep.

Suddenly the door of my room was pushed open, and I saw the face of one of my slaves. She was very pale, and said in a defiant tone, "Fire, fire! The *conak* (house) is on fire!" Then she laughed, a terrible, wild laugh it was too, and she locked my door and rushed away. Fire! Why, that meant ruin and death!

I had jumped up immediately, and now rushed to the window. There was a red glow in the sky over our house and I heard the crackling of wood and saw terrible smoke. Nearly wild with fright I took my child in my arms, snatched up my case of jewels, and wrapping myself up in a long white *simare*, I hurried to the door. Alas! it was too true; the girl had indeed locked it! The window, with lattice-work outside, looked on to a paved courtyard, and my room was on the second floor of the house. I heard the cry of "*Yanghen var!*" (fire, fire) being repeated like an echo to my misery.

"Oh, Allah!" I cried, "my child, my child!" A shiver ran through me at the horrible idea of being burned alive and not being able to save him.

I called out from the window, but all in vain. The noisy crowd on the other side of the house, and the crackling of the wood, drowned the sound of my voice.

I did my utmost to keep calm, and I walked again to the door and shook it with all my strength; then I went and looked

out of the window, but that only offered us a speedy and certain death. I could now hear the sound of the beams giving way overhead. Had I been alone I should undoubtedly have fainted, but I had my child, and so I was obliged to be brave.

Suddenly an idea came to me. There was a little closet leading out of my room, in which we kept extra covers and mattresses for the beds. There was a small window in this closet looking on to the roof of the stables. This was my only hope or chance. I fastened my child firmly to me with a wide silk scarf, and then I got out of the window and

dropped on to the roof of the stable, which was about two yards below. Everything around me was covered with smoke, but fortunately there were gusts of wind, which drove it away, enabling me to see what I was doing. From the roof to the ground I had to let myself down, and then jump. I sprained my wrist and hurt my head terribly in falling, but my child was safe. I rushed across the courtyard and out to the

opposite side of the road, and had only just time to sit down behind a low wall away from the crowd, when I fainted away.

#### V.

WHEN I came to myself again, nothing remained of our home but a smoking ruin, upon which the *touloumbad jis* were still throwing water. The neighbours and a crowd of other people were watching the fire finish its work. Not very far away from me, among the spectators, I recognised Mourad-bey, standing in the midst of a little group of friends.

His face was perfectly livid, and his eyes were wild with grief. I saw him pick up a burning splinter from the wreck of his home, where he believed all that he loved had perished. He offered it to his friend, who was lighting his cigarette, and said, bitterly, "This is the only hospitality I have now to offer!"



"I GOT OUT OF THE WINDOW."



The tone of his voice startled me—it was full of utter despair, and I saw that his lips quivered as he spoke.

I could not bear to see him suffer like that another second.

"Bey Effendi!" I cried, "your son is saved!"

He turned round, but I was covered with my torn *simare*, which was all stained with mud; the light did not fall on me, and he did not recognise me at all. My voice, too, must have sounded strange, for after all the emotion and torture I had gone through, and then my long fainting-fit, I could scarcely articulate a sound. He saw the baby which I was holding up, and stepped forward.

"What is he to me," he said, "without my Féliknaz?"

"Mourad!" I exclaimed, "I am here, too! He darted to me, and took me in his arms; then, with his eyes full of tears, he looked at me tenderly and, kissed me over and over again.

"Effendis," he cried, turning at last to his friends, and with a joyous ring in his voice, "I thought I was ruined, but Allah has given me back my dearest treasure. Do not pity me any more, I am perfectly happy!"

We lost a great deal of our wealth by that fire. Our slaves had escaped, taking with them all our most valuable things.



"HE SAW THE BABY."

Mourad is quite certain that the women had set fire to the house from jealousy, but instead of regretting our former wealth, he does all in his power to make up for it by increased attention and care for me, and his only trouble is to see me waiting upon him.

But whenever he says anything about that I throw my arms around his neck and whisper, "Have you forgotten, Mourad, my husband, that your Féliknaz is your slave?"



## The Queer Side of Things.

# The Story of the King's Idea



and heirs to baronetcies for devils.  
"Has he, indeed? Splendid!" cried the

ONE day the Lord Chamberlain rushed into the throne-room of the palace, panting with excitement. The aristocracy assembled there crowded round him with intense interest.

"The King has just got a new Idea!" he gasped, with eyes round with admiration. "Such a magnificent Idea—!"

"It is indeed! Marvellous!" said the aristocracy. "By Jove—really the most brilliant Idea we ever—!"

"But you haven't heard the Idea yet," said the Lord Chamberlain. "It's this," and he proceeded to tell them the Idea. They were stricken dumb with reverential admiration; it was some time before they could even coo little murmurs of inarticulate wonder.

"The King has just got a new Idea," cried the Royal footman (who was also reporter to the Press), bursting into the office of *The Courtier*, the leading aristocratic paper, with ears for compositors,

editor. "Here, Jones"—(the Duke of Jones, chief leader-writer)—"just let me have three columns in praise of the King's Idea. Enlarge upon the glorious results it will bring about in the direction of national glory, imperial unity, commercial prosperity, individual liberty and morality, domestic——"

"But hadn't I better tell you the Idea?" said the reporter.

"Well, you might do that perhaps," said the editor.

Then the footman went off to the office of the *Immovable*—the leading paper of the Hangback party, and cried, "The King has got a new Idea!"

"Ha!" said the editor. "Mr. Smith, will you kindly do me a column in support of His Majesty's new Idea?"

"Hum! Well, you see," put in Mr. Smith, the eminent journalist. "How about the new contingent of readers you said you were anxious to net—the readers who are not altogether satisfied with the recent attitude of His Majesty?"

"Oh! ah! I quite forgot," said the editor. "Look here, then,

just do me an enigmatical and oracular article that can be read either way."

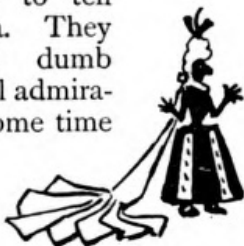
"Right," replied the eminent journalist.

"By the way, I didn't tell you the Idea," suggested the footman.

"Oh! that doesn't matter; but there, you can, if you like," said the editor.

After that the footman sold the news of the Idea to an ordinary reporter, who dealt with the *Rush* ahead

and the revolutionary papers; and the reporter rushed





into the office of the *Whirler*, the leading Rushahead paper.

"King! New Idea!" said the editor of the *Whirler*. "Here, do me five columns of amiable satire upon the King's Idea; keep up the tone of loyalty—tolerant loyalty—of course; and try to keep hold of those readers the *Immovable* is fishing for, of course."

"Very good," said Brown.

"Shall I tell you the Idea?" asked the reporter.

"Ah! yes; if you want to," replied the editor.

Then the reporter rushed off to the *Shouter*, the leading revolutionary journal.

"Here!—hi!—Cruncher!" shouted the editor; "King's got a new Idea. Do me a whole number full of scathing satire,

bitter recrimination, vague menace, and so on, about the King's Idea. Dwell on the selfishness and class-invidiousness of the Idea—on the resultant injury to the working classes and the poor; show how it is another deliberate blow to the writhing son of toil—you know."

"I know," said Redwrag, the eminent Trafalgar Square journalist.

"Wouldn't you like to hear what the Idea is?" asked the reporter.

"No, I should NOT!" thundered the editor. "Don't defile my ears with particulars!"

The moment the public heard how the King had got a new Idea, they rushed to their newspapers to ascertain what judgment they ought to form upon it; and, as the newspaper writers had carefully thought out what sort of judgment their public would like to form upon it, the leading articles exactly reflected the views



which that public feebly and half-consciously held, but would have feared to express without support; and everything was prejudiced and satisfactory.

Well, on the whole, the public verdict was decidedly in favour of the King's Idea, which enabled the newspapers gradually to work up a fervent enthusiasm in their columns; until at length it had become the very finest Idea ever evolved. After a time it was suggested that a day should be fixed for public rejoicings in celebration of the King's Idea; and the scheme grew until it was decided in the Lords and Commons that the King should proceed in state to the cathedral on the day of rejoicing, and be crowned as Emperor in honour of the Idea. There was only one little bit of dissent in the Lower House; and that was when Mr. Corderoy, M.P. for the Rattenwell Division of Strikeston, moved, as an amendment, that Bill Firebrand, dismissed by his employer for blowing up his factory, should be allowed

a civil service pension.

So the important day came, and everybody took a holiday except the pickpockets and the police; and the King was crowned Emperor in the cathedral, with a grand choral service; and the Laureate wrote a



fine poem calling upon the universe to admire the Idea, and describing the King as the greatest and most virtuous King ever invented. It was

a very fine poem, beginning:—

Notion that roars and rolls, lapping  
the stars with its hem;

Bursting the bands of Space, dwarfing eternal Aye.

It became tacitly admitted that the King was the very greatest King in the world; and he was made an honorary fellow of the Society of Wiseacres and D.C.L. of the universities.

But one day it leaked out that the Idea was *not* the King's but the Prime Minister's. It would not have been known but for the Prime Minister having taken offence at the refusal of the King to appoint a Socialist agitator to the vacant post of Lord Chamber-





lain. You see, it was this way—the Prime Minister was very anxious to get in his right-hand man for the eastern division of Grumbury, N. Now, the Revolutionaries were very strong in the eastern division of Grumbury, and, by winning the favour of the agitator, the votes of the Revolutionaries would be secured. So, when the King refused to appoint the agitator, the Prime Minister,



out of nastiness, let out that the Idea had really been his, and it had been he who had suggested it to the King.

There were great difficulties now; for the honours which had been conferred on the King because of his Idea could not be cancelled; the title of Emperor could not be taken away again, nor the great poem unwritten. The latter step, especially, was not to be thought of; for a leading firm of publishers were just about to issue an *édition de luxe* of the poem with sumptuous illustrations, engraved on diamond, from the pencil of an eminent R.A. who had become a classic and forgotten how to draw. (His name, however, could still draw: so he left the matter to that.)

Well, everybody, except a few newspapers, said nothing about the King's part in the affair; but the warmest eulogies were passed on the Prime Minister by the papers of his political persuasion, and by the public in general. The Prime Minister was now the most wonderful person in existence; and a great public testimonial was got up for him in the shape of a wreath cut out of a single ruby; the



colonies got up a millennial exhibition in his honour, at which the chief exhibits were his cast-off clothes, a lock of his hair, a bad sixpence he had passed, and other relics. He was invited everywhere at once; and it became the fashion for ladies to send him a slice of bread and butter to take a bite out of, and subsequently frame the slice with the piece



bitten out, or wear it on State occasions as a necklace pendant. At length the King felt himself, with many wry faces, compelled to make the



Prime Minister a K.C.B., a K.G., and other typographical combinations, together with an earl, and subsequently a duke.

So the Prime

Minister retired luxuriously to the Upper House and sat in a nice arm-chair, with his feet on another, instead of on a hard bench.

Then it suddenly came out that the Idea was not the Prime Minister's either, but had been evolved by his Private Secretary. This was another shock to the nation. It was suggested by one low-class newspaper conspicuous for bad taste that the Prime Minister should resign the dukedom and the capital letters and the ruby wreath,





seeing that he had obtained them on false pretences; but he did not seem to see his way to do these things: on the contrary, he very incisively asked what would be the use of a man's becoming Prime Minister if it was only to resign things to which he had no right. Still, he did the handsome thing: he presented an autograph portrait of himself to the Secretary, together with a new £5 note, as a recognition of any inconvenience he might have suffered in consequence of the mistake.



Now, too, there was another little difficulty: the Private Secretary was, to a certain extent, an influential man, but not sufficiently influential for an Idea of his to be so brilliant as one evolved by a King or a Prime Minister. Nevertheless, the Press and the public generously decided that the Idea was a good one, although it had its assailable points; so the Private Secretary was considerably boomed in the dailies and weeklies, and interviewed (with portrait) in the magazines; and he was a made man.



But, after he had got made, it was accidentally divulged that the Idea had never been his at all, but had sprung from the intelligence of his brother, an obscure Government Clerk.

There it was again—the Private Secretary, having been made, could not be disintegrated; so he continued to enjoy his good luck, with the exception of the £5 note, which the Prime Minister privately requested him to return with interest at 10 per cent.

It was put about at first that the Clerk who had originated the Idea was a person of some position; and so the Idea continued to enjoy a certain amount of eulogy and commendation; but when it was subsequently divulged that the Clerk was merely a nobody, and only had a salary of five and twenty shillings a week on account of his having no lord for a relation, it was at once seen that the Idea, although ingenious, was really, on being looked into, hardly a practicable one. However, the affair brought the Clerk into notice; so he went on the stage just as the excitement over the affair was at its height, and made quite a success, although he couldn't act a bit.



And then it was proved beyond a doubt that the Clerk had not found the Idea at all, but had got it from a Pauper whom he knew in the St. Weektee's union workhouse. So the Clerk was called upon in the Press to give up his success on the boards and go back to his twenty-five shilling clerkship; but he refused to do this, and wrote a letter to a newspaper, headed, "Need an actor be able to act?" and, it being the off-season and the subject a likely one, the letter was answered next day by a member of the newspaper's staff temporarily disguised as "A Call-Boy"—and all this gave the Clerk another lift.

About the Pauper's Idea there was no difficulty whatever; every newspaper and every member of the public had perceived long ago, on the Idea being originally mooted, that there was really nothing at all in it; and the *Chuckler* had a very funny article, bursting with new and flowery turns of speech, by its special polyglot contributor who made you die o' laughing about the Peirastic and Percipient Pauper.

So the Pauper was not allowed



his evening out for a month; and it became a question whether he ought not to be brought up before a magistrate and charged with something or other; but the matter was magnanimously permitted to drop.

By this time the public had had a little too much of it, as they were nearly reduced to beggary by the contributions they had given to one ideal-originator after another; and they certainly would have lynched any new aspirant to the Idea, had one (sufficiently un-influential) turned up.

And, meanwhile, the Idea had been quietly taken up and set



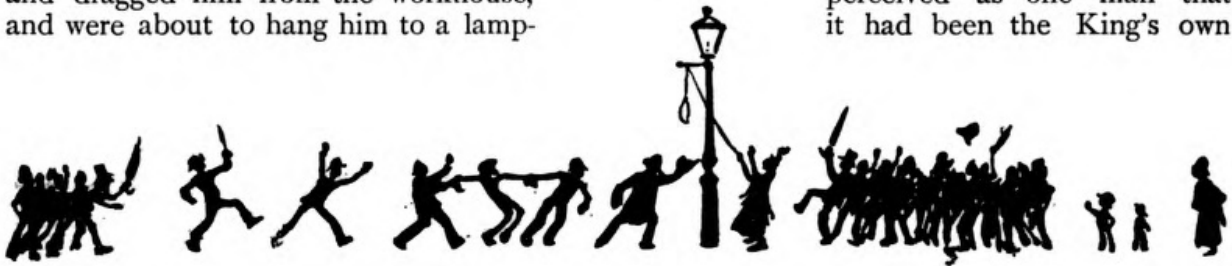


going by a select company of patriotic personages who were in a position to set the ball rolling; and the Idea grew, and developed, and developed, until it had attained considerable proportions and could be seen to be full of vast potentialities either for the welfare or the injury of the Empire, according to the way in which it might be worked out.

Now, at the outset, owing to tremendous opposition from various quarters, the Idea worked out so badly that it threatened incalculable harm to the commerce and general happiness of the realm; whereupon the public decided that it certainly *must* have originated with the Pauper; and they went and dragged him from the workhouse, and were about to hang him to a lamp-

perity of the realm. Thereupon the public decided that it must have been the Private Secretary's Idea, after all; and were just setting out in a deputation to thank the Private Secretary, when fresh reports arrived showing that the Idea was a very great national boon; and then the public felt that it *must* have originated with the Prime Minister, in spite of all that had been said to the contrary.

But in the course of a few months, everybody in the land became aware that the tide of national prosperity and happiness was indeed advancing in the most glorious way, and all owing to the Great Idea; and *now* they perceived as one man that it had been the King's own



post, when news arrived that the Idea was doing less harm to the Empire than had been supposed.

So they let the Pauper go; for it became evident to them that it had been the Clerk's Idea; and just as they were deliberating what to do with the Clerk, it was discovered that the Idea was really beginning to work out very well indeed, and was decidedly increasing the pros-



Idea, and no doubt about the matter. So they made another day of rejoicing, and presented the King with a diamond throne and a new crown with "AI" in large letters upon it. And that King was

ever after known as the very greatest King that had ever reigned.

But it was the Pauper's Idea after all.

J. F. SULLIVAN.



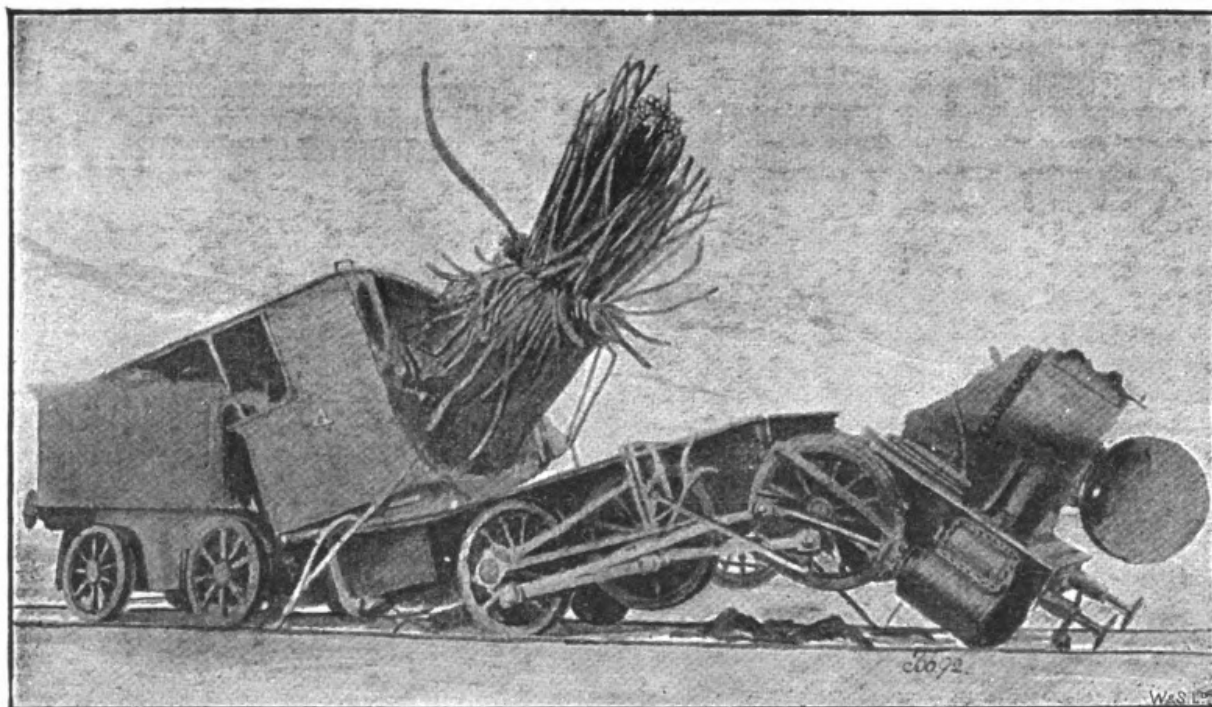


From Photos. by  
R. Gabbott, Chorley.

THESE are two photographs of a "turnip," unearthed a little time ago by a Lancashire farmer. We are indebted for the photographs to Mr. Alfred Whalley, 15, Solent Crescent, West Hampstead.



THIS is a photo. of a hock bottle that was washed ashore at Lyme Regis covered with barnacles, which look like a bunch of flowers. The photograph has been sent to us by Mr. F. W. Shephard, photographer, Lyme Regis.



#### LOCOMOTIVE BOILER EXPLOSION.

THE drawing, taken from a photo., shows the curious result of a boiler explosion which occurred some time ago at Soosmezo, in Hungary. The explosion broke the greater part of the windows in the neighbouring village, and the cylindrical portion of the boiler, not shown in drawing, as well as the chimney, were hurled some two hundred yards away.









1. "YOU SEE," SAID THE PROFESSOR TO HIS PUPIL, "I WILL HIDE MY GOLD-MOUNTED UMBRELLA IN THIS HEAP OF LEAVES——"



2. "—— AND THEN TAKE MY DOG A MILE BEYOND THIS LONELY SPOT AND HE WILL RETRIEVE IT AGAIN."



3. MEANWHILE RAGGED JACK THE TRAMP IMPROVES THE SHINING HOUR.



4. FLIGHT!



5. "AND NOW," SAID THE PROFESSOR, "HAVING GONE ABOUT A MILE, WE LOOSE THE DOG TO RETURN TO THE SCENT AND FIND THE UMBRELLA."

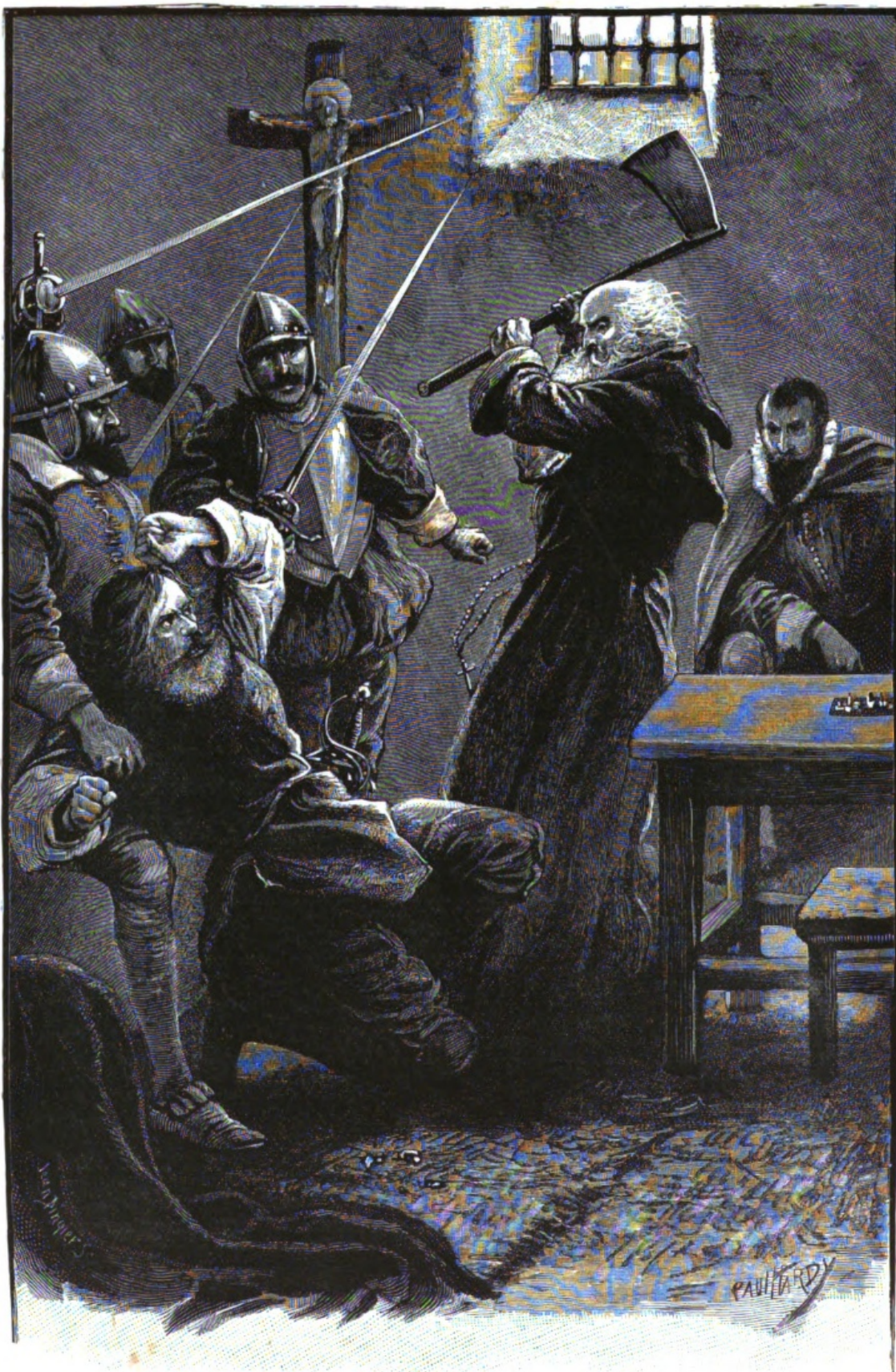


6. WISDOM AND SAGACITY AT FAULT.









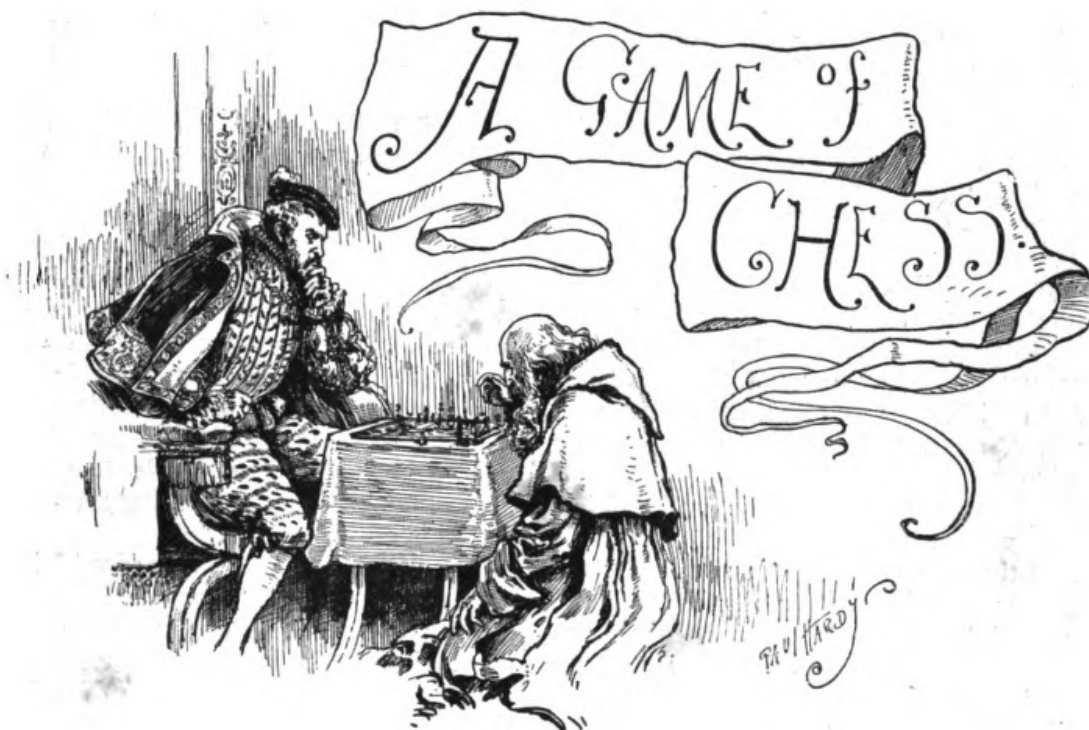
"BY HEAVEN," CRIED RUY LOPEZ, "THE DUKE SHALL FINISH HIS GAME!"

*(A Game of Chess).*

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FROM THE FRENCH.

I.



ING PHILIP II. was playing at chess in the Escorial Palace. His opponent was Ruy Lopez, a humble priest, but a chess player of great skill. Being the King's particular favourite, the great player was permitted to kneel upon a brocade cushion, whilst the courtiers grouped about the King were forced to remain standing in constrained and painful attitudes.

It was a magnificent morning. The air was perfumed with the orange groves, and the violet curtains of the splendid hall hardly softened the burning rays which streamed in through the windows. The blaze of living light seemed scarcely in harmony with the King's gloomy countenance. His brow was black as night, and from time to time he bent his eyes impatiently upon the door. The nobles stood in silence, darting meaning glances at each other. It was easily to be discerned that some event of great importance weighed upon the spirits of the assembly. No one paid any attention to the chess-board except Ruy Lopez, who, as he moved the pieces, hesitated between the temptation of checkmating his opponent and the deference due to his King. The

silence was unbroken except by the sound made by the players moving their pieces.

Suddenly the door opened, and a man of rude and savage aspect advanced into the hall, and, presenting himself before the King, stood waiting his commands to speak. This man's appearance was anything but prepossessing, and on his entrance the nobles, as if animated with one thought, shrank back with contempt and loathing, as if some unclean animal had entered into their midst. His massive, herculean figure was clad in a doublet of black leather, and his face, in which could be seen no trace of intelligence, expressed, on the contrary, nothing but villainy and villainy; a great scar, running right across his face and losing itself in a bushy beard, added still further to the natural brutality of his countenance.

An electric thrill ran through the assembly. The new comer was Fernando Calavar, high executioner of Spain.

"Is he dead?" asked the King, in an imperious tone.

"No, sire," replied Calavar, bowing low.

The King frowned.

"Great Sovereign of Spain," Calavar continued, "the prisoner has claimed his privileges, and I cannot take proceedings against"







successor is still upon the Council table, and is yet to be submitted to the Pope's seal."

At these words a joyous smile hovered about D'Ossuna's lips. This joy was but natural, for the young man was of the blood of the Gusmans, and his cousin, the condemned prisoner, was his dearest friend. The King perceived the smile, and his eye shot forth lightning.

"We are the King!" he said, gravely, with the calm which presages a storm; "our Royal person must be no butt for raillery. This sceptre appears light, my lords, but he who ridicules it shall be crushed thereby as with a block of iron. I believe that our holy father the Pope is somewhat indebted to us, so that we do not fear his displeasure at the step which we are about to take. Since the King of Spain can make a Prince, he can also make a Bishop. Rise, then, Don Ruy Lopez. I create you Bishop of Segovia. Rise, I command you, and take your rank in the Church."

The courtiers stood dumfounded.

Don Ruy Lopez rose mechanically. His head was whirling, and he stammered as he strove to speak.

"If your Majesty pleases——" he began.

"Silence, my Lord Bishop!" replied the King. "Obey your Sovereign. The formalities of your installation shall be performed another day; our subjects will not fail to acknowledge our wishes in this affair. Bishop of Segovia, go with Calavar to the condemned man's cell. Give absolution to his soul, and in three hours leave his body to the executioner's axe. As for you, Calavar, I will await you here; you will bring us the traitor's head. Let justice be accomplished."

Then Philip turned to Ruy Lopez.

"I give you my signet ring," he said, "to show the Duke as a token of the truth of your story."

The executioner left the chamber, followed by Ruy Lopez.

"Well, gentlemen," said the King, turning to the others, "do you still doubt the King's justice?"

But the nobles answered not a word.

The King, having taken his seat, made a sign to one of his favourites to place himself before the chess-board, and Don Ramirez, Count of Biscay, accordingly knelt down upon the velvet cushion.

"With a game of chess, gentlemen," said the King, smiling, "and your company, I cannot fail to make the time pass agreeably. Let no one leave the chamber until Calavar's return. We cannot spare a single one of you."

With these ironical words, Philip commenced a game with Don Ramirez, whilst the nobles, almost dropping with fatigue, resumed the positions about their august master which they had occupied at the beginning of this story.

## II.

CALAVAR, leading the way, conducted the new Bishop to the condemned man's cell. Ruy Lopez walked like one in a dream. Was he awake, or not? He hardly knew. At the bottom of his heart he cursed the King and his Court. He understood perfectly that he had become Bishop of Segovia, but he felt deeply at what a price he had bought his dignity. What had Don Gusman done that he should be thus sacrificed? Don Gusman, the best chess player in Spain! He thought of all this as he proceeded over the marble flags which led to the State prison, and as he thought he prayed that the ground would open and swallow him up.

Don Gusman was pacing impatiently up and down his narrow cell with a hurried step that betrayed the feverish anxiety of his mind. The cell was furnished with a massive table and two heavy wooden stools, the floor being covered with coarse, thick mats. Shut out from all the noises of the outer world, here silence reigned supreme. A crucifix, roughly carved, was fixed to the wall in the niche of a high window, which was carefully barred with iron. Except for this image of resignation and mercy, the walls were bare. Well might this dungeon serve as ante-chamber to the tomb.

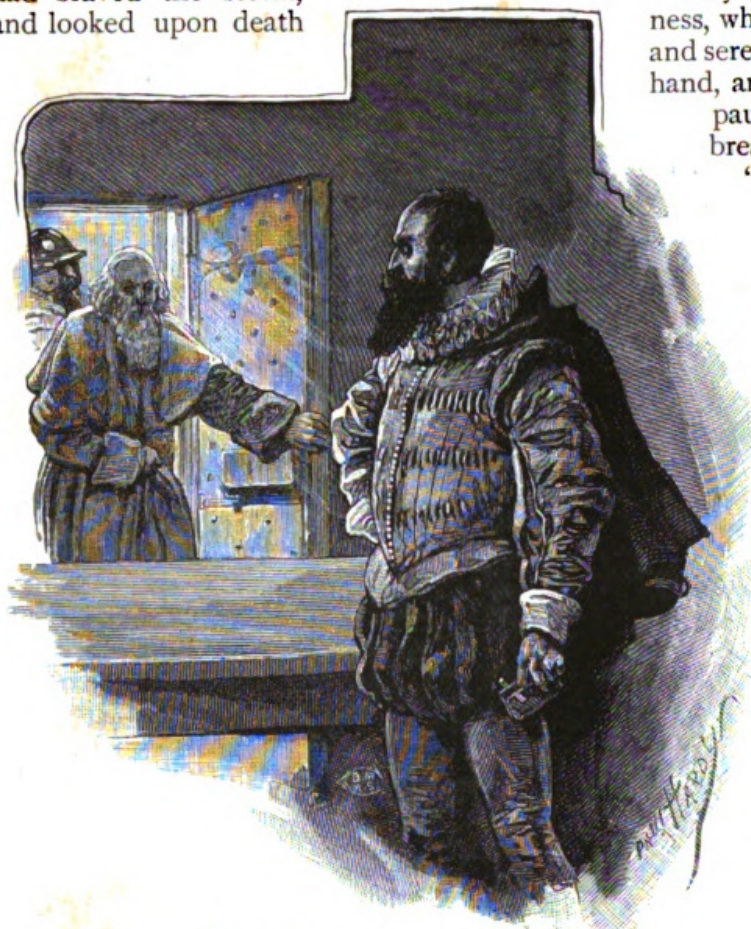
As Ruy Lopez entered the cell a sudden burst of sunshine flooded the walls as if in bitter mockery of him who was soon to see it no more.

The Duke saluted the new Bishop with great courtesy. They regarded each other, and exchanged in that look a thousand words which they alone could understand. Ruy Lopez felt the painfulness of his position deeply, and the Duke understood his embarrassment. Their thoughts were both the same, that in the condemnation of one of the principal favourites of the King an innocent life was threatened! The proofs of the crime imputed to the Duke were grave; the most important being a despatch written in Don Gusman's hand to the French Court, in which he unfolded a scheme for assassinating Philip II. This had sufficed to condemn him.

Don Gusman, strong in his innocence, had kept a rigorous silence when brought before



his judges, and the accusation not being denied, sentence of death was passed upon him. Don Gusman since his incarceration had not altered. He had braved the storm, and looked upon death



"RUY LOPEZ ENTERED THE CELL."

with an unmoved countenance. His last hours had no terrors for him. If his forehead was overshadowed, if his steps were agitated and his breathing hurried, it was because there rose before his eye the image of his betrothed, Dona Estella, who, ignorant of her lover's fate, was waiting for him in her battlemented castle on the banks of the Guadalquivir. If he felt weak at this fatal moment, and if a pang shot through his heart, it was because his thoughts were of her who was to him the dearest thing in all the world.

Ruy Lopez had not entered alone. Calavar was at his side; and it was he who announced to the Duke the King's decision and reply. Ruy Lopez confirmed the executioner's words, and the Duke, falling on his knees before the new Bishop, asked his blessing, then turning to Calavar with a gesture of authority, he dismissed him, saying:—

"In three hours I shall be at your disposal."

Calavar obeyed him and went out, and the Duke and Bishop were left alone.

Ruy Lopez was trembling with nervousness, whilst Don Gusman's face wore a calm and serene expression. He took the Bishop's hand, and wrung it warmly. There was a pause. The Duke was the first to break the silence.

"We have met before in happier circumstances," he said, smiling.

"It is true," stammered Ruy Lopez, who, pale and agitated, resembled rather the penitent than the confessor.

"Much happier," repeated the Duke, absently. "Do you remember, when you played your celebrated game of chess with Paoli Boy, the Sicilian, in the presence of the King and Court, that it was upon my right arm that the King leant?" Then after a pause he continued: "Do you remember also, father, those words of Cervantes, 'Life is a game of chess?' I have forgotten the exact place in which the passage occurs, but its meaning is, that upon earth men play different rôles. There are, as in chess, kings, knights, soldiers, bishops, according to their birth, fate and fortune; and when the game is over death lays them

all as equals in the tomb, even as we gather together the chessmen into a box."

"Yes, I remember those words of Don Quixote," replied Don Lopez, astonished at this singular conversation, "and I remember also Sancho's reply: 'That however good the comparison was, it was not so new that he had not heard it before.'"

"I was your favourite pupil, even your rival," said the Duke, without appearing to hear Don Lopez.

"It is true," cried the Bishop. "You are a great master of the game, and I have been often proud of having such a pupil. But now, on your knees, my son."

They knelt down together, and there before the crucifix Don Gusman made confession to Ruy Lopez, who as he listened could hardly restrain his tears.

When the Duke had finished, two hours after—for the confession under the Church seal was long and touching—the Bishop





"THEY KNELT DOWN TOGETHER."

blessed the prisoner, and gave him absolution. The face of Don Gusman, as he rose, was calm and resigned.

But there remained still an hour to wait.

"This delay is torture," cried the Duke. "Why do they not cut off the prisoners at once, instead of stretching their souls upon such a rack of agony? An eternity of suffering is in each of these minutes." And the prisoner began to walk impatiently to and fro, with his eyes constantly bent upon the door. The Duke's firmness was shaken by the thought of that weary hour of waiting. Ruy Lopez had fulfilled his duty. The prisoner's soul was purified, and now the priest could become the friend.

As Don Lopez heard Don Gusman utter this exclamation, and saw his face grow white, he understood what agony he was undergoing, and felt at once that something must be done to divert his thoughts. But in vain he racked his brain for an idea. He could think of nothing. What could he propose to a man about to die? For such as he, the flower has no longer perfume, woman has no longer beauty.

Then suddenly a thought flashed across his brain.

"How would a game of chess——" he began, timidly.

"An excellent idea!" cried Don Gusman, recalled to himself by this singular proposal. "A farewell game of chess."

"You consent?"

"Most readily; but where are the chessmen, my friend?"

"Am I not always provided with the instruments of war?" said Ruy Lopez, smiling. Then he pulled forward the two stools and set out upon the table a microscopic set of chessmen. "Our Lady pardon me!" he continued. "I often pass my spare time in the confessional in working out some problem."

The chessmen being set out, the players took their seats, and were soon absorbed in the excitement of the game.

This strange contest, between a priest and a condemned prisoner, made a picture worthy of the brush of Rembrandt or Salvator Rosa. The light which streamed from the arched windows fell upon the pale, noble features of Don Gusman, and upon the venerable head of Ruy Lopez.

The emotions of the two players were very different. Ruy Lopez played with a preoccupation which was not usual to him, and which rendered him much inferior to his ordinary strength. Don Gusman, on the contrary, stimulated by excitement, played with more than his ordinary skill. At this moment his noble Castilian blood did not fail him, for never had the Duke given better proof of the clearness of his mind. Such a flash of intellect must be compared to the last flickers of the failing lamp, or to the last song of the dying swan.

Don Gusman suddenly attacked his adversary with an impetuosity which nearly gained him a certain victory; but Ruy Lopez, recalled to himself by this vigorous effort, defended himself bravely. The game became more and more complicated. The Bishop strove to gain a mate which he saw, or believed he saw, at hand, whilst Don Gusman played with the eagerness of certain victory. Everything was forgotten, and time passed unnoticed. The chess-board was their universe, and a life of anxiety was in each move.

The minutes, the quarters, the half-hours flew by, and the fatal hour arrived at last.

A distant sound struck on their ears; it grew nearer, it increased, and the door swing-





"THE GAME BECAME MORE AND MORE COMPLICATED."

ing open gave admittance to Calavar and his assistants, who advanced into the cell with torches in their hands. They were armed with swords, and two of them bore the block, covered with a black cloth, on which lay an axe.

The torches were placed in the receptacle prepared for them, whilst one of the men scattered cedar sawdust on the floor. All this was the work of a moment, while the executioner stood waiting for the prisoner.

As Calavar entered, Ruy Lopez started to his feet, in a tremor of alarm, but the Duke did not move. His eyes were fixed upon the chess-board. It was his turn to play. Calavar, seeing his abstracted gaze, advanced to the Duke's side and placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"Come," he said.

The prisoner shuddered as if he had trodden upon a serpent.

"I must finish this game," he said, imperiously.

"It is impossible," Calavar replied.

"But, fellow, the game is mine! I can force mate in a few moves. Let me play it out."

"I cannot. It is impossible," repeated the executioner.

"Are the three hours gone already?"

"The last stroke has just struck. We must obey the King."

The assistants, who had until then stood leaning on their swords, came forward at these words.

The Duke was sitting against the wall,

under the high window, with the table between him and Calavar. He started to his feet.

"I shall not move until the game is over. In half an hour my head shall be at your disposal."

"My lord," replied Calavar, "I respect you deeply, but I cannot grant you this request. I answer for your life with mine."

Don Gusman made a gesture of impatience, and pulling off his diamond

rings, he threw them at the executioner's feet.

"I mean to finish the game," he said, carelessly.

The jewels sparkled as they rolled and settled in the dust.

"My orders are imperative," cried Calavar, "and you must pardon us, noble Duke, if we have to use force; but the King's orders and the law of Spain must be carried out. Obey, then, and do not waste your last moments in a useless struggle. Speak to the Duke, my lord Bishop. Tell him to submit to his fate."

Ruy Lopez's reply was as prompt as it was decisive. He seized the axe which lay upon the block and swung it with both hands above his head.

"By Heaven!" he cried, "the Duke *shall* finish his game!"

Scared by the gesture which accompanied these words, Calavar drew back in such a fright that he stumbled and fell back on his companions. The swords flashed from their scabbards, and the band prepared for attack. But Ruy Lopez, who appeared to have put forth the strength of a Hercules, cast upon the ground his heavy wooden stool.

"The first of you who passes this limit dies!" he cried in a loud voice. "Courage, Duke!—to the attack! There are only four of these miscreants. The last desire of your Grace shall be gratified, were I to lose my life in the attempt. And you, wretched man, beware how you lay a finger upon a Bishop of the Church. Down with your swords and respect the Lord's anointed!" And Ruy Lopez continued to hurl forth, in a jargon of



Spanish and Latin, one of those formulas of excommunication and malediction which at that period acted so strongly upon the masses of the people.

The effect was prompt. The men stood rooted to the spot with terror, whilst Calavar, thinking that to kill a Bishop without a sealed order from the King was to run the risk of putting his life in jeopardy in this world and his soul in the next, avowed himself vanquished. He knew not what to do next. To rush with the news to the King, who was waiting impatiently for Don Gusman's head, was only to expose himself. To attack the prisoner and the priest would be too hazardous, for Ruy Lopez was a man of no mean strength. The position of affairs was critical. At last he decided to take the easiest way out of the difficulty—to wait.

"Will you promise me faithfully to give yourself up in half an hour?" he demanded of Don Gusman.

"I promise," replied the Duke.

"Play on, then," said the executioner.

The truce being thus concluded, the players returned to their seats and their game, whilst Calavar and his companions, forming themselves into a circle, stationed themselves round the two players. Calavar, who was himself a chess player, looked on with interest, and could not prevent himself from involuntarily considering each move the players made.

Don Gusman looked up for an instant upon the circle of faces which surrounded him, but his *sang froid* did not abandon him.

"Never have I played in the presence of such a noble company!" he cried. "Bear witness, rascals, that at least once in my life I have beaten Don Lopez." Then he returned to the game with a smile upon his lips. The Bishop gripped the handle of the axe which he still held in his hand.

"If I were only sure of escaping from this tigers' den," he thought, "I would break every head of the four of them."

### III.

If three hours had dragged in the prisoner's cell, they had not passed more quickly in the Royal chamber of King Philip.

The King had finished his game with Don Ramirez de Biscay, and the nobles, still compelled from etiquette to remain standing, appeared almost ready to drop with fatigue, rendered still more painful from the weight of their armour.

Don Tarraxas stood motionless, with closed

eyes like one of those iron figures which ornamented the castles of the savage Goths. Young D'Ossuna, with drooping head, stood propped against a marble pillar, whilst King Philip strode impatiently about the apartment, only stopping at intervals to listen to some imaginary noise. According to the superstitious custom of the age, the King knelt for a few moments at the foot of a figure of the Virgin placed upon a porphyry pedestal to pray the Madonna to pardon him the deed of blood which was about to take place. Silence reigned, for no one, whatever his rank might be, dared to speak before his Sovereign without his commands.

As the King's eyes saw the last grain of sand fall in the hour-glass he uttered an exclamation of joy.

"The traitor dies!" he cried.

An almost inaudible murmur ran through the assembly.

"The hour is passed, Count of Biscay," said Philip, turning to Don Ramirez, "and with it your enemy."

"My enemy, sire?" asked Ramirez, affecting surprise.

"Why do you repeat my words, Count?" replied the King. "Were you not a rival to Don Gusman in the affections of Dona Estella, and can rivals be friends? Dona Estella shall be yours. This young girl will bring you her beauty and her fortune. I have not spoken of this to our Council, but my Royal word is pledged. If the ingratitude of Sovereigns is ever spoken of before you, Count, you will be able to reply that we did not forget the true friend of the King and of Spain who discovered the plot and the correspondence of Don Gusman with France."

Don Ramirez de Biscay seemed to listen to the King with uneasiness. He kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, as if he disliked to be thus praised in public. Then he made an effort to reply.

"Sire!" he said, "it was with great repugnance that I fulfilled such a painful duty"—he hesitated, and then was silent.

Tarraxas gave a slight start, whilst D'Ossuna struck sharply the pommel of his sword with his iron glove.

"Before Dona Estella shall belong to this man," thought D'Ossuna, "I will have vengeance or perish in the attempt. Tomorrow shall be the day of my revenge."

The King continued:—

"Your zeal, Don Ramirez, and your devotion must be rewarded. The saviour of our throne, and perhaps of our dynasty, merits a



particular gift. This morning I ordered you to make out some *lettres-patentes*, which confer upon you the rank of Duke and Governor of Valence. Are these ready to be signed?"

Don Ramirez grew pale with pleasure. He shook like an aspen and his eyes grew dim. But the King made an impatient movement, and the Count, drawing a roll of parchment hastily from his breast, presented it on his knees to the King.

"My first public duty to-day shall be to sign these papers," said the King. "The executioner has already punished treason; it is now time for the King to recompense fidelity."

The King unrolled the parchment and began to read. As he read, his face became convulsed with fury, and his eyes shot forth flames of wrath.

"By my father's soul!" he shouted; "what do I behold?"

#### IV.

THE game of chess was finished. Don Gusman had beaten Ruy Lopez, and his triumph was complete. He rose to his feet.

"I am now, as ever, ready to obey the wishes of my King," he said to Calavar.

The executioner understood him, and began to prepare the block. Whilst this was being done Don Gusman advanced towards the crucifix, and said in a firm voice:—

"Oh, Heaven! may this unjust and rash act which is about to take place fall upon the head of him who is the instigator of this treachery; but let

not my blood recoil upon the head of my King."

Ruy Lopez, crouching in a corner of the cell, and burying his face in his mantle, began to recite the prayers for the dying.

Calavar approached Don Gusman, and putting his hand upon the Duke's shoulder began to loosen his ruff. Don Gusman shrank back from the contact.

"Nothing that belongs to you, except this axe, shall touch a Gusman," he said, taking off his ruff himself and placing his head upon the block. "Strike!" he added, "I am ready!"

The executioner raised the axe—the King's justice was at last to be satisfied, when shouts, rapid footsteps and confused voices arrested the sweep of the executioner's arm.

The door gave way under the united efforts of a troop of armed men, and D'Ossuna, rushing into the cell, threw himself between the executioner and his victim. He was just in time.

"He lives!" cried Tarraxas.

"He is saved!" repeated D'Ossuna. "My beloved cousin, I never hoped to have seen you alive again. God in His mercy has not let the innocent perish for the guilty. God be praised!"

"God be praised!" echoed all the spectators, and louder than the rest rang out the voice of

Ruy Lopez.

"You have arrived in time, my friend," said Don Gusman to his cousin; "but now I shall have no longer strength to die," and he sank back fainting on the block. The shock had been too much for him.

Ruy Lopez seized the Duke in his arms, and, followed by all the nobles, bore him along the passages to the King's apartment. When Don Gusman opened his eyes he found himself in the midst of a circle of his friends, amongst which stood





the King, looking down upon him with an expression of joy.

Don Gusman could hardly believe his senses. From the axe and the block he had passed to the King's apartment. He did not understand why this change had taken place. He did not know that Don Ramirez, in giving his *lettres-patentes* to the King to sign, had, in his agitation, given him instead a paper containing a plot in which he schemed to get rid for ever of Don Gusman, a detested rival, and one of the firmest supporters of the throne. He was ignorant of all that had passed, and did not know how he had escaped from the clutches of the executioner. It was some time before everything could be made clear to him.

Three days afterwards, at the same hour as Gusman's miraculous delivery, Calavar beheaded Don Ramirez, Count of Biscay, traitor and false witness. Don Gusman was overwhelmed with congratulations on all sides. King Philip grasped him cordially by his hand.

"Gusman," he said, "I have been very unjust. I can never forgive my folly."

"Sire," replied the Duke, "let us speak of

it no more. Such words spoken by my King are worth a thousand lives."

But the King continued.

"I desire," he said, "that henceforth, in commemoration of your almost miraculous deliverance, you carry upon your escutcheon a silver axe emblazoned on an azure chess-board. This month we shall celebrate your marriage with Dona Estella. The marriage shall take place in our Escorial Palace."

Then he added, turning to Ruy Lopez:—

"I believe that the Church will possess a good servant in its new Bishop. You shall be consecrated Lord Prelate, with a scarlet robe, enriched with diamonds; that will be the recompense of your game of chess with Don Gusman."

"Sire," replied Don Lopez, "never before this day have I been satisfied to be checkmated."

The King smiled, and the courtiers followed his example.

"Now, my lords," continued Philip, "we invite you all to our Royal banquet. Let Don Gusman's seat be placed upon our right, and the Bishop of Segovia's on our left. Give me your arm, Don Gusman."





## Illustrated Interviews.

### XXI.—MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.

**I**f one had waited for a few months, "The Kendals" would have been getting settled in their new home in Portland Place. But, then, the happiest associations are always centred around the old, and the pleasantest—and frequently the dearest—recollections are gathered about the familiar. That is why I went to them once more to their home of many years at 145, Harley Street.

It would be difficult to realize a woman of more striking characteristics than she who was for so many years known as "Madge" Robertson, and notwithstanding a very important visit one morning in August twenty-three years ago to St. Saviour's, Plymouth Grove, Manchester, when she became the wife of Mr. William Hunter Grimston, there are many who still know and speak of her by her happily-remembered maiden name. From that day husband and wife have never played apart—they have remained sweethearts on the stage and lovers in their own home. At night—the foot-lights; by day—home and children. Mrs. Kendal assured me that neither her eldest daughter, Margaret, nor Ethel, nor Dorothy—the youngest—nor "Dorrie," who is now at Cambridge, nor Harold, a "Marlborough" boy, would ever go on the stage. Home, husband, and children—home, wife, and children, are the embodiment of the life led by the Kendals.

Together with Mr. Kendal we sat down in the drawing-room, and were joined for a moment by Miss Grimston, a quiet, unaffected young girl, who looked as though she could never rid herself of a smile, either in her eyes or about her mouth—a young maiden who suggested "sunshine." She was carrying Victoria, a pet dog. The mother's whole thoughts seemed to go out to her daughter.

"Our Jubilee dog," she cried. "I bought her on Jubilee Day, and, curiously enough, Mr. Kendal bought one too, neither of us telling the other we were going to make such canine purchases."

Then, when Miss Grimston had left the room, her mother turned to me quietly, and said:—

"The image of my brother Tom. The same hair, the same expression of eyes, the same kind and loving ways. I think he lives in my girl. Come with me and you shall see his portrait."

It hung in Miss Grimston's boudoir—an apartment the walls of which were decorated with pictures of the Comédie-Française







From a Photo. by]

MISS GRIMSTON'S BOUDOIR.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

Company, the original designs for the dresses in "A Wife's Secret"; while over the mantel-board are Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "The Ironmaster," and many family portraits are about.

"It is so amusing to hear people talk and write about my eldest brother Tom and me playing together as children," she said. "My mother was married when she was eighteen, and my brother was born when she was nineteen; I was born when she was forty-eight, and was her twenty-second child! So my brother was a grown man with a moustache when I knew him. I was brought up with his two children—little Tom and Maude, my own nephew and niece."

What a delightful story it was! Little Madge Robertson used to dress up as a policeman and take Maude into custody before Tom, the younger, as the judge. And this was the trial:—

"What is the prisoner charged with, constable?" asked the judge.

"Murder, my lord," replied the representative of law and order.

"Prisoner, are you guilty?"

"Yes, my lord," answered the poor prisoner.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you according to law?"

"Yes, my lord. *I'm the daughter of the author of 'Caste'.*"

The prisoner always got off, and dear old

William Robertson would watch this little scene and roar with laughter.

"Yes," Mrs. Kendal said quietly, as we again looked at "Tom's" picture, "my brother was kindness itself, even from his infancy. I remember hearing how, when he was a very small boy and living with his aunt, he went out one summer's day with a new velvet jacket on. He caught sight of a poor little beggar child his own size, who was in tatters, and,

beckoning him across, at once divested himself of his new coat, put it on the wondering youngster, and ran away home as fast as he could. His aunt questioned him, and upon finding out the true circumstances of the case, and not wishing to damp the kind spirit in the little fellow's heart, said:—

"Well, we'll go and try to find the boy you gave it to, and buy your jacket back."

"Fortunately the search was successful, and the coat was bought back for no less a sum than half-a-sovereign:

"And in later years it was just the same with Tom. He could never pass by a common cookshop, in front of the windows of which was often a crowd of men, women, and children, looking on with longing eyes, without getting them inside and giving them a fill to their hearts' content. When out driving it was no different. He would stop the horse, and have all the watching hungry ones inside, and the next moment they would be revelling in the satisfying properties of thick slices of plum-pudding and roast beef."

The house throughout is most artistic. Mr. Kendal is a painter of great merit, and he "knows" a picture as soon as he sees it. Pictures are his hobby; hence there is not a room in the house—even to the kitchen—which does not find a place for some canvas, etching, or engraving. The entrance-hall is at once striking, with its quaint thirteenth century furniture, bronzes, and Venetian ware. There are some fine engravings of





From a Photo. by]

THE HALL.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

Miss Brunton—who became Countess of Craven—Kemble, Garrick, Phelps, and Mrs. Siddons. A picture of Mrs. Kendal in "The Falcon" was done at the express wish of, and paid for by, the late Poet Laureate. Tennyson said it reminded him of a woman he liked and admired. In the shadow is a fine bust of Macready, given by the great actor to the father of Mrs. Kendal; resting against the fireplace on either side are the two lances used in "The Queen's Shilling," and close by are two huge masks representing a couple of very hirsute individuals. They came from California, and represent "The King of the Devils" and "The King of the Winds."

The entrance to the dining-room is typical of all the other door decoration in the house—a carving of cream enamel of beautiful design and workmanship. The walls of this apartment are

terra-cotta, with a finely carved oak-panelling. It is a little treasure room of canvases, the gem of which is probably C. Van Hannen's "Mask Shop in Venice"—a painter of a school which Luke Fildes, R.A., has done so much to popularize. Macbeth is represented by a couple of delightful efforts, and there are samples of the skill of Eugene Du Blas, Crofts, John Reid, Andriotti, Sadler, De Haas, Rivers; a grand landscape

by Webb—nearly all of which are Academy works. The decorative articles are as artistic as in some cases they are peculiar. Running about above the oaken fireplace, amongst choice bronzes and blue ware, and a black boy who is trudging along with a very useful clock on his back, are many quaint animals of polished brass—even mice are not missing, with wonderfully long tails—that sparkle and glisten in the fire-light. Ascending the staircase you find etchings



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry



after Alma Tadema, Briton Riviere, and others; the walls are covered with them.

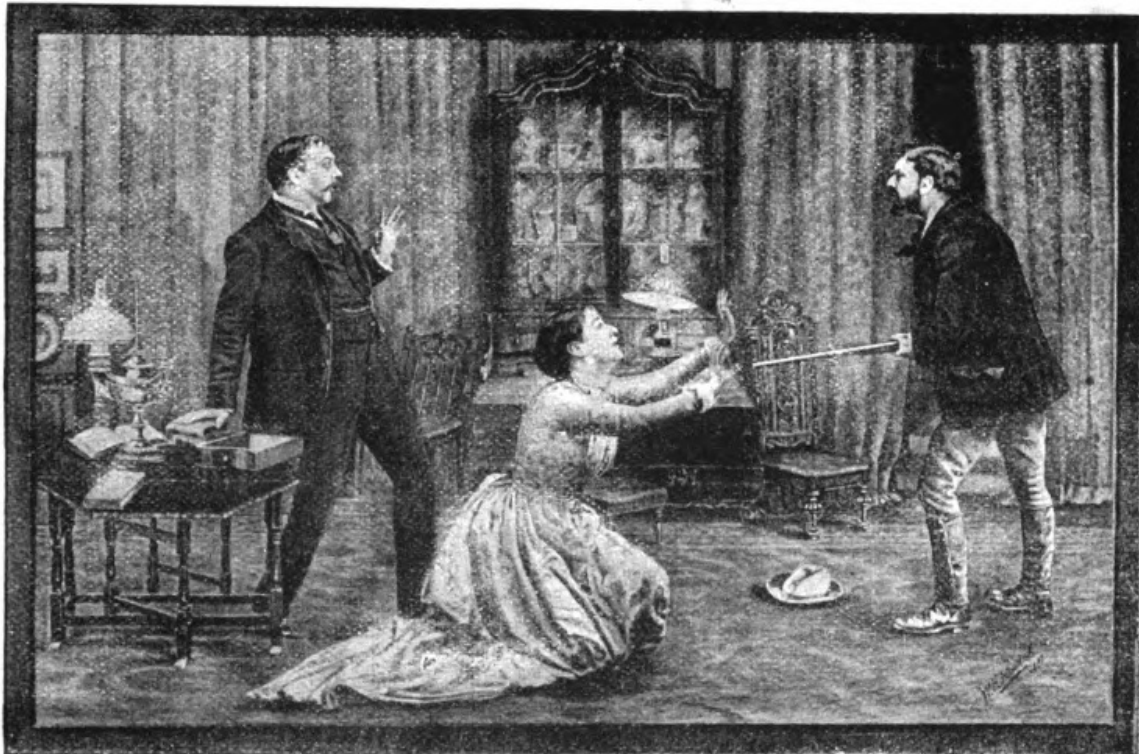
Here are a series of delightful pictures showing Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in Gilbert's "Sweethearts," and I am reminded that the gifted actor and actress were the first to appear before the Queen after a period of five-and-twenty years, during which Her Majesty had never seen a play, the performance that night consisting of "Sweethearts" and Theyre Smith's "Uncle's Will." And as one takes note of many rare works—the bedroom is almost entirely given up to Doré's marvellous creations, though near the window is a splendid specimen of the photographer's art: a head of Miss Mary Anderson—one cannot fail to observe the family spirit everywhere—sometimes portraits of children, sometimes small and dainty pencil studies made of them by their

two-roomed apartment, the prevailing tone of blue, cream, and gold harmonizing to perfection. It is positively one huge collection of curios.

The screen at the far end is rather shuddery, not to say creepy, to those of nervous temperament. It is decorated with tomahawks of fearful and wonderful shapes and sizes, and other Indian implements of warfare.

"These came from California," Mrs. Kendal explained. "No sooner are you out of the train than the Indians tomahawk you! Look at this bow and arrow."

The pots of palms and ferns all hold American flags. These colours—the stars and stripes—once surmounted baskets of flowers and floral emblems—five, six, and even seven feet high—handed to Mrs. Kendal during her recent tour in the States; and



From the Picture by]

SCENE FROM "THE SQUIRE."

[Mr. Kendal.

father. Occasionally theatrical sketches by Mr. Kendal appear. Here are some of the principal members of the old St. James's Company, who used to give Mr. Kendal sittings between the acts—here a capital bit of artistic work depicting a scene from "The Squire," made from stray memorandums and with the aid of a looking-glass for securing the actor-artist's face.

Leaving Mr. Kendal for a time, Mrs. Kendal and I returned to the drawing-room. It overlooks Harley Street and is a handsome

amongst the sweetly-perfumed blossoms diamonds, pearls, and other precious gems have glistened in the shape of ornaments. A table near the window tells you of the generosity of the Americans. It is crowded with silver ornaments and mementos. You may handle the diminutive silver candlesticks to light "The Kendals" away—silver jugs, souvenir spoons, frying-pans, coffee-pots—all in miniature. This silver dollar is only one of a hundred. You touch a spring, when, lo and behold, the portrait of the donor

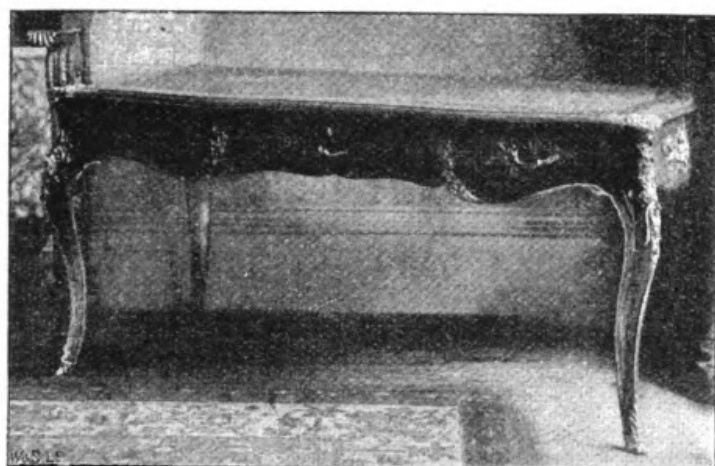


appears. All American women have dainty feet. These little ebony and silver lasts for your boots remind you of this. On this table is a letter from the Princess of Wales, thanking Mrs. Kendal for "the lovely silver wedding bells and flowers which you so kindly sent me on the tenth." You may examine George IV.'s cigar-case—a silver tube in which the King was wont to carry a single cigar. It is

collecting of the tiniest of tiny things. If her intimate friends come across any curiosity particularly choice and small, it is at once snapped up and dispatched to Harley Street. I had some little leaden mice in my hand the size of half-a-dozen pins' heads. Handkerchiefs an inch square, babies' woollen shoes, pinafores, shirts, all of the tiniest, but perfectly made, with buttons and button-holes complete, and even buns with currants no bigger than a pin's

point. Sheep, dogs, cats, monkeys, pigs, giraffes—in short, convert the entire Zoo into miniature china knick-knacks, and you have a considerable portion of Mrs. Kendal's collection realized. One must needs stand for a moment at Napoleon's writing-table, near which rests a characteristic clay by Van Beers. The pictures here are many. Millais' work is well represented by several etchings, and a remarkably clever thing by Emslie, entitled "Shakespeare and Bacon," suggests the two extremes of taste to a nicety. Whilst a young enthusiast is declaiming Shakespeare, one of his listeners—doubtless, equally enthu-

siastic, but with an eye for victuals—is interrupting a soliloquy with the remark: "Now! who says bacon?" Every portrait has a history—Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg in their wedding gar-



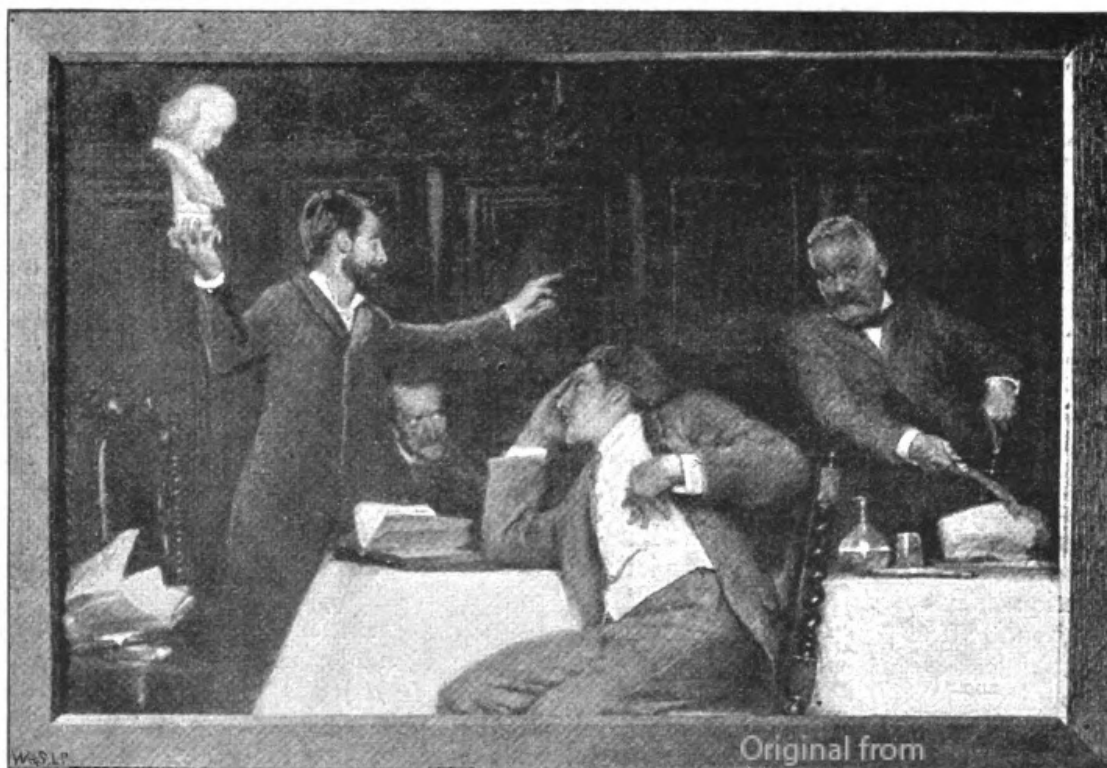
From a Photo. by]

NAPOLEON'S WRITING-TABLE.

[Elliott & Fry.

impossible to number all the treasured odds and ends, but still more difficult to total up the miniature articles set out in a pair of cabinets.

Mrs. Kendal has a hobby—it lies in the



From the Picture by]

SHAKESPEARE AND BACON.

Original from

INDIANA UNIVERSITY [A. E. Emslie.





GROUP IN CLAY, BY JAN VAN BEERS.

ments, the late Duke of Albany, Professor Huxley, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Mr. and Mrs. Pinero, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and many others. Three suggestive pictures, however, cannot be passed by. This dear little fellow is the son of Mr. B. J. Farjeon. Mr. Farjeon married "Rip Van Winkle" Jefferson's daughter, and the youngster is pictured dressed in the tattered garments of merry, rollicking *Rip*. You know how *Rip* always drinks your health? He holds the glass of hollands high up and cries, "Here's your health and your family's good health, and may they all live long and prosper!" but Mr. Farjeon's little boy cries out, "Here's your health, and your family's good health, and may you all live long and *proper*!"

A photo. of Dr. Pancoast stands near a bust of Mrs. Kendal as *Galatea*, done when she was seventeen. Dr. Pancoast—a celebrated American physician—saved Mrs. Kendal's life when her maid accidentally administered a poisonous drug to

her mistress. The poor girl herself nearly died of fright.

But perhaps the portrait of the late Duchess of Cambridge, which Mrs. Kendal now holds in her hand, is more interesting than them all.

"Her late Rcyal Highness," Mrs. Kendal said, "always addressed me and wrote to me as Mrs. Grimston. She was paralyzed in her right hand and wrote with her left; perhaps that is why this letter, written in pencil and with great effort, is treasured more than it otherwise would have been."

It was one of the last letters written by Her Royal Highness. The letters and words were wonderfully legible; it read:—

"DEAR MRS. GRIMSTON,—One line only to thank you for sending me the stalls for my dressers, who enjoyed your and Mr. Grimston's charming acting immensely. My first deaf one was able to follow perfectly, thanks to your having kindly let her have the book previously. Again thanking you,

"I remain,

"Yours very sincerely,

"AUGUSTA."

And in a little cabinet in the far corner is a beautiful Sèvres bowl. In the bowl is a telegram from "Princess Mary," asking Mrs. Kendal to come to St. James's Palace at once. Written on a black-edged envelope were these words: "To dearest Mrs. Grimston Kendal. A little souvenir. Found amongst the last wishes of her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge."

It is only just possible to hasten through the collection of substantial reminiscences which add to the charm of this corner of the house. The quaint white china hare was given to Mrs. Kendal many years ago by Mr. John Hare, when playing together at the Court. A curious but vividly suggestive idea of Japanese wit, in the shape of a couple of characteristically dressed figures, typifies "Health" and "Wealth"; the figure, representing "Health" has a countenance of the deepest red, the other a face all golden and as resplendent as the sun. In a small frame is the



MRS. KENDAL AS "GALATEA."



letter from the Goethe Club of New York, making Mrs Kendal an honorary member. She is the only woman member of this club. And this pretty little doll dressed as a Quakeress—a charming compliment to the recipient—was presented by the Quakeresses of Philadelphia, who never, never, never go the play, yea, verily! So they sent this as a tribute of their admiration for the talents and character of the woman who has been called "The Matron of the Drama."

We sat down on a settee in front of the fire. The cushions were of white lawn marked with the initial "M.," and were worked by the late Lady Eglinton.

Mrs. Kendal's happy and homely face is familiar to all. She has a truly tender and sympathetic expression there at all times. Her hair was once that of the fair one with golden locks, now it is of a rich brown colour—very neatly and naturally trimmed about her head. She is very kind—very motherly; just the woman you would single out in time of trouble and ask, "What would you advise me to do?" I gathered these impressions whilst listening to many things she said of which I need not write. Her views on theatrical life are strong, nay, severe. She is not afraid to speak, and she hits hard and sends her shots home. But you cannot mistake the earnestness of her manner, the true intent of her motives.

"I am only a common-place woman," she said to me. "I used to be ever so light-hearted—now, I'm a morbid creature. Here we are sitting down by the fireside. I may tell you happy reminiscences that may make one merry, and all the time I should be thinking about—what? Cancer! I return to my dressing-room from the stage at night. As I am passing along a fellow player may turn to me and say, 'How well the play has gone to-night!' I am only thinking of those who have trod that same stage before me. What are they now? Dust—earth—worms!"

I stirred the fire, and the bright glow from its burning embers lit up the corner where we sat. And we talked together.

Margaret Brunton Robertson was born at Great Grimsby on March 15th, 1849—curiously enough these lines will be read on the anniversary of her birthday. Her grandfather, father, and uncle were all actors.

"I lived alone with my father and mother," she said, "and the only real recollection I have of my father is his fine white beard, which he grew towards the latter days of his life, and a little advice he once gave me.

"'Always count twenty,' he said, 'when you are walking across the quay at Bristol, then you won't hear the sailors swear!' Yet he would use very bad language to me when he was teaching me my parts; for you know I commenced acting at a very early age. I was only three when I made my first appearance—and I ruined the play. It was at the Marylebone Theatre in the 'Three Poor Travellers,' and I was a blind child. My nurse was in the front row of the pit—that is, in the very first row, for there were no stalls. All I thought about was my new shoes—a very pretty, dainty little pair, and as soon as I stepped on the stage, I opened my eyes, caught sight of the delighted face of my nurse, and cried out:—

"'Oh! nurse, dear, look at my new shoes!'

"I played at Chute's Theatre in Bristol in many child's parts. When my father went to the wall over the Lincoln Circuit, Mr. Chute engaged him as an actor, and I went with him. I remember in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'—I was *Mustard Seed*, I think, or *Peas Blossom*; at any rate, some small character that required very prettily dressing, and plenty of flowers on my little costume. I am as fond of flowers to-day as I was then. Well, when once I got on the stage in my pretty dress, of which I was particularly proud—before I would leave it, I had to be bought off with apples and oranges! There they would stand at the wings, and the price



MRS. KENDAL'S LITTLE QUAKERESS.



would go up—up—up—two oranges, three oranges, three oranges and two apples—until I inwardly murmured a childish equivalent for 'sold,' and toddled off.

"I acted *Eva* in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' when I was eight. I think I was always a sad child—I looked forty when I was fifteen. After little *Eva* I used to play anything."

And they were hard times for little Madge—she worked like the brave little woman she was. Her childish thoughts were constantly with her parents—how best could she add to the weekly income. And this is what the same little Madge would do. Night after night, after playing in a serious piece, she would appear in burlesque, sing, dance, and crack her small jokes with the best of them. It was hard work that made her a woman—it was dearly-bought experience that gave birth to the sympathetic heart she has to-day.

So at fourteen she was a woman grown—and at fifteen at Hull played *Lady Macbeth* to Phelps's *Macbeth*!

"I was dressed in my mother's clothes," Mrs. Kendal said, "and I fear I must have looked a fearful guy!"

At rehearsal Phelps looked upon the young woman.

"And who—who is this child?" asked the great actor.

"Madge Robertson," the manager answered; "a rare favourite here. It was a choice between her and a very old woman, Mr. Phelps."

"Then let the young woman play, by all means," Phelps said.

What a night it was! At the end of the play they wanted her on again, but Phelps was obdurate. A party of men came round, and threatened to throw Phelps into the Humber! Phelps remained firm.

"He was kindness itself through it all," Mrs. Kendal assured me, "and though I did not go on again, he proved his thoughtfulness a little later on by sending for me to play *Lady Teazle*. I played the leading parts during the three nights Phelps remained in Hull in 'The Man of the World,' 'Richelieu,'

and 'Macbeth.' On July 29th, 1865, I made my *début* in London, at the Haymarket, as *Ophelia* to the *Hamlet* of Walter Montgomery. Poor Montgomery! He was what you would call a 'lady-killer'—very conceited, but, withal, very kind. He once wrote a letter to my father, and added a postscript, saying: 'Keep this letter. Should poverty fall upon you or yours, your great-grandchildren may be able to sell it for a good sum of money!' I was only with him six weeks."

The only play of her brother's in which Mrs. Kendal has appeared was "Dreams," when the Gaiety first opened. At this time the managers always tried to induce Mrs. Kendal to appear in a riding habit—a costume in which she looked strikingly handsome.

"Alfred Wigan played in 'Dreams,'" continued Mrs. Kendal. "His wife was one of the kindest women I ever met. She gave me a gold bracelet for a very curious little service I used to render her husband every night. He had to sing a song in 'Dreams,' and one or two of the high notes were beyond his reach. I used to take these notes for him, and the audience never guessed the truth."

"And have you not played *Desdemona*?" I asked.

"Oh! yes—and to a real black man, and so he did not have to put his head up the

chimney to make himself up for the part! His name was Ira Aldridge, and scandal said he was the dresser of some great actor whom he used to imitate. But he had very ingenious ideas as to the character of *Othello*. He thought him a brute, and played him as such. His great notion was to get the fairest woman possible for *Desdemona*—and I was selected, for at that time my hair was quite golden.

"In one part of the play he would cry out, 'Give me thy hand, *Desdemona*!' and certainly the effect of my hand in his huge grasp was impressive. Then in the last act he would pull me from the couch by the hair of my head. Oh! there was something in his realism, I can tell you!"



From a Photo.]

MRS. KENDAL.

[by Bassano.]



Miss Robertson made a great sensation when she appeared as *Blanche Dumont*, in Dr. Westland Marston's "Hero of Romance," when it was performed for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre, on March 14th, 1868. Seventeen months after this, on August 7th, 1869, she was Madge Robertson no longer. On that day she was married to Mr. William Hunter Grimston, whose stage name is Kendal. It is a charming little story.

It occurred at Manchester. Mr. Kendal and Miss Robertson were on tour with the elder Compton, and they were—sweethearts. A convenient time seemed to have arrived for their wedding day, for on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights pieces were to be played in which neither of them would be required. This would mean a nice little honeymoon—and the two lovers would re-appear on the Monday night. So the day was fixed—Thursday; the church chosen—St. Saviour's, Plymouth Grove; and the best man booked—Walter Gowing, who used to play under the name of Walter Gordon.

Then bad news came. Compton's brother was taken ill, and he had to hurry away from Cottonopolis. Another play had to be put in the bill, both Mr. Kendal and Miss Robertson would be needed—for it was "As You Like It," and the one would be wanted for *Orlando* and the other for *Rosalind*. Still, the wedding was proceeded with on Thursday morning, quietly and happily, and in the

evening husband and wife met on the stage in the Forest of Arden. There, with *Celia* as the priest, amidst the leafy trees and grassy pathways, *Orlando* turns to the merry *Celia*, and pointing to the far, far happier *Rosalind*, cries out:—

"Pray thee, marry us!"

"Will you, Orlando, have to wife this *Rosalind*?"

"I will."

"Then," *Rosalind* pertly remarks, "you must say, 'I take thee, *Rosalind*, for wife.'"

"I take thee, *Rosalind*, for wife," said *Orlando*, earnestly.

Then *Rosalind* asked, "Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her?"

And *Orlando* replied—both in the words of Shakespeare and in the language of his own heart—"For ever and a day!"

That is the true story of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. It was a natural desire of each never to play apart from the other, and from that day they have never separated. For some seven years Mr. and Mrs. Kendal played at the Haymarket, under Buckstone's management, and the gifted actress merrily referred to the little jokes played on "Bucky" by some of the actors. He was stone deaf, and could only take his cues when to speak from the movements of his fellow-actors' lips, so they would annoy him by continuing the lip movement, and "Bucky" sometimes got "stuck."

Little need be said of Mrs. Kendal's



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subsequent work—her acting at the Court, the Prince of Wales's, and her labours at the St. James's, when, in 1881, she appeared there under the joint management of Mr. Kendal and Mr. Hare. Not only in this country has her name become fondly familiar in the homes of those who "go to the theatre" and those who "never would," but in America the artistic acting of herself and husband has been instantly and enthusiastically recognised.

I left the drawing-room—pausing, before entering Mr. Kendal's study, to admire the aviary—a veritable home of song—and to notice one diminutive member of the feathered tribe in particular, who has been taught by Miss Grimston to perform tricks *ad lib.*, in addition to giving forth the sweetest of notes.

The study is a very delicate apartment in terra-cotta and gold—here and there are quaint blue china vases and many exquisite bronzes. The window in the recess where the table is—a typical study table, suggesting plenty of work—is of stained glass, the quartet of divisions representing the four seasons. A glance round the walls of this room at once reveals the substantial side of Mr. Kendal's artistic hobby—pictures. In this apartment there is nothing but water-colours, save a very clever pen-and-ink sketch by a New York artist, called "Six Months After Marriage," which Jefferson caught sight of at the New York Dramatic Bazaar, and reminded Mr. Kendal to "keep his eye on," and a portrait or two of Mrs. Kendal and the children. "Hetty Sorrell" at her butter pats, with her thoughts very far from the churning-pan, is a gem. "The Last of St. Bartholomew" is a magnificent bit of painting, and the Venetian views at once carry one back to the home of the merry gondolier and perfect moonlight nights. This picture of

Salvini—who its possessor assured me was the finest tragedian he had ever seen—was painted by Mr. Kendal himself. The bookcase, running along opposite the window, contains many rare first editions, of which Mr. Kendal is a very persevering and successful collector, and a bound manuscript copy of every play produced by him, together with the original sketches for the scenery. You may look over the "Scrap of Paper," "The Falcon," "Queen's Shilling," "Ladies' Battle," "Clancarty," "The Ironmaster," "The Money Spinner," and "The Squire"—Pinero's play, of which somebody wrote that it wafted the scent of the new-mown hay across the footlights.

It is interesting to learn how Mr. Kendal first came across Pinero.

"I only knew him as an actor at the Lyceum," he said, "and had never met him. He wrote and asked if we would let him read a play to us. As a rule we never do that; but, remembering that Pinero was himself a player, we made an exception. So it came about that one day, after a rehearsal, the actor playwright read his piece to us in the *foyer* of the St. James's. We never expected anything at first, but the reading ended in our taking the play immediately, though we scarcely knew what we should do with it, seeing it was a two-act play. We

found an opportunity, however, and you know the success it was. It was called 'The Money Spinner.'"

Mr. Kendal is a striking-looking man—the very ideal of a picturesque soldier, with a constitution of steel. He talks to you frankly, easily, for there is not two pennyworth of presumption about him. He lives and labours very quietly—he enjoys his days, and a good cigar. He divides his talents between the stage and the brush. His pencil and palette have been with him in far-off



PORTRAIT OF SALVINI, BY MR. KENDAL.



places, and there is always a corner in his bag for them if he only travels twenty miles from Harley Street. His peculiarity of painting—so to speak—lies in the fact that he never fails to chronicle the view obtained from any hotel where he may be staying. He showed me a book full of these hasty impressions—all of which were most beautifully done—many of them he could only give ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to. Two of these I brought away for reproduction in these pages; they are both unfinished, however—the pencil reminders of certain little additions tell that.

The first of these is a view of the Infirmary as seen from Mr. Kendal's window at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester; the second—done in a quarter of an hour—shows the way the Americans erect their buildings for exhibiting a cyclorama—popularly known here as a panorama. It was done from a back window in an hotel in Cleveland, U.S.A. The actor-artist never learnt drawing, save for a few hours' lessons he took at the Slade Schools under the tuition of Le Gros.

Mr. Kendal—William Hunter Grimston—was born at Notting Hill, and just outside the sound of Bow Bells, on December 16th, 1843. His parents belonged to the Low Church, and their views of the theatre in general, and on adopting the stage as a profession in particular, will be readily understood. Mr. Kendal was intended for the Army—how he came to "go on" the stage is best told in his own words:—

"I had only been to three or four pantomimes previously," he said, "and one night—I was about eighteen years of age at the time—I found myself in the stalls of the old Soho Theatre, in Dean Street, Soho, now known as the Royalty Theatre. My paper and pencil were out, and I was busily engaged in making sketches of the various actors and actresses. The piece was 'Billie Taylor.' Suddenly I felt a gentle tap on the shoulder from behind. I turned round.

"'Would you allow me to take those sketches round and show the 'parties' interested?' a gentleman asked.

"'Certainly; with pleasure,' I replied.



SKETCH FROM THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, MANCHESTER, BY MR. KENDAL.

He draws everything that impresses him—his painting memory is remarkable. He sees a man's face in the street, carries it home in his mind, and it will be very faithfully put on paper or canvas.

We talked for a long time on "pictures"—he was so happy and earnest about it that it was some time before we made an attempt to tread the boards and get behind the footlights.

"'Perhaps you would like to come behind the scenes as well?'

"It was just what I wanted, so I followed the person who had so kindly interested himself in my scribble. He proved to be Mr. Mowbray, the manager of the theatre. The picture behind the scenes that night was a perfect Elysium to me. I think Mowbray must have noticed the impression it made upon me, for

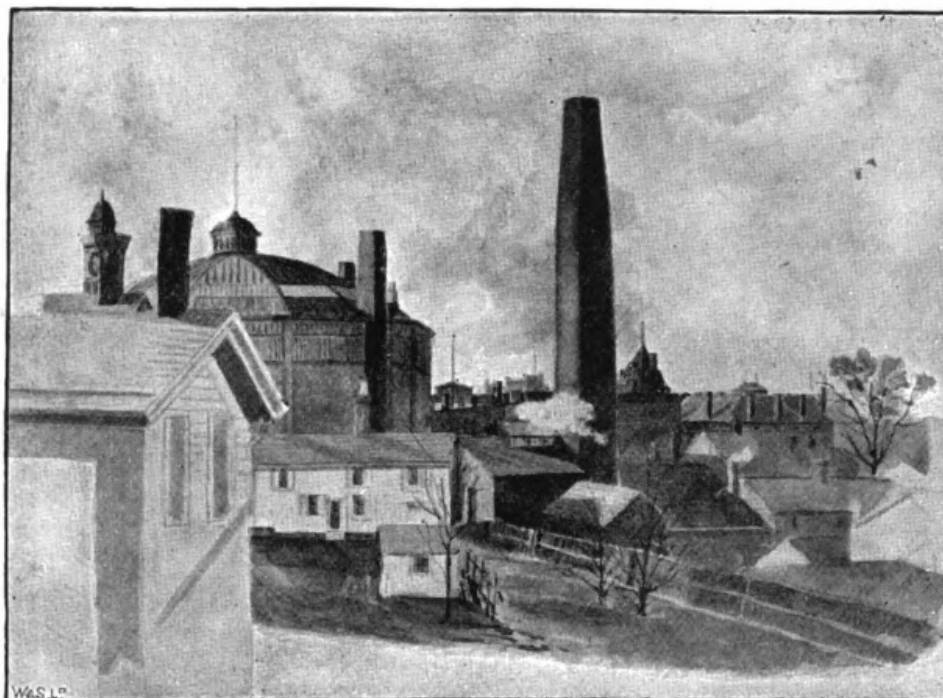


he asked if I would like to go on the stage. I did—as a sort of super.”

Mr. Kendal's first important engagement lasted four or five years at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Here he met and played with such people as Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), G. V. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Dion Boucicault, Fechter, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), and the elder Sothern.

“‘Suppose I spend that amount of money on the place, will you take it?’ Lord Newry asked.

“My only reply was that I would think about it. In the meantime I went to the Court, from there to the Prince of Wales's to play in ‘Diplomacy’—it ran a year—‘Peril’ and ‘London Assurance.’ Then I returned to the Court again, and during this time Lord



SKETCH FROM HOTEL WINDOW, CLEVELAND, U.S.A., BY MR. KENDAL.

When Sothern left, the accomplished young actor played *Dundreary*, and found himself straying in the footsteps of the famous originator of the part, even to the hop. One would have thought that people would have praised the actor for taking such a worthy example—but it displeased Tom Taylor, and he wrote very wrathfully. Then Mr. Kendal went to the Haymarket, met Miss Robertson, and from their wedding day their lives may be said to have been the same in thought, word, and deed.

As an organizer and man of business his tact and judgment were tested and proved during his joint management of the St. James's with Mr. Hare in 1881. For some time previous to this Mr. Kendal had been on the look-out for a theatre, and his mind wandered towards the St. James's, but it required a large sum of money spending on it before it could be opened.

“One night I was talking to Lord Newry at my club,” said Mr. Kendal, “and happened to say that if £2,000 or so were spent on the St. James's I might feel inclined to take it.

Newry had practically gutted the old and unlucky St. James's, turned it inside out—John Hare, my wife and self entered, and we remained there nearly ten years.”

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal share the same opinion of America—it is the land of to-day, the land of the future. As to its theatres in comparison with ours, Mrs. Kendal—who had now joined us—was most enthusiastic. I had reached the pillars, from which hung curtains of intricate Japanese workmanship, leading to the hall. Victoria, the Jubilee dog, was barking a friendly “Good-bye,” and the lusty throats of Miss Grimston's two-and-twenty canaries forced their sweet notes from a far-away room into the passage.

“I will give you some idea of what an American theatre is like,” said Mrs. Kendal. “You reach your destination by rail at some small place for a one-night stay. If it is raining and the ground is wet, men in long jack-boots catch hold of you and gallantly take you across the puddles. You do not see a soul about—and you are in fear and trembling as to where your night's audience



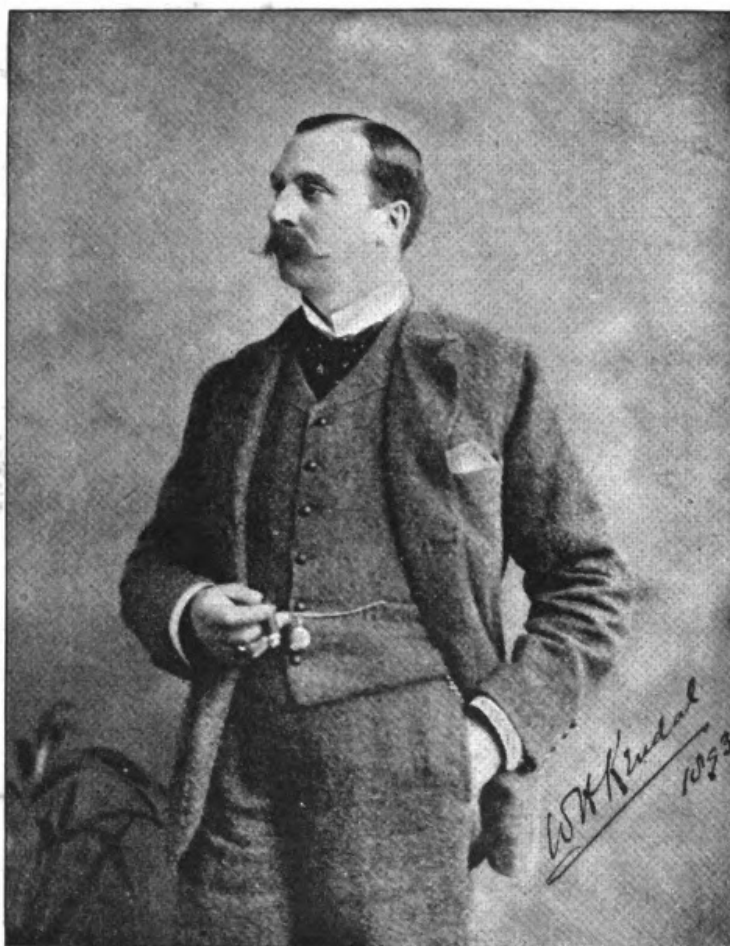
is coming from. You get to your hotel, and then your next thought is—where is the theatre? You expect to find a little, uncomfortable, band-box of a place, and you set out to see it with a heavy heart. It is a palace—a marble palace—a positive poem! And your heart leaps happily—only to drop dull again, for you suddenly remember that

you have seen—nobody, not even the oldest inhabitant. You turn to the manager.

“‘Yes, yes—but, what about an audience, how are you going to fill it?’ you ask.

“‘Wall,’ he replies, ‘I don’t trouble myself much about that. I reckon that every seat in this theatre is sold for to-night, that’s all!’”

HARRY HOW.



*From a Photo. by*

MR. KENDAL.

*[Maurice Stephens, Harro: at.*



## "Author! Author!"

BY E. W. HORNING.



HIS story has to do with two men and a play, instead of a woman, and it is none of mine. I had it from an old gentleman I love: only he ought to have written it himself. This, however, he will never do; having known intimately in his young days one of the two men concerned. But I have his leave to repeat the story more or less as he told it—if I can. And I am going to him for my rebuke—when I dare.

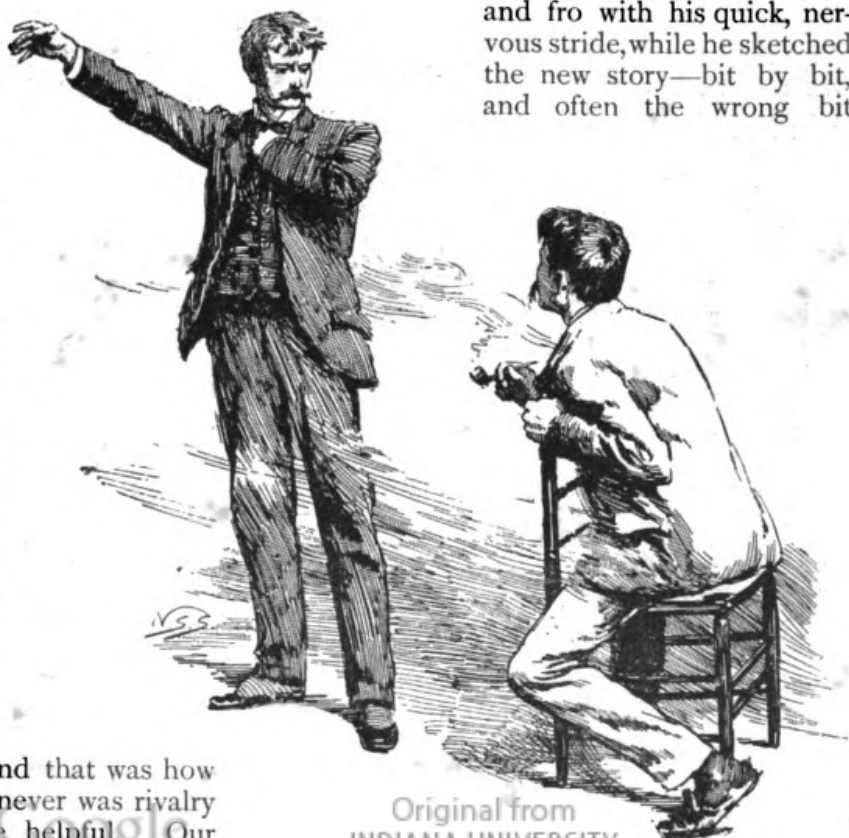
"You want to hear the story of poor old Pharazyn and his play? I'm now going to tell it you.

"Ah, well! My recollection of the matter dates from one summer's night at my old rooms in the Adelphi, when he spoilt my night's work by coming in flushed with an idea of his own. I remember banging the drawer into which I threw my papers to lock them away for the night; but in a few minutes I had forgotten my unfinished article, and was glad that Pharazyn had come. We were young writers, both of us; and, let me tell you, my good fellow, young writing wasn't in those days what it is now. I am thinking less of merit than of high prices, and less of high prices than of cheap notoriety. Neither of us had ever had our names before the public—not even in the advertised contents of an unread and unreadable magazine. No one cared about names in my day, save for the half-dozen great ones that were then among us; so Pharazyn's and mine never used to appear in the newspapers, though some of them used our stuff.

"In a manner we were rivals, for we were writing the same sort of thing for the same sort of publications, and that was how we had come together; but never was rivalry friendlier, or mutually more helpful. Our parts were strangely complementary; if I

could understand for the life of me the secret of collaboration, which has always been a mystery to me, I should say that I might have collaborated with Pharazyn almost ideally. I had the better of him in point of education, and would have turned single sentences against him for all he was worth; and I don't mind saying so, for there my superiority ended. When he had a story to tell, he told it with a swing and impetus which I coveted him, as well I might to this day; and if he was oftener without anything to write about, his ideas would pay twenty shillings in the pound, in strength and originality, where mine made some contemptible composition in pence. That is why I have been a failure at fiction—oh, yes, I have! That is why Pharazyn would have succeeded, if only he had stuck to plain ordinary narrative prose.

"The idea he was unable to keep within his own breast, on the evening of which I am telling you, was as new, and simple, and dramatic as any that ever intoxicated the soul of story-teller or made a brother author green with envy. I can see him now, as I watched him that night, flinging to and fro with his quick, nervous stride, while he sketched the new story—bit by bit, and often the wrong bit



Original from  
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"HE SKETCHED THE NEW STORY."

Vol. v. -32.



foremost; but all with his own flashing vividness, which makes me so sorry—so sorry whenever I think of it. At moments he would stand still before the chair on which I sat intent, and beat one hand upon the other, and look down at me with a grand, wondering smile, as though he himself could hardly believe what the gods had put into his head, or that the gift was real gold, it glittered so at first sight. On that point I could reassure him. My open jealousy made me admire soberly. But when he told me, quite suddenly, as though on an afterthought, that he meant to make a play of it and not a story, I had the solid satisfaction at that moment of calling him a fool.

"The ordinary author of my day, you see, had a certain timorous respect for the technique of the stage. It never occurred to us to make light of those literary conventions which it was not our business to understand. We were behind you fellows in every way. But Pharazyn was a sort of forerunner: he said that any intelligent person could write a play, if he wanted to, and provided he could write at all. He said his story was a born play; and it was, in a way; but I told him I doubted whether he could train it up with his own hand to be a good acting one. I knew I was right. He had neither the experience nor the innate constructive faculty, one or other of which is absolutely necessary for the writing of possible plays. I implored him to turn the thing into a good dramatic novel, and so make his mark at one blow. But no; the fatal fit was on him, and I saw that it must run its course. Already he could see and hear his audience laughing and crying, so he said, and I daresay he could also feel the crinkle of crisp weekly receipts. I only know that we sat up all night over it, arguing and smoking and drinking

whisky until my windows overlooking the river caught the rising sun at an angle. Then I gave in. For poor old Pharazyn was more obstinate than ever, though he thanked me with the greatest good temper for my well-meant advice.

"‘And look here, my boy,’ says he, as he puts on his hat, ‘you shan’t hear another word about this till the play’s written; and you are to ask no questions. Is that a bargain? Very well, then. When I’ve finished it—down to the very last touches—you shall come and sit up all night with me, and I’ll read you every word. And by gad, old chap, if they give me a call the first night, and want a speech—and I see you sitting in your stall, like a blessed old fool as you are—by gad, sir, I’ll hold up you and your judgment to the ridicule of the house, so help me never!’

"Well, I am coming to that first night presently. Meanwhile, for the next six months, I saw very little of Pharazyn, and less still in the new year. He seldom came to my rooms now; when he did I could never get him to stay and sit up with me; and once when I climbed up to his garret (it was literally that), he would not answer me, though I could smell his pipe through the key-hole, in which he had turned the key. Yet he was perfectly friendly whenever we did meet.

He said he was working very hard, and indeed I could imagine it; his personal appearance, which he had never cherished, being even untidier, and I am obliged to add seedier, than of old. He continued to send me odd magazines in which his stuff happened to appear, or occasionally a proof for one’s opinion and suggestions; we had done this to each other

all along; but either I did not think about it, or somehow he led me to suppose that his things were more or less hot from the pen, whereas many of mine had been written a twelvemonth before one saw them in type. One way or another, I gathered that he was at



"I COULD SMELL HIS PIPE THROUGH THE KEYHOLE."



work in our common groove, and had shelved, for the present at all events, his proposed play, about which you will remember I had undertaken to ask no questions.

"I was quite mistaken. One night in the following March he came to me with a haggard face, a beaming eye, and a stout, clean manuscript, which he brought down with a thud on my desk. It was the play he had sketched out to me eight or nine months before. I was horrified to hear he had been at work upon it alone from that night to this. He had written, so he said, during all this time, not another line, only each line of his play some ten times over.

"I recollect looking curiously at his shabby clothes, and then reminding him that it was at his place, not mine, I was to have heard him read the play: and how he confessed that he had no chair for me there—that his room was, in fact, three parts dismantled—that he had sacrificed everything to the play, which was worth it. I was extremely angry. I could have helped him so easily, independent as I was of the calling I loved to follow. But there was about him always an accursed, unnecessary independence, which has since struck me—and I think I may say so after all these years—as the mark of a rather humble, very honest origin.

"He read me the play, and I cried over the third act, and so did he. I thought then, and still think, that there was genius in that third act—it took you off your feet. And to me, certainly, it seemed as if the piece must act as well as it read, though indeed, as I took care to say and to repeat, my opinion was well-nigh valueless on that point. I only knew that I could see the thing playing itself, as I walked about the room (for this time I was the person who was too excited to sit still), and that was enough to make one sanguine. I became as enthusiastic about it as though the work were mine (which it never, never would or could have been), yet I was unable to suggest a single improvement, or to have so much as a finger-tip in the pie. Nor could I afterwards account for its invariable reception at the hands of managers, whose ways were then unknown to me. That night we talked only of one kind of reception. We were still talking when the sun came slanting up the river to my

windows; you could hardly see them for tobacco-smoke, and we had emptied a bottle of whisky to the success of Pharazyn's immortal play.

"Oh, those nights—those nights once in a way! God forgive me, but I'd sacrifice many things to be young again and feel clever, and to know the man who would sit up all night with me to rule the world over a bottle of honest grog. In the pale light of subsequent revelations I ought, perhaps, to recall such a night, with that particular companion, silently and in spiritual ashes. But it is ridiculous, in my opinion, to fit some sort of consequence to every little insulated act; nor will I ever admit that poor Pharazyn's ultimate failing was in any appreciable degree promoted or prepared for by those our youthful full-souled orgies. I know very well that afterwards, when his life was spent in waylaying those aforesaid managers, in cold passages, on stage doorsteps, or, in desperation, under the public portico on the street; and when a hundred snubs and subterfuges would culminate in the return of his manuscript, ragged but unread: I know, and I knew then, that the wreck who would dodge me in Fleet Street,



Original from  
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"HIS MANUSCRIPT RAGGED BUT UNREAD."



or cut me in the Strand, had taken to his glass more seriously and more steadily than a man should. But I am not sure that it matters much—*much*, you understand me—when that man's heart is broken.

"The last words I was ever to exchange with my poor old friend keep ringing in my head to this day, whenever I think of him; and I can repeat them every one. It was some few years after our intimacy had ceased, and when I only knew that he had degenerated into a Fleet Street loafer of the most dilapidated type, that I caught sight of him one day outside a theatre. It was the theatre which was for some years a gold-mine to one Morton Morrison, of whom you may never have heard; but he was a public pet in his day, I can tell you, and his day was just then at its high noon. Well, there stood Phrazyn, with his hands in his pockets and a cutty-pipe sticking out between his ragged beard and moustache, and his shoulders against the pit door, so that for once he could not escape me. But he wouldn't take a hand out of his pocket to shake mine; and when I asked him how he was, without thinking, he laughed in my face, and it made me feel cruel. He was dreadfully emaciated, and almost in rags. And as I wondered what I ought to do, and what to say next, he gave a cough, and spat upon the pavement, and I could see the blood.

"I don't know what you would have done for him—but for all I knew what had brought him to this, I could think of nothing but a drink. It was mid-winter, and I tell you the man was in rags. I felt that if I could get him to a bar he might eat something, too, and that I should get a hold of him this time which I would never again let go. Judge of my surprise when he flatly refused to come with me even for a drink.

"Can't you see? he said in his hollow voice. 'There'll be a crowd here directly, and I want the best seat in the pit—the best in the house. I've been going dry for it these two days, and I'm going dry till I've seen the piece. No, I've been here an hour already, and there's three hours more, I know; but I'm not going to risk it, thanks all the same.'

"By this I had remembered that Morton Morrison was to re-open that night with a new piece. Indeed, I ought not to have forgotten that, seeing that I had my order about me somewhere, and it meant a column from my pen between twelve and one that night. But this sudden, sorry meeting had put all other thoughts out of my head.

"My dear fellow," I said, with a sort of laugh, 'are you a first-nighter, too?'

"Only at this theatre."

"He looked me queerly in the face.

"You admire Morrison very much?'

"I love him!'

"I suppose my eyes thawed him, though God knows how hard I was trying not to hurt him with pitying looks. At all events he began to explain himself of his own accord, very impetuously; indeed I rather think the outburst was purely involuntary.

"Look here,' he said, with his hoarse voice lowered: 'I hoped never to see your face again. I hoped you'd never see mine. But now you are here, don't go this minute, and I'll tell you why I think so much of Morton Morrison. I don't know him, mind you—he doesn't know me from Adam—but once long ago I had something to do with him. And God bless him, but damn every other manager in London, for he was the only one of the lot that gave me a civil hearing and a kind word!'

"I knew what he was talking about, and



"THERE STOOD PHRAZYN."



he knew that I knew, for we had understood one another in the old days.

"I took it to him last of all," he went on, wiping his damp lips with his hand. "When I began hawking it about he was an unknown man; when his turn came he was here. He let me read it to him. Then he asked me to leave it with him for a week; and when I went back to him, he said what they had all said—that it would never act! But Morton Morrison said it nicely. And when he saw how it cut me up, into little bits, he got me to tell him all about everything; and then he persuaded me to burn the play, instead of ruining my life for it; and I burnt it in his dressing-room fire, but the ruin was too far gone to mend. I wrote that thing with my heart's blood—old man, you know I did! And none of them would think of it! My God! But Morrison was good about it—he's a good soul—and that's why you'll see me at every first night of his until the drink finishes its work."

"I had not followed him quite to the end. One thing had amazed me too much.

"You burnt your play," I could only marmur, "when it would have turned into such a novel! Surely you have some draft of it still?"

"I burnt the lot when I got home," Pharazyn replied; "and by-and-by I shall join 'em and burn too!"

"I had nothing to answer to that, and was, besides, tenacious of my point. 'I don't think much of the kindness that makes one man persuade another to burn his work and throw up the sponge,' said I, with a good deal of indignation, for I did feel wroth with that fellow Morrison—a bread-and-butter drawing-room actor, whose very vogue used to irritate me.

"Then what do you think of this?" asked Pharazyn, as he dipped a hand within his shabby coat, and cautiously unclenched it under my nose.

"Why, it's a five-pound note!"

"I know; but wasn't *that* kind, then?"

"So Morrison gave you this!" I exclaimed.

"Two or three persons had stopped to join us at the pit door, and Pharazyn hastily put the note back in his pocket. As he did so, his dreadfully shabby condition gave my heart a fresh cut.

"Are you never going to spend that?" I asked in a whisper; and in a whisper he answered:—

"Never! It is all my play has brought me—all. It was given me as a charity, but I took it as my earnings—my earnings for all the work and waiting, and blood and tears, that one thing cost me. Spend it? Not I! It will bury me as decently as I deserve."

"We could converse no more. And the presence of other people prevented me from giving him my overcoat, though I spoke of it into his ear, begging and imploring him to come away and take it while there was still time for him to slip back and get a seat in the front row. But he would not hear of it, and the way he refused reminded me of his old stubborn independence; all I got was a promise that he would have a bite with me after the performance. And so I left him in the frosty dusk, ill-clad and unkempt, with the new-lit lamp over the pit door shining down upon the haggard mask that had once been the eager, memorable face of my cleverest friend.



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?"

"I saw him next the moment I entered the theatre that evening, and I nodded my head to him, which he rebuked with the



slightest shake of his own. So I looked no more at him before the play began, comprehending that he desired me not to do so. The temptation, however, was too strong to go on resisting, for while Pharazyn was in the very centre of the front row in the pit, I was at one end of the last row of the stalls; and I was very anxious about him, wanting to make sure that he was there and not going to escape me again, and nervous of having him out of my sight for five minutes together.

"Thus I know more about the gradual change which came over Pharazyn's poor face, as scene followed scene, than of the developments and merits of those scenes themselves. My mind was in any case running more on my lost friend than on the piece; but it was not till near the end of the first act that the growing oddity of his look first struck me.

"His eyebrows were raised; it was a look of incredulity chiefly; yet I could see nothing to impale for improbability in the play as far as it had gone. I was but lightly attending, for my own purposes, as you youngsters skim your betters for review; but thus far the situation struck me as at once feasible and promising. Also it seemed not a little familiar to me; I could not say why, for watching Pharazyn's face. And it was his face that told me at last, in the second act. By God, it was his own play!

"It was Pharazyn's play, superficially altered all through, nowhere substantially; but the only play for me, when I knew that, was being acted in the front row of the pit, and not on the stage, to which I had turned the side of my head. I watched my old friend's face writhe and work until it stiffened in a savage calm; and watching, I thought of the 'first night' he had pictured jovially in the old days, when the bare idea of the piece was bursting his soul; and thinking, I wondered whether it could add a drop to his bitterness to remember that too.

"Yet, through all my thoughts, I was listening, intently enough, now. And in the third act I heard the very words my friend had written: they had not meddled with his lines in the great scene which had moved us both to tears long ago in my rooms. And this I swear to, whether you believe it or no -- that at the crisis of that scene, which was just as Pharazyn made it, the calm ferocity transfiguring his face died away all at once, and I saw it shining with the sweetest tears our eyes can

shed—the tears of an artist over his own work.

"And when the act was over he sat with his head on his hand for some minutes, drinking in the applause, as I well knew; then he left his seat and squeezed out on my side of the house, and I made sure he was coming to speak to me over the barrier; and I got up to speak to him; but he would not see me, but stood against the barrier with a mien as white and set as chiselled marble.

"What followed on the first fall of the curtain I shall relate as rapidly as it happened. Louder call for an author I never heard, and I turned my eyes to the stage in my intense curiosity to see who would come forward; for the piece had been brought out anonymously; and I divined that Morrison himself was about to father it. And so he did; but as the lie passed his lips, and in the interval before the applause—the tiny interval between flash and peal—the lie was given him in a roar of fury from my left; there fell a thud of feet at my side, and Pharazyn was over the barrier and bolting down the gangway towards the stage. I think he was near making a leap for the footlights and confronting Morrison on his own boards; but the orchestra came between, and the fiddlers rose in their places. Then he turned wildly to us pressmen, and I will say he had our ear, if not that of the whole house besides, for the few words he was allowed to utter.

"'Gentlemen!' he cried at the top of his voice—'Gentlemen, I'm one of you! I'm a writing man like yourselves, and I wrote this play that you've seen. That man never wrote it at all—I wrote it myself! That man has only altered it. I read it to him two years ago—two years ago, gentlemen! He kept it for a week, and then got me to burn it as rubbish—when he had made a copy of it! And he gave me this, gentlemen—he gave me this that I give him back!'

"It was a matter of only a few seconds, but not till my own last hour shall I forget Morrison's painted face on the stage, or that sweating white one beneath the boxes; or the fluttering from Pharazyn's poor fingers of the five-pound note he had treasured for two years; or the hush all over the house until the first hand was laid upon his dirty collar.

"'What!' he screamed, 'do none of you believe me? Will none of you stand by me— isn't there a man—not one man among you—'



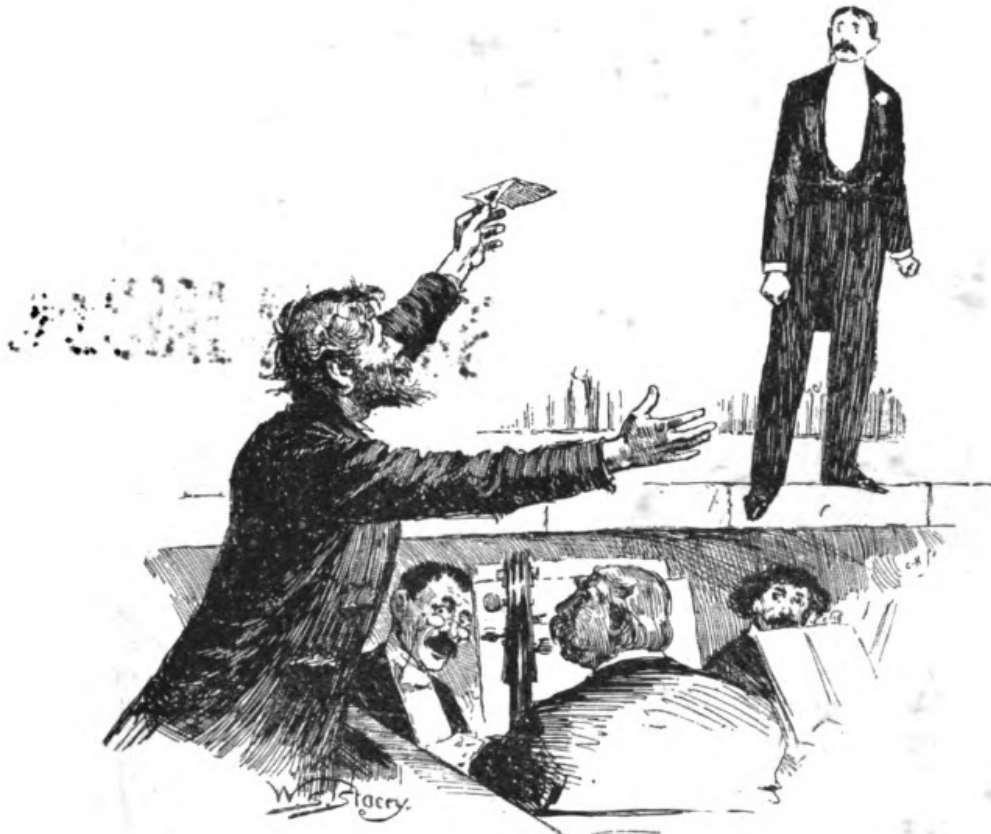
"And they threw him out with my name on his lips. And I followed, and floored a brute who was handling him roughly. And nothing happened to me—because of what happened to Pharazyn!"

The dear old boy sat silent, his grey head

stand him, Morrison kept his good name at least. And that play was his great success!"

I ventured gently to inquire what had happened to Pharazyn.

"He died in my arms," my old friend cried, throwing up his head with an oath

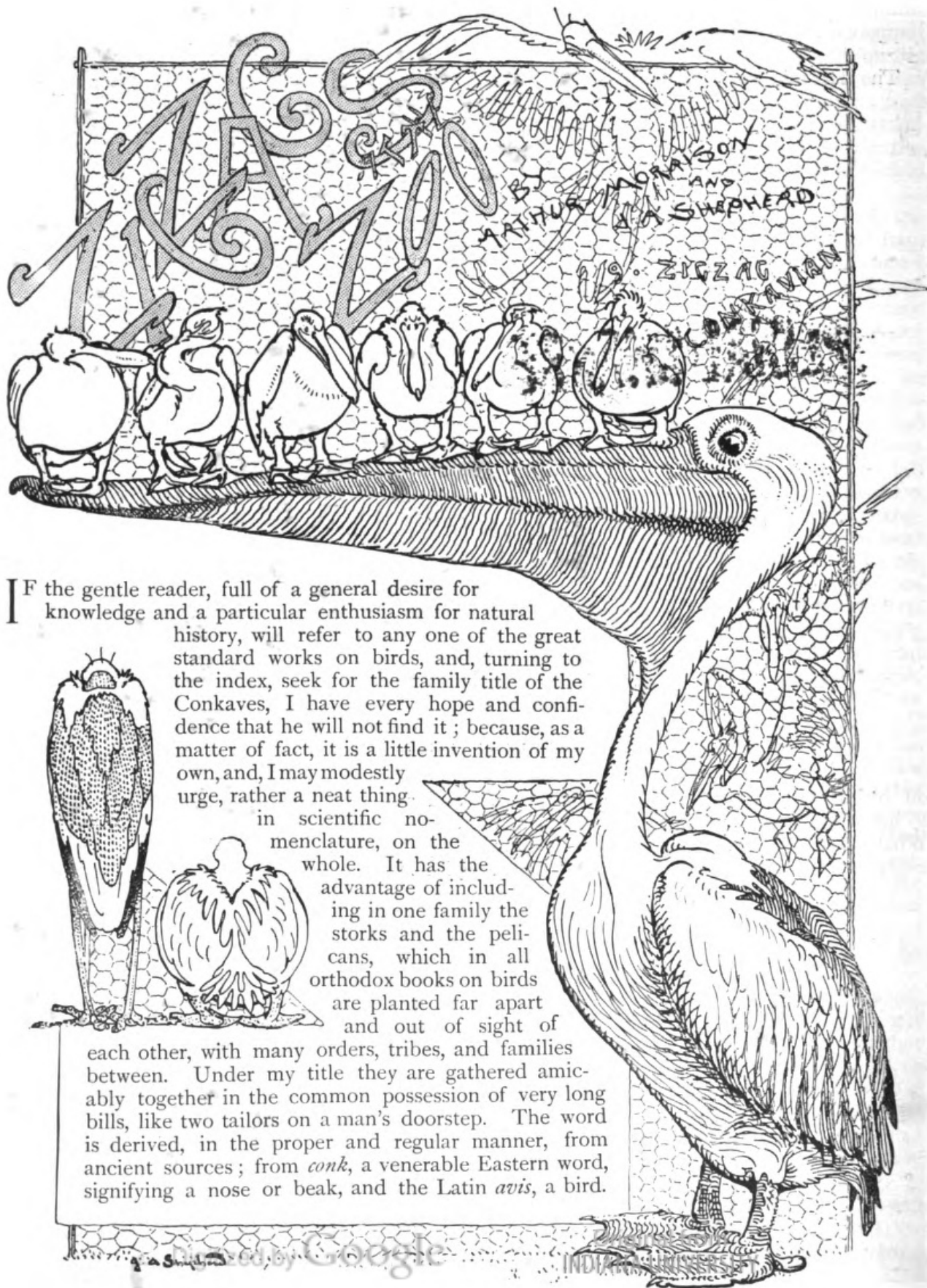


"HE GAVE ME THIS."

on his hand. Presently he went on, more to himself than to me: "What could I do? What proof had I? He had burnt them every one. And as long as the public would

and a tear. "He died in a few minutes, outside the theatre. I could hear them clapping after he was dead—clapping his piece."

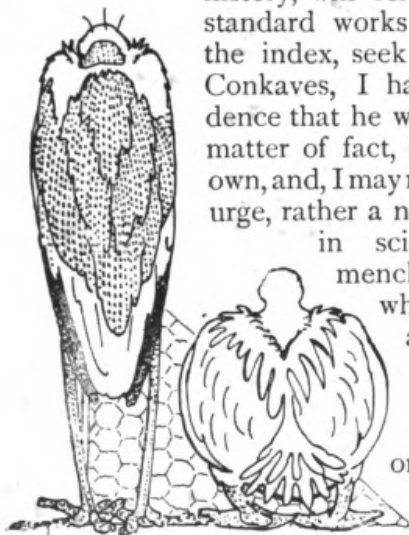




IF the gentle reader, full of a general desire for knowledge and a particular enthusiasm for natural history, will refer to any one of the great standard works on birds, and, turning to the index, seek for the family title of the Conkaves, I have every hope and confidence that he will not find it; because, as a matter of fact, it is a little invention of my own, and, I may modestly urge, rather a neat thing.

in scientific nomenclature, on the whole. It has the advantage of including in one family the storks and the pelicans, which in all orthodox books on birds are planted far apart and out of sight of

each other, with many orders, tribes, and families between. Under my title they are gathered amicably together in the common possession of very long bills, like two tailors on a man's doorstep. The word is derived, in the proper and regular manner, from ancient sources; from *conk*, a venerable Eastern word, signifying a nose or beak, and the Latin *avis*, a bird.





And I offer the term freely as my humble, but I trust useful, contribution to science ; my first contribution.

The stork is regarded, in many countries, with a certain semi-superstitious reverence and esteem. After many prolonged and serious attempts to saturate myself with a similar feeling, I regret to confess to a certain smallness of esteem for the stork. You can't esteem a bird that makes ugly digs at your feet and heels with such a very big beak. Out in their summer quarters the storks are kept in by close wire, and close wire will give an air of inoffensiveness to most things. But, away in a by-yard, with a gate marked "private," there stands a shed wherein the storks are kept warm in winter, behind wooden bars ; and between these bars stork-heads have a way of dropping at the



PICKS AND CHEWS.



THE PELICAN LEFT.

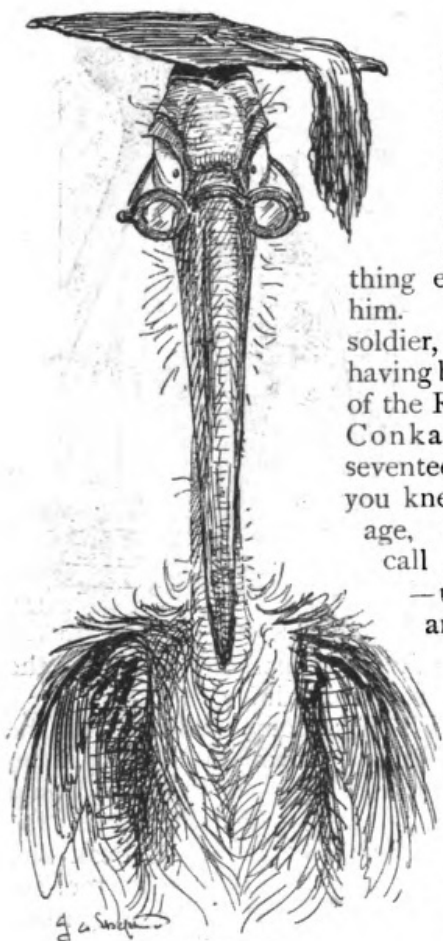
toes of the favoured passer-by, like to the action of a row of roadmen's picks.

The stork has come off well in the matter of bodily endowment. The pelican has a tremendous beak—achieved, it would seem, by a skimping of material in the legs ; but the stork has the tremendous beak and legs of surprising growth as well. His wings, too, are something more than respectable. At flying, at eating, at portentous solemnity of demeanour—in all these and in other things the pelican and the stork score fairly evenly ; but at walking the pelican is left behind at once. This makes one suspect the stork's honesty. The pelican has a good beak and wings, and pays for them, like an honest bird, out of its legs, just as the ostrich pays for its neck and legs out of its wings. But the stork is abnormally lucky in beak, neck, legs, and wings together, and even then has

material left to lay out in superfluous knobs and wens to hang round its neck, which leads to a suspicion that many of its personal fittings belong properly to some other bird. I've a notion that the unlucky kiwi might identify some of the property.







UNIVERSITIES.

thing else handsome about him. He is an old soldier, too, is Billy, having been Adjutant of the Regent's Park Conkavian Corps for seventeen years; but if you knew nothing of his age, still you would call Billy an old soldier—upon a little acquaintance with his habits.



LAW.

marabou, for instance—might fairly claim brevet rank as judge, after the example of the adjutant. The elevation of a beak to the bench might be considered an irregular piece of legal procedure; but, bless you, it's nothing unusual with a stork. Put any bench with something to eat on it anywhere within reach of a stork's beak in this place, and you shall witness that same elevation, precedent or no precedent.

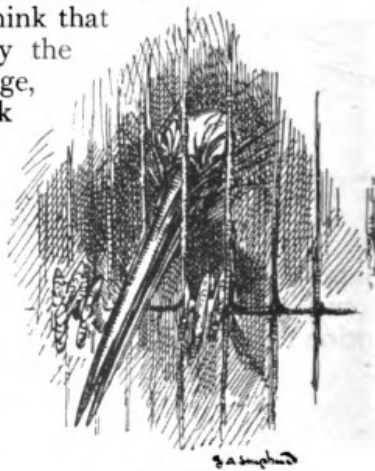
A common white stork hasn't half the solid gravity of an adjutant or a marabou. He has a feline habit of expressing his displeasure by blowing and swearing—a habit bad and



CHURCH.

immoral in a cat, but worse in a stork accustomed to Church. Church, by-the-bye, is the keeper of all the conkavians, as well as of the herons, the flamingoes, the ibises, the egrets, and a number of other birds with names more difficult to spell. It is impossible to treat disrespectfully a man with such widespread responsibilities as this, or there might be a temptation to mention that he is not an unusually high Church, although his services are not always simple, often involving a matter of doctorin'. But, then, some people will say anything, temptation or none. And after all, it is pleasant to know that, whatever a stork or a pelican wants, he always goes to Church.

This being the case, there is a proverb about cleanliness that makes one wonder why the marabou stork doesn't wash himself. It isn't as though he never wanted it. I have a horrible suspicion about this



SWEARING.



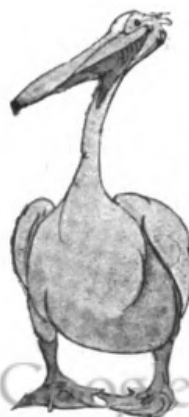


philosophic old sloven. I believe his profession of philosophic contemplation is assumed, because it is the easiest excuse for indolence. Now, a pelican is not a bird of graceful outline, but he *is* careful about his feathers. The pelican is a scrupulous old Dutchman, and the stork is an uncleanly old Hindu. And uncleanly he must be left, for it takes a deal to shame a stork. You can't shame a bird that wraps itself in a convenient philosophy. "Look here—look at me!" you can imagine a pelican cleanliness-missionary saying to the stork. "See how white and clean I keep all my feathers!" "Um," says the stork, "it only makes 'em a different colour." "But observe! I just comb through my pinions with my beak, so, and they all lie neat and straight!" "Well, and what's the good of that?" grunts the stork. "And then you see," says the pelican, ignoring the question, "with a good long beak you can reach everywhere, over your back and under your wings; see, I'm as clean under my wings as anywhere else, although it's covered up!" "Beastly vanity," growls the old Hindu, getting bored. "Then," continues the Dutchman, "you give yourself a good shake, and there you are!" "And then," says the philosopher sarcastically, "to-morrow, I suppose, you'll have to do it all over again?" "Of course!" "Oh! I hate a fool!" says the stork, and closes the lecture.

Thus the marabou. The ordinary white stork is comparatively respectable, and so is the adjutant—or comparatively almost respectable, let us say; you can't be too cautious in giving a personal character to a

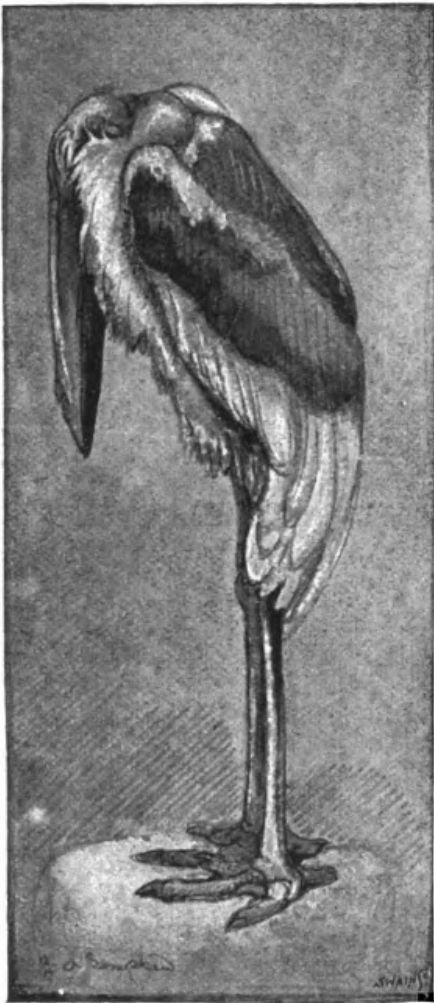


W. S. P. S.



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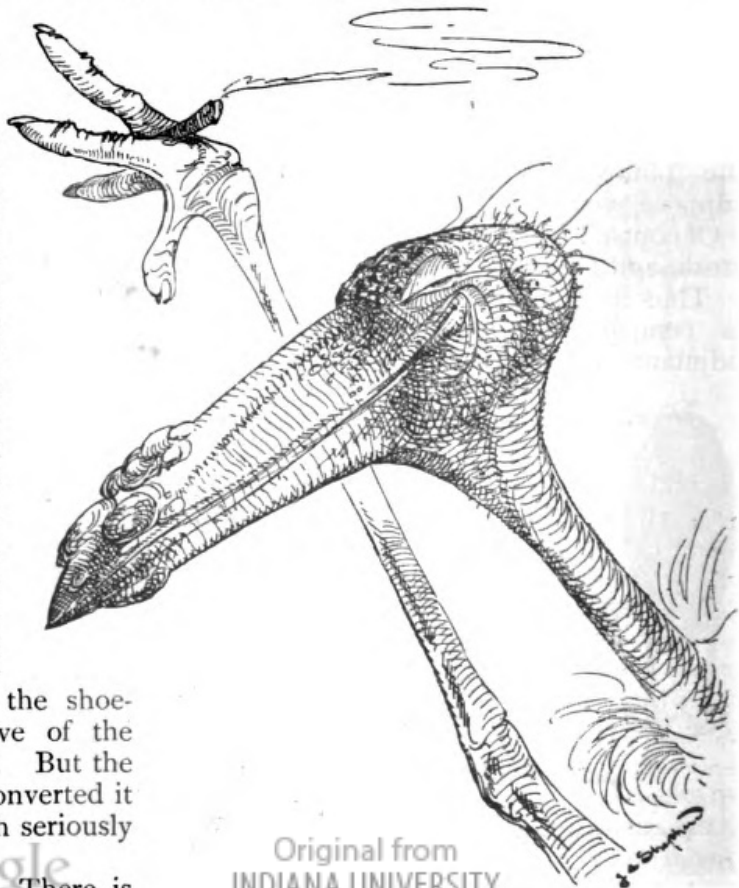
COGITATION.

I should like to see the marabou stork on his nightly ran-tan, if only to gloat over his lapse of dignity, just as one would give much to see Benjamin Franklin with his face blacked, drunk and disorderly and being locked up. But, as a shocking example, the marabou is quite bad enough with his awful head in the morning; his awful head and his disreputable nose, that looks to want a good scraping. I respect Billy, the adjutant, for his long service and the Tangerine at the back of his neck. The ordinary stork (although he swears and snaps) I also respect, because the goody books used to tell pious lies about him. The whale-headed stork, which is also called the shoe-bird, I respect as a sort of relative of the shoo-fly that didn't bother somebody. But the marabou has forfeited all respect—converted it into nose-tint. I must talk to Church seriously about the marabou.

Now, the pelican is no humbug. There is

stork. For long, long, the stork has enjoyed a reputation for solemn wisdom, for philosophical dignity. Now for the first time I venture to question this reputation—to impeach the stork as a humbug. It is easy to achieve a reputation for profound and ponderous wisdom, so long as one looks very solemn and says nothing. This is the stork's recipe. Go up to Billy here, or one of the marabouts, as he stands with his shoulders humped up about his head, and make a joke. He won't see it. He will lift his eyebrows with a certain look of contempt, and continue to cogitate—about nothing. If the joke is a very bad pun—such a frightful pun that even a stork will see and resent it—perhaps he will chatter his beak savagely, with a noise like the clatter of the lid on an empty cigar-box; but he will continue his sham meditations. "Ah, my friend," he seems to say, "you are empty and frivolous—I cogitate the profounder immensities of esoteric cogibundity." The fact being that he is very seedy after his previous night's dissipation.

That is the chief secret of the stork's solemnity, I am convinced. He has a certain reputation to maintain before visitors, but after hours, when the gates are shut and the keepers are not there to see, the marabou stork is a sad dog. I haven't quite made up my mind what he drinks, but if he has brandies and sodas he leaves out too much soda. Look at that awful nose! It is long past the crimson and pimply stage—it is taking a decided tinge of blue. It *looks* worse than brandy and soda—almost like bad gin—but we will be as charitable as possible, and only call it brandy and soda.





nothing like concealment about his little dissipations; and he is perfectly sober. Any little irregularity at the pelican club just opposite the eastern aviary never goes beyond a quiet round or two for a little fish dinner. It is quite a select and a most proper club. Indeed, the first rule is, that if any loose fish be

found on the club premises, he is got rid of at once by the first member who detects him. And the club spirit is such that disputes frequently occur among members for the honour of carrying out this salutary rule. The chairman of the club is an old crested pelican, who, by some oversight, has never been provided with a private name of his own. I think he should be called Peter, because he can take such a miraculous draught of fishes. It is a draught; you know—a pelican doesn't eat fishes—he drinks them down in bulk. For Peter, a dozen or so fresh herrings is a mere swill round of the mouth.



PETER.

is a joyous and hilarious sight. Two big birds with stumpy legs and top-heavy beaks, solemnly prancing and manœuvring before one another with an accompaniment of valiant gobbles and a punctuation of occasional pecks—a gleesome spectacle.

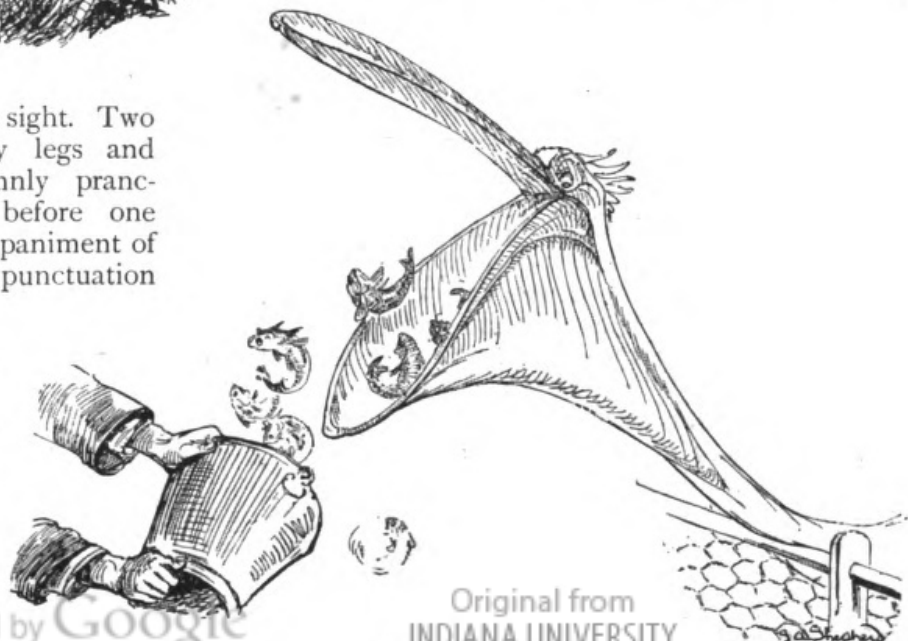
Another sport much exhibited at the pelican club is that of the broadsword. The school of fence is that of Mr. Vincent Crummles—one—two—three—four—over; one—two—three—four—under. You



A QUIET ROUND OR TWO.

Peter walks about the club premises with much dignity, deferred to on all sides by the other members. His kingship is rarely disputed, having been achieved by the sort of conquest most familiar in the pelican club; and his divine right is as much respected as his tremendous left.

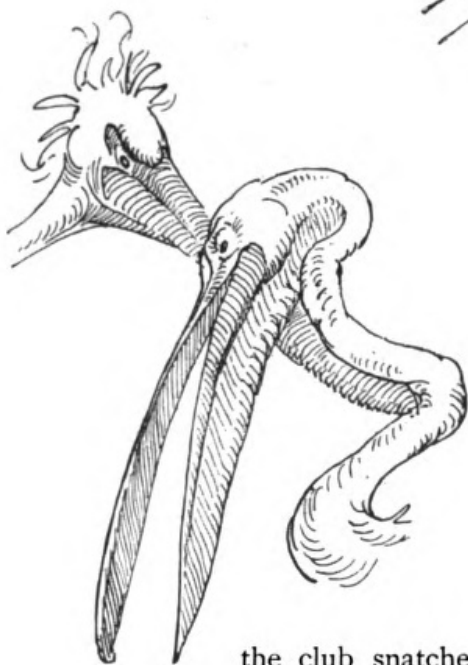
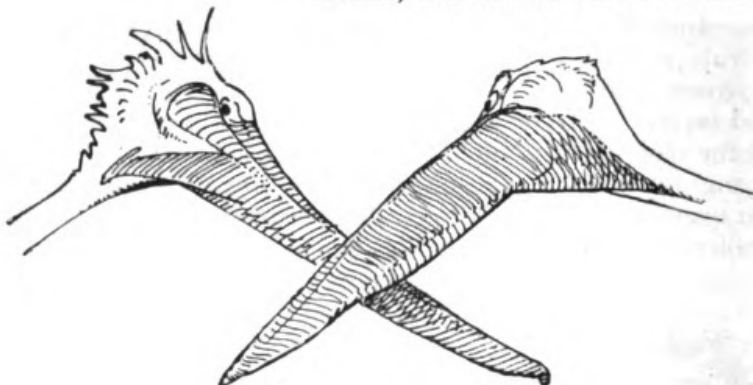
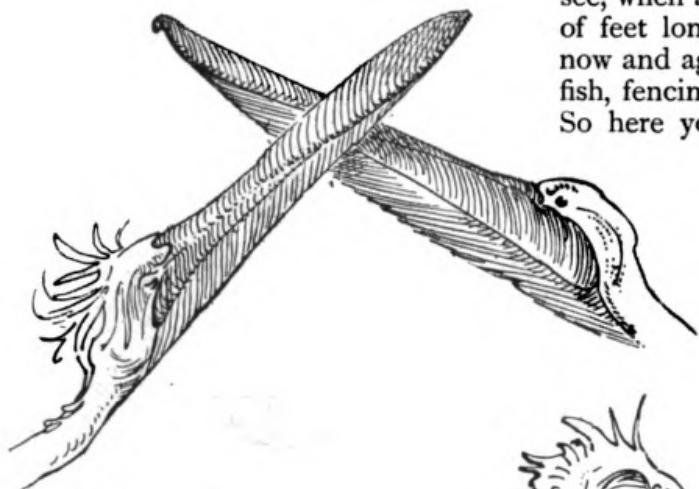
A pelican never bears malice; he hasn't time, especially now, with competition so keen in the fish business, and Church's fish pails only of the ordinary size. There is never any ill-feeling after a little spar, and each proceeds, in the most amicable way, to steal some other pelican's fish. A spar at this club, by-the-by,



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A SWILL ROUND.



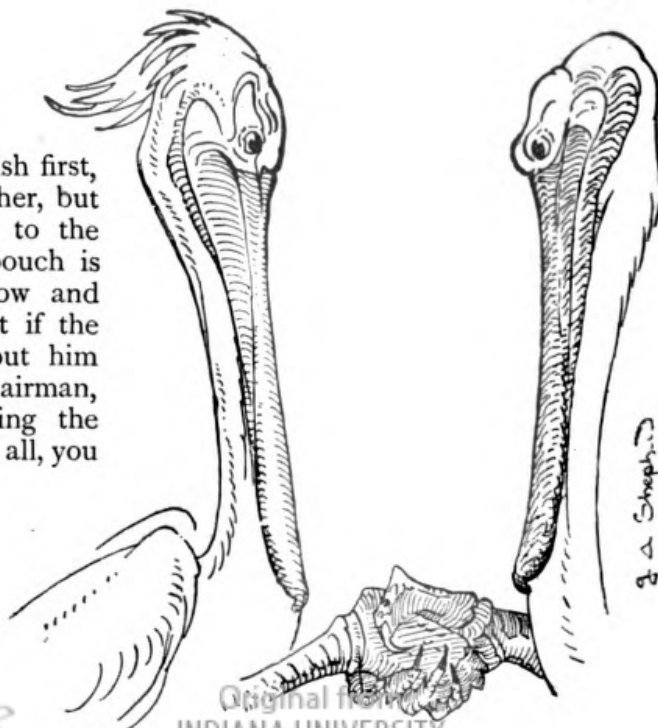
see, when a dozen or two birds with beaks a couple of feet long or so get together in a small area, and now and again rush all in the same direction for fish, fencing is certain to develop, sooner or later. So here you have it, *secundum artem*—one—two—three—four—over; one—two—three—four—under; and although none have yet attained the Crummleian degree of knocking out sparks, there is a deal of hollow noise, as of thumping on a wooden box. But there is never any after-malice, and in less than five minutes



either combatant will swallow a fish rightfully belonging to the other, with perfect affability.

There is a good deal of the philosopher about the pelican, and of a more genuine sort than characterizes the stork. The pelican always makes the best of a bad job, without going into an unnecessary tantrum over it. If another member of

the club snatches a fish first, the pelican doesn't bother, but devotes his attention to the next that Church throws; a fish in the pouch is worth a shoal in somebody else's. Now and again Peter loses his temper for a moment if the others catch the first snack, and lays about him with his bill—but then, when a fellow's chairman, and a lot of other fellows come snatching the lunch from under his nose—why, hang it all, you know . . . But it is only for a moment, and Peter is soon in position for the next pouchful. He is artful about this position. When Church appears at the rails with a pailful of fish most of the members rush to those rails, jostle together and shove their beaks through them and over them—any way to get nearer the pail. But the chairman





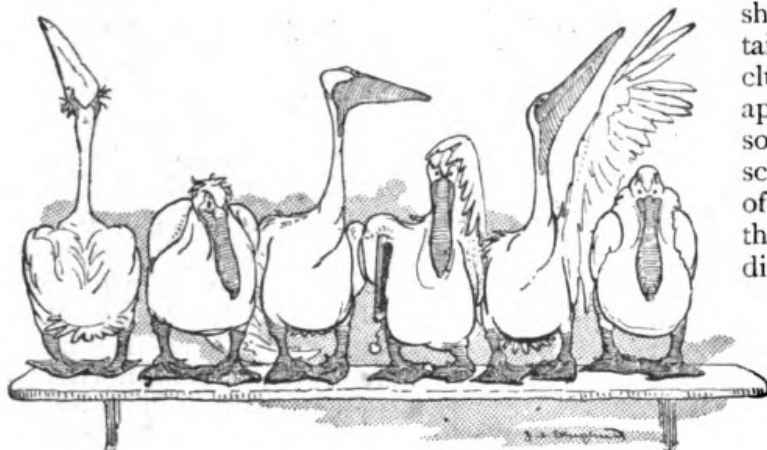
knows very well that Church doesn't throw the fish outside the rails, but into the inclosure, somewhere near the middle; and near the middle the sagacious Peter waits, to his early profit—unless Church is unusually slow about throwing the fish, in which case Peter is apt to let his excitement steal his sagacity, and to rush into the pell-mell, anxious to investigate the delay.

There is a deal of excellent wear in a pelican. One has been here about thirty years, and two more have been established on the same premises for a quarter of a century. All these three are in capital working repair and will probably last, with a patch or two, and a little soleing and heeling, for a century or two more; no respectable pelican is ever bowled out for less than three figures.

In the winter the club takes up its quarters in the shed behind the inclosure; a



A LITTLE SOLEING AND HEELING.



SCHOOL.

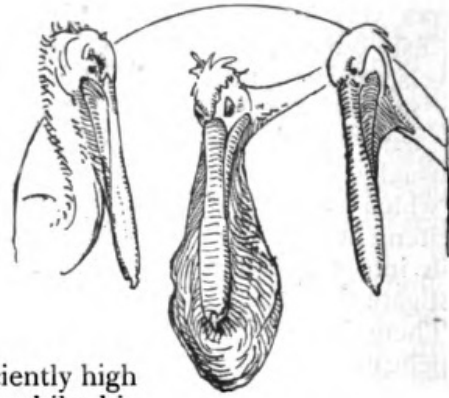
shed sumptuously furnished with certain benches and forms, whereon the club stands in rows, with a general appearance of a number of very solemn naughty boys in a Board school. In winter, too, Church will often put his bucketful of fish on the ground, so that the club may dine in a clubbier way. But whether you watch this club feeding together from the pail, each member doing his best to put away the whole pailful at a gulp, or whether you observe them playing a sort of greedy game of lacrosse with fish

which Church throws them, you will be equally amazed that the pelican was used as a symbol of charity and brotherly love in early and middle Christian art.

I have seen a pelican enact a most instructive moral lesson at a pail-dinner. Observe the bill and pouch of a pelican. The pouch is an elastic fishing-net, and the lower mandible is a mere flexible frame to carry it. Now, I have observed a pelican to make a bounce at the fish-pail, with outspread wings, and scoop the whole supply. But then his trouble began. The whole catch hung weightily low in the end of the pouch, and jerk and heave as he might, he could never lift the load at the end of that

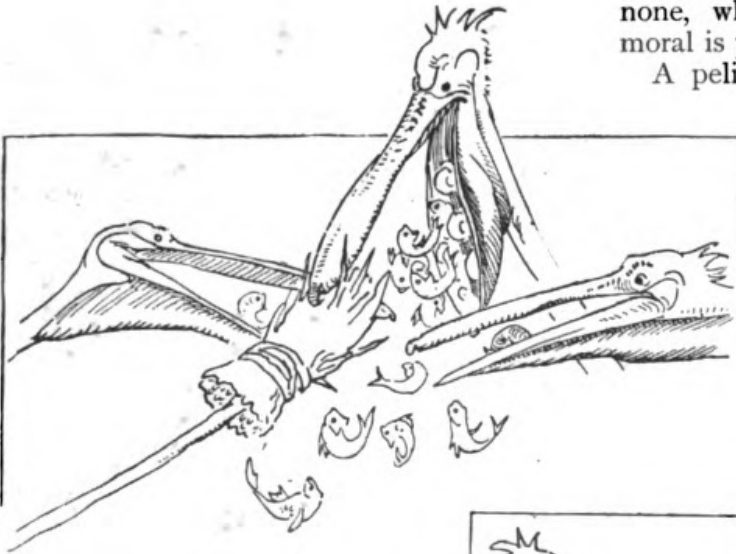
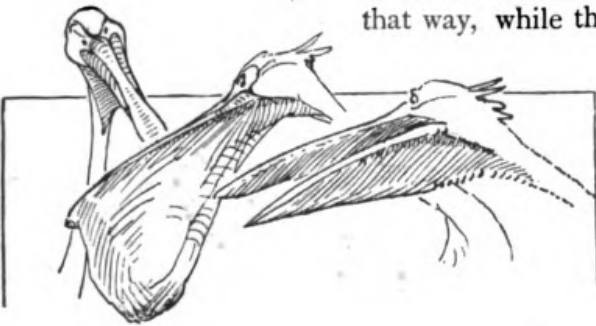
INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
CLUB DINNER.





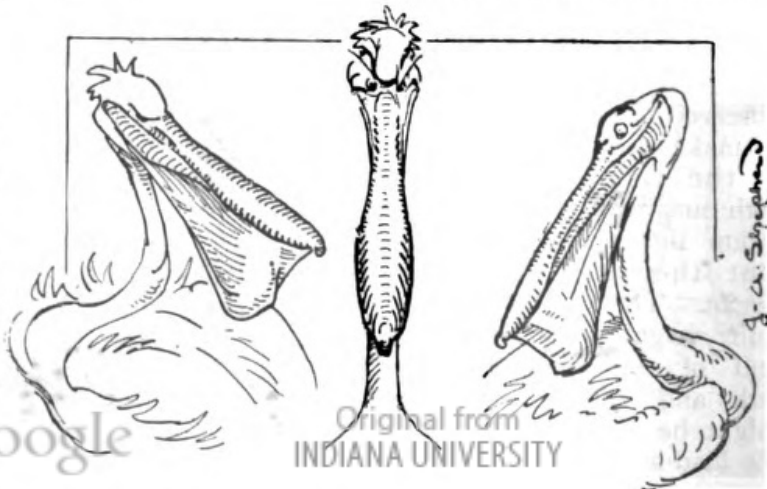
long beak sufficiently high to bolt it. Meanwhile, his

friends collected about him and remonstrated, with many flops and gobbles, betting him all his fish to nothing that he would lose it after all; this way they chased that bag, and that way, while the bagger, in much trepidation and with many desperate heaves, wildly sought remote corners away from his persecutors. Now, by the corner of the club premises stands an appliance, the emblem of authority, the instrument of justice, and the terror of the evilly-disposed pelican — a birch-broom. This, brandished in the hands of Church, caused a sudden and awful collapse of the drag-nets, an opening, a shower of fish and many snaps; wherefrom walked away many pelicans with fish, and one with none, who had looked to take all. The moral is plain to the verge of ugliness.



A pelican has no tongue—or none to speak of. It is a mere little knob scarcely the size of a cherry. The long, long meditations of the pelican (lasting between feeding times) are given up to consideration whether or not the disgrace of this deficiency is counterbalanced by the greater capacity for fish which it gives the pouch. After all, it is only another instance of that com-

mercial honesty which makes the pelican pay for his beak out of his legs; he gives his tongue for a pouch. There should be a legend of the pelican applying honestly to Adam to buy a pouch, and the wily stork waiting and waiting on the chance of snatching one without paying for it, until all had been served out; afterwards living all its life



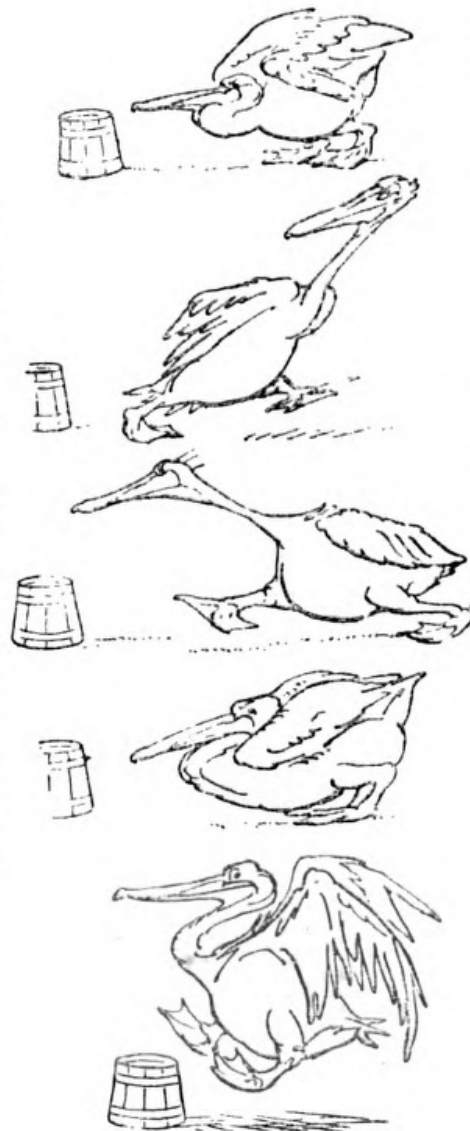
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on earth in covetous dudgeon, unconsolated by its wealth of beak, legs, wings, and neck, and pining hopelessly for the lost pouch. There are many legends of this sort which ought to exist, but don't, owing to the negligence of Indian solar myth merchants, or whoever it is has charge of that class of misrepresentation.

The pelican can fly, although you would never believe it, to look at the club members here. To a Zoo pelican a flight of two feet is an undertaking to be approached with much circumspection and preparation, and a summoning of resolution and screwing of courage proper to the magnitude of the feat. It takes a long time to learn to fly on to a bottom-up bucket. The Zoo pelican begins on



a shadow—not a very dark one at first—and works his way up by jumping over darker shadows to straws and pebbles, before he tries a bucket. The accomplished bucket-jumper makes a long preliminary sarvey and circumnavigation of his bucket before performing, and when he does begin it is with a number of wild rushes and irresolute stops. When at last he gets the proper length of run, and the right foot in front, and doesn't see anything to baulk him, he rises with a great effort, and all the lookers-on who don't know him stare up over the trees, and are astonished to find him, after all, only on the bucket. His pinions are cut, poor fellow! If they were not, what would become of the fishmongers' shops?





## *Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.*

### IX.—MAW-SAYAH: THE KEEPER OF THE GREAT BURMAN NAT.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.

**T**HE fine points of an elephant, sahib," said our guide Hassan, "are a colour approaching to white, the nails perfectly black, and an intact tail."

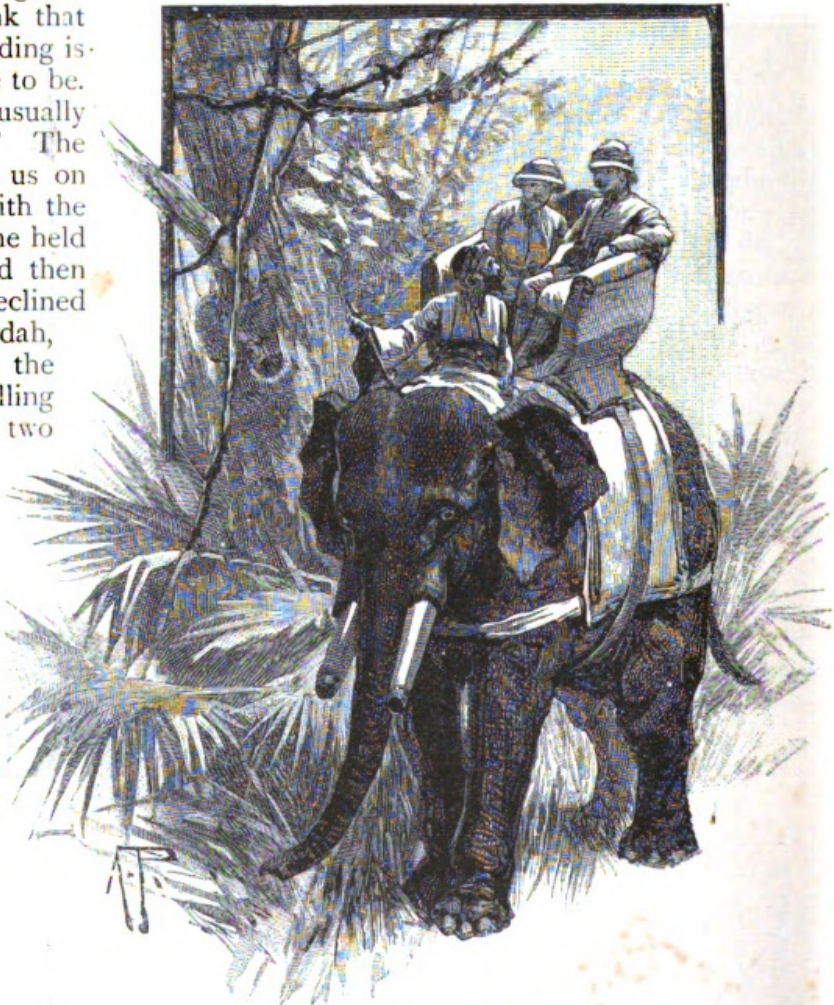
"I am glad to hear that an elephant has some qualities which recommend it," said Denviers, good-humouredly. "I should think that the one upon which we are riding is about as lazy as it is possible to be. I suppose slowness is an unusually good point, isn't it, Hassan?" The Arab, who was sitting before us on the elephant, gave it a stir with the sharply-pointed spear which he held in his hand to urge it on, and then glancing back at us, as we reclined lazily in the cushioned howdah, he said inquiringly: "Are the sahibs tired already of travelling thus? Yet we have fully two hours' journey before us."

"Hassan," I interposed, "this is a good opportunity for you to tell us exactly what you heard about that Maw-Sayah when we were at Bhamo. It is in consequence of that, indeed, that we are going to try to get among these strange Kachyens; but as we are not quite sure of the details, you may as well repeat them."

"The sahib shall be obeyed," responded our guide, and although careful to keep a good watch in front, he turned his body slightly towards us as he prepared to begin the narrative.

On reaching Burmah we stayed for several days in Rangoon, the Queen of the East as it is called nowadays, although only remarkable formerly for its famous monasteries of Tala-poins and as a halting-place for the bands of

pilgrims on their way to the mighty Shway Dagohn pagoda. Thence we journeyed up the Irawaddy, and having duly paid reverence to some of the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pagodas of Pagan—the outcast slaves of which city seemed a strange contrast to its otherwise absolute desertion—we continued our journey by



"THE SAHIB SHALL BE OBEYED."

steamer as far as Mandalay. Having endured the doubtful pleasure of a jaunt in a seatless, jolting bullock-carriage—the bruises from which were not easily forgotten—we eventually reached Bhamo, where Hassan entered



into conversation with a hill-man. From the latter he learnt a strange story, which was later on told to us and the truth of which we hoped before long to fully test, for soon afterwards we set out on an elephant, our faithful guide in this new adventure again proving himself of the greatest service.

"Now, Hassan," said Denviers, "we are quite ready to hear this story fully, but don't add any imaginary details of your own."

"By the Koran, sahib," began the Arab, "these are the words which were those of him to whom I spoke under the shade of the log stockade."

"Which are, of course, unimpeachable," responded Denviers. "Anyone could tell that from his shifty eyes, which failed to rest upon us fixed even for a minute when we spoke to him afterwards." The Arab seemed a little disconcerted at this, but soon continued:—

"The great Spirits or Nats, who guard the prosperity of Burmah, have become greatly incensed with the Kachyens, not because they failed to resist stoutly when the monarch was deposed a few years ago——"

"Then we are to have a modern story, this time, Hassan?" interrupted Denviers. "I quite expected that you would commence with some long worn-out tradition."

"The sahibs shall hear," the Arab went on. "No one who offends the Nats of Burmah need expect anything but evil to follow. There are the Nats of the sky, the Nats of the earth, the Nats of the Irawaddy, the Nats of the five hundred little rivers, and the thousand Nats which guarded the sacred person of the monarch——"

"Yes, Hassan," said Denviers, impatiently, "you mentioned them all before. We haven't time to hear the list enumerated now; go on about this one particular Nat which you say is causing such havoc among the hill-tribes."

"Patience, sahib. The Nats were justly roused to anger because the deposed monarch was not afterwards taken to the water's edge riding upon an elephant instead of in a bullock-carriage."

"Well, Hassan," said Denviers, "judging from our own experience the Nats seem to be pretty sensible, I must say—but how do they affect the peace of mind of the Kachyens?"

"Listen, sahib. High among the hills which may be seen stretching before us lies a village in which many of the Kachyens dwell, their occupation being sometimes that of tillers of the land, but more often consisting in planning and carrying out raids upon other hill-men, or of descending at times to the plains, and there looting the

towns wherein dwell more peaceable tribes. In all their forays they had been successful, for whenever their trusty dahs or swords were drawn, those who opposed them invariably obtained the worst of the encounter. So powerful did they become that at last those dwelling in the plains—Shans, Karennis, and Talaings, too—made no resistance against their attacks; and when they saw the produce of their fields carried away, thought themselves happy not to have been slain. The reason why the Kachyens became so successful in all they undertook was that a powerful forest Nat placed them under its protection, and hence they could not be harmed by their foes.

"Now it chanced that the King was in great danger through following the advice of his impetuous ministers, whereupon he summoned the Kachyens to his assistance—for their fame as warriors had reached his ears long before. But they, confident of securing their own safety whatever happened to the monarch, refused to obey his command to march against the Burman foes. The consequence was that when the indignity which I have mentioned was offered to the deposed monarch, the Nats throughout Burmah were furious with that one who ruled the village in which the Kachyens dwelt, and they sent some of their number to destroy it. The latter, however, appeased them by making a grim promise, which has been only too faithfully kept.

"A few days afterwards a hill-man, who was clearing a part of the land on the woody slope of the height, *saw the Nat*, which had never before been visible, and, terrified at the strange form which it had assumed, he ran hastily to the rest of the tribe, and, gathering them together, held a consultation as to what should be done to appease it. Some suggested that upon every tree trunk should be scratched appealing messages, which the Nat might read; others were in favour of placing a huge heap of spears and swords near the spot where the embodied Nat had been seen in order that it might be tempted to destroy all those who urged it to injure them. The messages and weapons, however, when placed for the Nat to observe did no good, for one dreadful night a rattling was heard of the bamboos which lay before one of the Kachyen's huts, and the man, going hastily to see what caused it, was swiftly carried away in the darkness without apparently uttering a single cry! For many nights in succession a similar scene was enacted, for he at whose



door the dire summons came dared not refuse to answer it lest the whole household might perish.

"Nothing more was ever seen of those thus strangely carried off, and the Kachyens, each of whom feared that his own end might come next, determined to consult some famous Buddhist priests who dwelt not far from them, and who held charge over the famous marble slabs which the great War Prince of Burmah had caused to be engraved concerning their illustrious traditions. The man whom ye saw me conversing with by

the event of his success, and when they agreed to this he entered the village and waited for dusk to arrive. Again the dreadful rattling was heard, and another Kachyen stepped out to meet his fate. None of the tribe dared to look at what transpired, except the juggler, and he too disappeared! The next morning, however, he came into the village and called its inhabitants together. When they had solemnly agreed to his conditions, he stated that the Nat was bent upon destroying them all, and that to attempt to escape by means of flight would only lead to quicker death. Then he told them what the result of his intercession for them had been.

"The Nat had been persuaded to destroy only one victim on each seventh evening at dusk, and had appointed him to see that certain conditions were not broken. He was to have a hat at his disposal, and into this the men were to go by lot, and thus the Nat would obtain a victim when the time came round. They were forbidden to wander about after sunset, and whatever noises were made not to hearken to them, since the Maw-Sayah would see that the others were



"THE BUDDHIST PRIESTS."

the stockade was the one whom the tribe intrusted with the task; but the priests, after much consideration among themselves of the object of his visit, refused to have anything to do with such a tragic affair, and thereupon dismissed their suppliant.

"This Kachyen, when sorrowfully returning towards the hills, fearing that the tribe would destroy him because of his non-success, chanced to meet on his way a Mogul, to whom he repeated the story. The latter, laying his hand on his red-dyed and fierce-looking beard, advised the Kachyen to enter a hole in the mountain side and to consult a famous Maw-Sayah, or juggler, who dwelt there. This juggler promised assistance if the tribe would pay him a great reward in

unharmd. So long had this dreadful destruction lasted that more than one-half of the men in the Kachyen village, or town, as it might well be called from the large number who inhabited it, had perished, and yet the Nat still demanded a victim, and the Maw-Sayah is there to see that the compact is fulfilled. The man who told this story, sahibs, declares that the keeper of the Nat has by this means obtained sway over the Kachyens to such an extent that they have become his abject slaves, for the custom of drawing lots has been abolished, and he selects whom he will to sacrifice to the Nat. By some means this Kachyen offended the Maw-Sayah, who thereupon condemned him, but he, in terror of the sudden and silent



death in store for him, fled to Bhamo, where he lives in momentary fear of destruction. Such then, sahibs, is the story, and it is to see this Maw-Sayah and the Nat at their fell work to-night that even now our faces are turned to the high land before us, up which we must climb, for there is but one narrow pathway leading to the village."

Hassan ceased, and then Denviers turned to me as he said:—

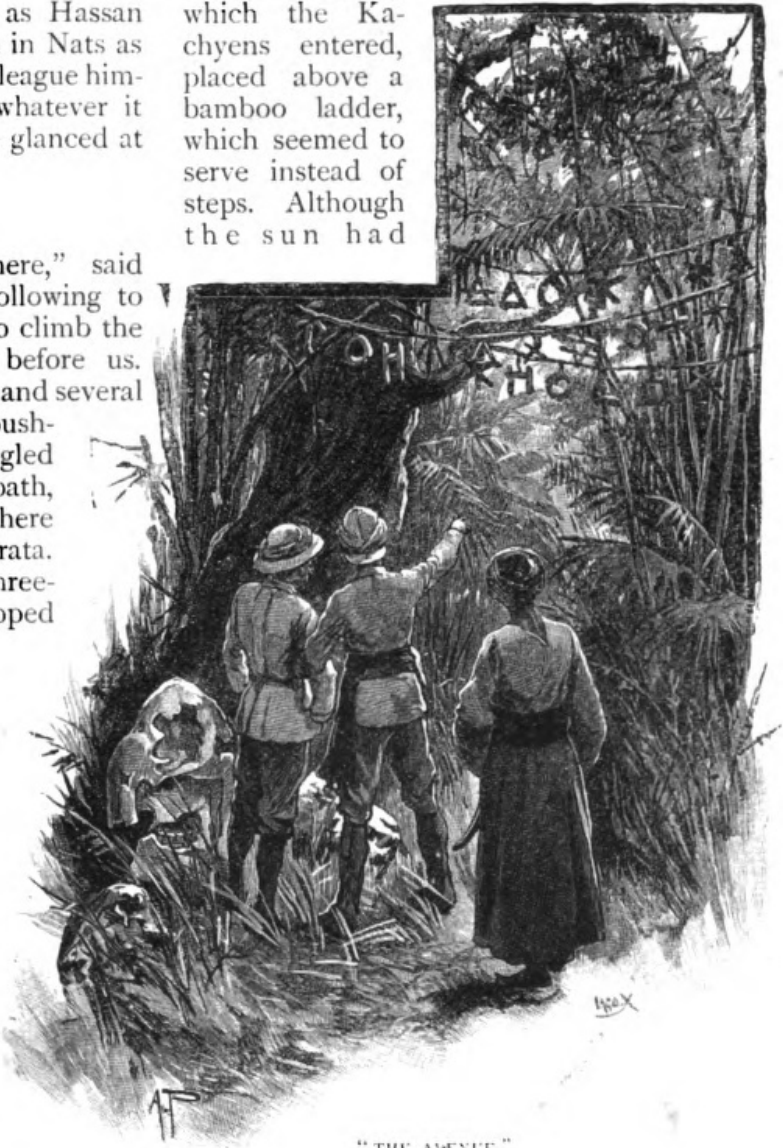
"I think that this Maw-Sayah, as Hassan calls him, has about as much faith in Nats as we have. It suits his purpose to league himself with something mysterious; whatever it is we will try to find out," and he glanced at the weapons which we carried.

## II.

"THE sahibs must dismount here," said Hassan shortly afterwards, and following to the ground our guide, we began to climb the mountain path which stretched before us. The ascent was exceedingly steep, and several times we stopped to rest after pushing our way through the tangled masses which almost hid the path, which was itself cut here and there apparently through the rocky strata. When we had reached about three-fourths of our journey Hassan stopped and pointed out to us one of the thatched roofs of a hut, which seemed in the distance scarcely noticeable until his keen eyesight discovered it. The village, we found, lay a little to the left of the mountain path, for on nearing the summit we found ourselves passing through a peculiar avenue of trees interspersed with long bamboo poles. From the tops of the latter there were stretched across the approach strong, rough-looking cords, which supported various uncouth emblems, and among which were large triangles, circles, and stars, cut apparently out of the stems of huge bamboos. After traversing this avenue for nearly three hundred yards we saw the tree trunks which Hassan had mentioned, and which were deeply scarred with cabalistic messages to the fierce Nat, which we could not of course understand. Affixed to some of the trees farther on we saw a number of spears and dahs mingled with shorter weapons, the latter being made of some species of hard wood, and close to them we observed

the skulls of several large animals, one of which we judged was that of an elephant.

In spite of the fact that the village was a large one, the buildings were of a very primitive construction, being made of lamboos with thatched coverings, reaching almost to the piles on which the huts were placed. We did not observe any openings made to serve as windows, the only ones noticeable being those by which the Kachyens entered, placed above a bamboo ladder, which seemed to serve instead of steps. Although the sun had



"THE AVENUE."

scarcely set, the village was wrapped in a strange silence, the sound of our footsteps alone being heard. The smoke that seemed to be forcing its way through stray holes in the thatch amply convinced us, however, that the inhabitants were within doors, and, turning to our Arab guide, I asked him if he could distinguish among the many huts the one in which we expected to find the Maw-Sayah. He seemed a little uncertain at first, but after wandering through the village together we



returned, and then Hassan, who had been very observant the whole time, pointed to one of the rudely-constructed huts and said:—

"I think that is the one into which we seek to enter; it is situated according to the position in which the Kachyen said it was, and, besides, it bears a strange proof of the story which ye have listened to with such ill-concealed disbelief."

"Why do you think that is the hut, Hassan?" I asked, for, to my eyes, no difference between that and the others close to it was distinguishable.

"If the sahib will look at the bamboo ladder and observe it carefully, he will see that it is unlike the others round," said the Arab.

"I suppose you refer to these deep scratches upon it, don't you, Hassan?" asked Denviers, as he pointed to some marks, a few of which were apparently fairly recent.

"The sahib guesses rightly," answered our guide. "You will remember that the Kachyen stated to me that the Nat is accustomed to obtain its victim now from the abode of the Maw-Sayah; those marks, then, have been made by it when it dragged its human prey out of the hut." We gazed curiously at the marks for a few minutes, then Denviers broke the silence by asking the Arab why it was that the Nat made marks at all.

"I should have thought that such a powerful spirit could prevent such evidences of its presence becoming observed," he continued. "My respect for it is certainly not increased by seeing those deep scars; they seem to be made by something which has sharp claws."

"That is because of the shape which it has assumed, sahib," said the Arab, "for the Nats have wondrous powers ---"

"Very likely, Hassan," interposed Denviers; "I suppose they can do exactly what they like, can they not?" I was much surprised at the limit which was, however, placed upon their powers by our guide, for he responded quickly:—

"Not altogether, sahib. There is one thing that a Nat cannot do, according to the reports of these Kachyens, and that is, they are unable to move in a direction which is not straight, and hence they are careful to avoid rough ground, where tangled masses and boulders bar their progress, so they usually frequent the open avenues, such as the one which we have just passed through. The symbols above it and the writings and weapons are all for the Nat's benefit."

"And the elephant's skull?" asked Denviers, irreverently. "What is that put up for?" The Arab, however, had an explanation ready, for he promptly replied:—

"That indicates where the supplies of food are to be found when the Nat requires any." Denviers turned to me for a moment as he said:—

"I should have thought it a good plan, then, to have put it upon the hut of this Maw-Sayah whom we are about to interview. See that your weapons are in good order, Harold, we may soon need them." Giving a cautious look at my belt and the weapons thrust into it, I followed Denviers, who had mounted the short bamboo ladder, and was endeavouring to obtain admission to the hut. We heard a harsh sound within, then the cry of someone apparently terror-stricken, and a moment afterwards we had pushed past the Maw-Sayah, who by no means was willing to allow us to enter the rude dwelling.

The single room, which seemed to constitute the hut, was extremely low and bare of furniture entirely. A few bamboos were spread in one part of it, while at the far end was a fire, the light from which was partly obscured by the smoke, which almost suffocated us, so thickly did it roll up and then spread through the hut. Near the door stood a man scarcely clothed, upon whose face we saw a look of the most abject terror, for, as we surmised, the noise of our entry was mistaken by him for the approach of the fell thing to which he was condemned by the Maw-Sayah. We moved towards the latter as he threw himself down by the fire, which he had only left to see who it was that came unbidden to the hut where to enter was the preceding event to death. He was clothed in a long blue strip of linen, which wound round his waist and covered his body, partly leaving his dark chest uncovered. His features were stamped with an appearance of supreme cunning, his oblique eyes reminding us of a Chinaman, while the fierce look in them as they glared at us from either side of an aquiline nose, which betrayed his Burmese descent, did not increase our confidence in the man as he stretched out his bony hands over the fire as if for warmth, although outside the hut we had found the heat almost insupportable.

"What do ye seek?" he demanded, as he looked into our faces in turn and seemed astonished at our strange features.

"We are travellers who wished to see a Kachyen village," responded Denviers, "and



we further desired to see some of its inhabitants; but as none were visible we entered this hut, even against your will. Where are the people who dwell here?" The man whom my companion addressed pointed to the Kachyen near the doorway, as he responded:—

"There is one of them, and in a short time even he will never be seen again."

"Can you give us food?" hazarded Hassan, in order to get the man to continue his conversation, for the Arab evidently was expecting that the Nat would soon arrive upon the scene. The Maw-Sayah rose and pointed to the entrance as he cried:—

"That way ye came, that way shall ye depart. Food for ye I have not, nor would I give it if I had." I turned to Denviers and said in a low tone:—

"What shall we do, Frank? I don't think our opportunity of seeing what may transpire will be as good within the hut as without it. Whatever the solution is to this affair, if we are outside we shall see this Kachyen dragged away, and may further watch the approach of whatever caused those strange marks which we observed."

"One thing is clear," said my companion, "we will attempt to save this intended victim, at all events. I expect that if we tried we could get him away easily enough, but that plan would not be of much service. We must attack this being, whatever it is, with which this Maw-Sayah is leagued. How I should like to hand him over as a victim instead of that trembling captive by the door. It shows to what extent this juggler has acquired power over this tribe, for I notice that his captive is unbound, and is certainly a much finer built man than the other."

"It wants less than an hour to dusk, sahibs," said Hassan, who had listened carefully to our remarks; "if we were to station ourselves a little away from the hut

we could see what took place, and if the Nat were mortal we might attack it."

Denviers shrugged his shoulders at the Arab's supposition as he responded:—



"WHAT DO YE SEEK?"

"There is little doubt, Hassan, that the Nat would smart if that keen blade of yours went a little too near it, but I think your plan is a good one, and we will adopt it, as it falls in with what has already been said." We gave a final look at the crafty face of the man who was still seated by the fire, and then brushing past the captive we made for the open village again.

"I feel sorry for this Kachyen," said Denviers. "He will have a dreadful five minutes of it, I expect; but it is our only way of preventing, if possible, such an affair from occurring again." On leaving the hut we stationed ourselves almost opposite to it, and then began to keep watch. What we should see pass up the avenue we could only surmise, but our suppositions certainly did not lead us to imagine in the faintest degree the sight which before long was destined to completely startle us.

### III.

THE grey dusk was becoming night when among the dark stems of the trees we saw some black form move over the ground. We could scarcely distinguish it as it crawled over the bamboo logs and made a rasping



noise as it clung to the ladder. The door of the hut yielded to it, and a minute after it again emerged and bore with it the terrified Kachyen. We crept after it as it dragged



"IT AGAIN EMERGED."

its captive down the avenue, striving our utmost to make out its shape. One thing we could tell, which was that the creature was not upright; but our movement behind it was apparently known, for it struggled to move quicker over the ground with its human burden.

"Shall I shoot it?" I whispered to Denviers, as my nerves seemed to be almost unstrung at the unknowableness of the creeping thing.

"You would more likely kill the man," he responded. "Follow as noiselessly as you can—it will not let its prey escape, be sure of that. Once we track it to its haunt we will soon dispatch it, big and fierce as it seems."

We drew nearer and nearer to it, until it had passed half-way down the avenue, then it seemed to become lost to our view, although we were, as we knew, close to it. I felt Denviers' hand upon my shoulder, and then he whispered:—

"The Kachyen is being dragged up a tree just in front—look!" I could just distinguish something moving up the trunk, when suddenly the captive, who had hitherto been apparently paralyzed with terror, uttered a cry and then must have succeeded in disengaging himself from the dreadful thing that had held him, for the noise of someone falling to the ground was heard, and a minute after we distinguished the form of a man rushing headlong back to the village for safety.

We did not anticipate such an event, and were contemplating a search for the captor of the Kachyen, when a cold sweat broke out upon me, for the clammy claws of the man-hunter had touched me! The sensation which seized me was only of short duration, for I felt myself released just as Denviers said:—

"Harold, the Kachyen has fled, and his captor, determined to secure its prey, has betaken its crawling body after him. If only we had a light! I saw something like a black shadow moving onwards; get your pistol ready and follow." I just distinguished Denviers as he passed on in front of me, Hassan coming last. When we reached the hut of the Maw-Sayah we stopped at once, for, from

the cry which came from it, we rightly surmised that the terrible seeker for human prey had made for this place, thinking, in its dull intelligence, that its captive had returned. We thrust ourselves into the hut, and saw by the red firelight a sanguinary contest between the Maw-Sayah and the black object which we had endeavoured to track. Thinking that the Kachyen was being destroyed, the juggler had not fastened his door, and the enraged man-eater had seized him as he rested on the ground, quite at its mercy!

The Maw-Sayah was struggling with his bony hands to extricate himself from the clutches of a monstrous tree-spider! We had seen, on an island in the South Seas, several cocoa-nut crabs, and this reptile somewhat resembled them, but was even larger. Grasping the juggler with several of its long, furry-looking claws, it fixed its glaring red eyes in mad anger upon him as he grasped in each



hand one of its front pair of legs, which were armed with strong, heavy-looking pincers. He besought us wildly to shoot, even if we killed him, held as he was by his relentless foe.

"Harold," cried my companion, "keep clear, and look out for yourself when I fire at this reptile; most likely it will make for one of us." He drew right close to it, and thrust-

his self-command, I turned to the Maw-Sayah and asked:—

"If we spare your life, will you promise to leave this village and never to return?" He turned his evil-looking but scared face towards us eagerly as he replied:—

"I will do whatever you wish." Denviers motioned to him to rest upon the ground, which he did, then turning to me, said:—



"A RELENTLESS FOE."

ing the barrel of his pistol between its eyes touched the trigger. The explosion shook the hut, its effect upon the spider being to cause it to rush frantically about the floor, dragging the Maw-Sayah as if he were some slight burden scarcely observable.

"You missed it!" I cried. "Look out, Hassan, guard the doorway!" The Arab stood, sword in hand, waiting for it to make for the entrance, while Denviers exclaimed:—

"I shot it through the head!" and a minute afterwards the trueness of his aim was manifest, for the claws released, and the Maw-Sayah, wounded badly, but saved, stood free from the muscular twitchings of the dead spider.

"You scoundrel!" said Denviers to him, "I have a good mind to serve you the same. You deserve to die as so many of these simple-minded, credulous Kachyens have done." I thought for one brief second that my companion was about to kill the juggler, for through all our adventures I had never seen him so thoroughly roused. I stood between them; then, when Denviers quickly recovered

"It is pretty apparent what this juggler has done. The man who first reported the discovery of this Nat, as the foolish Kachyens call it, simply disturbed a monstrous spider which had lived in the trees which he felled—that accounts for his seeing it. Finding animal food scarce, the reptile ventured into this village and tried to get into one of the huts. Its exertions were rewarded by the Kachyen coming to the door, whom it accordingly seized. To continue its plan, which proved so successful, needed very little reasoning power on the part of such a cunning creature. No doubt this Maw-Sayah purposely left the door of his hut unfastened each seventh night, and the spider thus became accustomed to seek for its victim there. I daresay it came the other nights, but the juggler was then careful enough to keep his hut well fastened."

"What do the sahibs propose to do?" interrupted Hassan. Denviers turned to him, as he responded:—

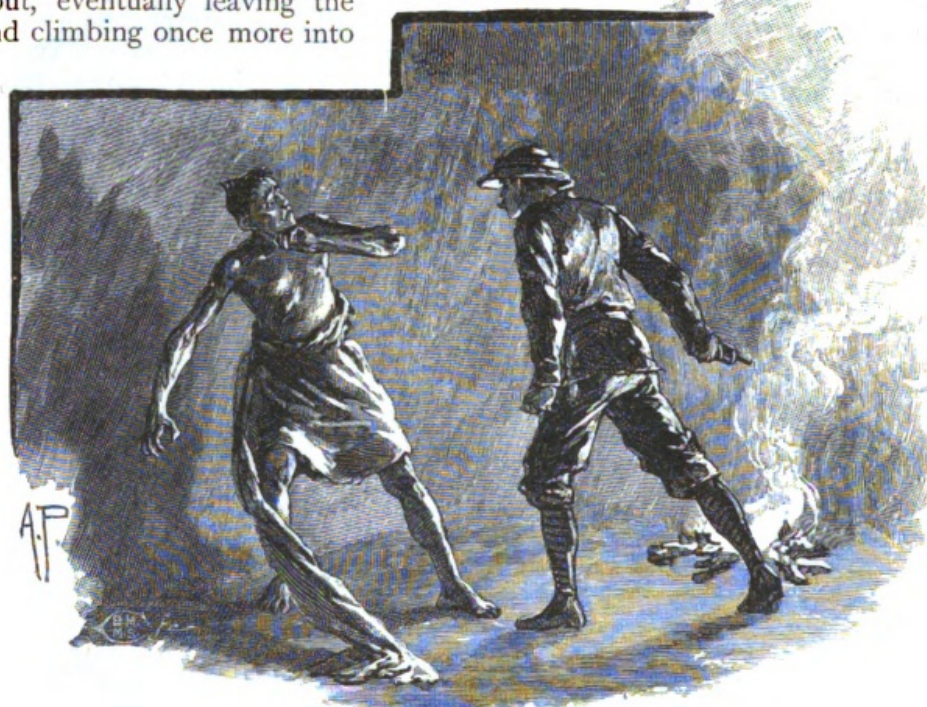
"We will wait for daybreak; then, having dragged the dead spider out where the



Kachyens may see that it is no longer able to harm them, we will take this Maw-Sayah down the mountain path away from the village as poor as he came."

"A good plan," I assented, and we followed it out, eventually leaving the juggler, and climbing once more into

We entered Bhamo, and while we took a much-needed rest, our guide—as we afterwards learnt—searched for and found the



"YOU SCOUNDREL!"

the howdah upon the elephant, which we found close to the spot where we had left it, secured from wandering far away by the rope which Hassan had used to hinder its movements.

fugitive Kachyen, who, on hearing that his safety was secured, hastily departed to the village to rejoice with the rest of his tribe that the so-called Nat would not do them any more injury.



## *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

### III.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)



"OBSTRUCTION."

**I**T is thirteen years since a new Parliament last blithely started on its way with Mr. Gladstone sitting in the seat of the Premier. Since March, 1880, a great deal has happened, not least in the change of circumstances under which the business of the House of Commons is conducted. The majority of the House of Commons may be Liberal or Conservative, according to a passing flood of conviction on the part of the constituencies. When presumptuous hands are stretched forth to touch the Ark of its procedure, its instincts are all Tory. For more than two hundred years preceding the advent of a Tory Ministry in 1886, this was so. Mr. Gladstone, driven to desperation in the second Session of the Parliament of 1880-5, endeavoured to reform procedure so that obstruction might be fought on even terms. He was met by such resolute and persistent opposition from the Conservative side that, even with an overwhelming majority at his back, he succeeded only in tinkering the pot. Oddly enough, it was left for the Conservatives when they came into office to revolutionize the system upon which, through the ages, Parliamentary business had been carried on.

There was nothing in the reforms more startling to the old Parliamentarian than the proposal automatically to close debate at midnight. A dozen years ago members of the House of Commons assembled at four o'clock for prayers. Questions began at half-past four, and no one could say at what

hour of the night or of the next morning the cry "Who goes home?" might echo through the lobby. In those days Mr. O'Donnell was master of the situation, and he had many imitators. A debate carried on through several nights might seem to be approaching a conclusion. The Leader of the Opposition, rising between eleven o'clock and midnight, spoke in a crowded House. The Premier, or his lieutenant, followed, assuming to wind up the debate. Members wearied of the long sitting were prepared to go forth to the division lobby; when from below the gangway on the left there uprose a familiar figure, and there was heard a well-known voice.

These usually belonged to Mr. O'Donnell





bent upon vindicating the right of a private member to interpose when the constituted authorities of the House had agreed in the opinion that a debate had been continued long enough. A roar of execration from the fagged legislators greeted the intruder. He expected this, and was in no degree perturbed. In earliest practice he had a way of dropping his eye-glass as if startled by the uproar, and searched for it with puzzled, preoccupied expression, apparently debating with himself what this outburst might portend. He did not love the British House of Commons, and delighted in thwarting its purposes. But he knew what was due to it in the way of respect, and, however angry passions might rise, however turbulent the scene, he would never address it looking upon it with the naked eye. As his eye-glass was constantly tumbling out, and as

search for it was preternaturally deliberate, it played an appreciable part in the prolongation of successive Sessions.

What has become of Frank Hugh now, I wonder? Vanishing from the House



"EYE-GLASS PLAY."

of Commons, he reappeared for a while on the scene, characteristically acting the part of the petrel that heralded the storm. Mr. Pigott ineffectively tried to ride. It must be a consolation to Mr. O'Donnell, in his retirement, wherever it is passed, to reflect on the fact that it was he who directly brought about the appointment of the Parnell Commission, with all it effected. His action for libel brought against the *Times* preluded and inevitably led up to the formal investigation of the famous Charges and Allegations.

The member for Dungarvan was, in his day, the most thoroughly disliked man in the House of Commons, distaste for Mr. Parnell and for Mr. Biggar in his early prime being softened by contrast with his subtler provocation. An exceedingly clever debater, he was a phrase maker, some of whose epigrams Mr. Disraeli would not have disowned. He was a parliamentary type of ancient standing, and apparently ineradicable growth. In the



O'DONNELL'S LAST APPEARANCE.

present House of Commons fresh developments are presented by Mr. Seymour Keay and Mr. Morton. These are distinct varieties, but from the unmistakable root. Both are gifted with boundless volubility, unhampered by ordinary considerations of coherency and cogency. Neither is influenced by that sense of the dread majesty of the House of Commons which keeps some members dumb all through their parliamentary life, and to the last, as in the case of Mr. Bright, weighs upon even great orators. The difference between the older and the new development is that whilst over Mr. O'Donnell's intentional and deliberate vacuity of speech there gleamed frequent flashes of wit, Mr. Morton and Mr. Keay are only occasionally funny, and then the effect was undesigned.

Since we have these two gentlemen still with us, it would be rash to say that if Mr. O'Donnell could revisit the glimpses of Big Ben he would find his occupation gone. He would certainly discover that his opportunities had



MR. SEYMOUR KEAY.





MR. A. C. MORTON.

been limited, and would have to recommence practice under greatly altered conditions. One of the former member for Dungarvan's famous achievements took place in the infancy of the Parliament of 1880-5, and, apart from its dramatic interest, is valuable as illustrating the change effected in parliamentary procedure by the New Rules. On that particular June night the paper was loaded with questions in a fashion unfamiliar in the last Parliament, though there are not lacking signs of renewed activity since political parties changed places. Question No. 23 stood in the name of Mr. O'Donnell, and contained in his best literary style a serious indictment of M. Challemlacour, just nominated by the French Government as their representative at the Court of St. James.

Sir Charles Dilke, then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, made categorical reply, directly traversing all the points in the indictment. When he resumed his seat Mr. O'Donnell rose in his usual deliberate manner, captured his eye-glass, and having fixed it to his satisfaction, remarked in his drawling voice that it was "perfectly impossible to accept the explanation of the Government." Being interrupted with cries of "Order! Order!" he quietly played his trump card: "If I am not allowed to explain," he said, "I will conclude with a motion."

The House howled again, but it was a cry of despair. Mr. O'Donnell, they knew, had the whip hand. In those good old days he, or any other member desiring to obstruct ordinary procedure,

might, in the middle of questions, start a debate on any subject under the sun. This and other outrages were doubtless recalled by the House of Commons when revising its Rules. It then ordered that no member might, during the progress of questions, interpose with a motion on which to found debate. If, in this current month of March, Mr. O'Donnell, being a member of the House of Commons, had wanted to attack M. Challemlacour, he must needs have waited till the last question on the paper was disposed of, and could then have moved the adjournment only if his description of the question—as one of urgent public importance—was approved by the Speaker, and if, thereafter, forty members rose to support the request for a hearing.

In June, 1880, all that was left for the crowded House to do was to roar with resentment. Mr. O'Donnell was used to this incentive, and had it been withheld would probably have shown signs of failing vigour. As it was, he produced a pocket-handkerchief, took down his eye-glass and carefully polished it, whilst members yelled and tossed about on their seats with impotent fury. Under the existing Rules this scene, if it had ever opened, would have been promptly blotted out. The closure would have been moved, probably a division taken, and the business of the evening would have gone forward. There was no closure in those days, and Mr. Gladstone, after hurried consultation with Sir Erskine May, hastily moved that Mr. O'Donnell be not heard.

A shout of savage exultation rising from every bench, save those on which the Irish members sat, hailed a stroke that promised to deliver the House from the thralldom of Mr. O'Donnell at the very moment when its chains had taken a final twist. In ordinary circumstances this resolution would have played the part of the as yet unconsecrated closure. A division would have followed, the motion carried by an overwhelming majority, and Mr. O'Donnell would have been temporarily shut up.

But those were not ordinary times. The Fourth Party was in the prime of its vigour. Lord Randolph Churchill's quick eye discovered an



SIR CHARLES DILKE.



opening for irritating Mr. Gladstone and damaging the Government by making what should have been a business night one long turmoil. Mr. Parnell, whilst disclaiming any personal sympathy with Mr. O'Donnell, moved the adjournment of the debate, and poor, placid Sir Stafford Northcote, egged on by the young bloods below the gangway, raised various points of order. Finally,



STIRRING UP SIR STAFFORD.

at eight o'clock, the House dividing on Mr. Parnell's amendment, Sir Stafford Northcote voted with the Irish members, leading a hundred men of the Party of Law and Order into the same lobby.

Hour after hour the riot continued. At one time blameless Sir William Harcourt, then Home Secretary, appearing at the table, a Conservative member, amid tumultuous shouts, moved that he be not heard. When members grew tired of shouting at each other they divided on fresh motions for the adjournment, and it was not till one o'clock on the following morning that Mr. O'Donnell, grateful for a pleasant evening, was good enough to undertake that before he recurred to the question he would give due notice, so that the Speaker might exercise his discretion in revising its terms. At five minutes past one in the morning, after a wrangle full eight hours long, the Speaker, with a pretty assumption of

nothing particular having happened, called on the next question on the paper, which was Number 24.

All this might happen again on any night of this month save for the beneficent action of the New Rules a long-suffering Parliament was finally induced to adopt. On the threshold of a new Parliament it is useful to recall the scene as an assistance in calculating what may be accomplished by the Parliament elected in 1892, as compared with that which began its history in 1880. On the face of it, Parliament to-day has much less time at its disposal for the accomplishment of work than it had a dozen years ago. Then, the duration of a sitting was indefinite. The House might, as it did in February, 1881, meet at four o'clock on a Monday afternoon and sit continuously till Wednesday morning. Now, the Speaker takes the Chair at three o'clock; public business commences at half-past three; and at midnight, save in cases where the Standing Order has been formally suspended, the Speaker leaves the Chair, and the House adjourns, whoever may be on his feet.

The influence of this automatic procedure is beneficially felt throughout the whole of debate. One wholesome influence works in the direction of using up the early hours of the sitting, an arrangement which carries comfort to countless printing offices and editorial sanctums. Some time before the New Rules came into operation, Mr. Gladstone discovered for himself the convenience and desirability

of taking part in debate at the earliest possible hour of a sitting. His earlier associations drifted round a directly opposite course. In the good old days the champions of debate did not interpose till close upon midnight, when they had the advantage of audiences sustained and exhilarated by dinner. That was before the era of special wires to the provincial papers, early morning trains, and vastly increased circulation for the London journals. Mr. Gladstone discovered that he was more carefully reported and his



"DISGUST."



observations more deliberately discussed if he spoke between five and seven o'clock in the evening than if, following his earlier habit, he addressed the House between eleven and one in the morning. He has, accordingly, for some years been accustomed, when he has an important speech to deliver, to interpose in debate immediately after questions.

This habit has become general, even compulsory, with members who may, within certain limits, choose their own time for speaking. All the cream of debate is now skimmed before the dinner-hour. At the close of a pitched battle, the two Leaders of Party, as heretofore, wind up the debate. But their opportunity for orating is severely circumscribed. The audience in the House of Commons does not begin to re-assemble after dinner till half-past ten. Rising at that hour, the Leader of the Opposition, if he fairly divides the available time with the right honourable gentleman opposite, must not speak more than three-quarters of an hour, and should not exceed forty minutes.

This is a necessity desirable not less in the orator's interest than in that of the audience. Except for the exposition of an intricate measure, twenty minutes is ample time for any man to say what is useful for his fellow-men to hear. All Mr. Disraeli's best speeches were made within half an hour, and if he thought it necessary, from a sense of the importance of his position, to prolong them, his stock of good things was exhausted in twenty minutes, the rest being what Carlyle disrespectfully described as thrice-boiled colwort. Mr. Gladstone can go on indefinitely, and in very recent times has been known to hold his audience spell-bound for three hours. But even he has profited by the beneficent tyranny that now rules the limit of debate, and, rising with the knowledge that he has but forty minutes to speak in, has excelled himself. For less exuberant speakers not gifted with his genius, the new discipline is even more marked in its benefits.

It is too soon to endeavour to estimate the

general characteristics of the *personnel* of the new Parliament. It will probably turn out to be very much of the same class as the innumerable army of its predecessors. When Mr. Keir Hardie came down on the opening day in a wagonette, with flags flying and accordions playing, it was cried aloud in some quarters that the end was at hand. This apprehension was strengthened when Mr. Hardie strolled about the House with a tweed travelling cap on his head, the Speaker at the time being in the chair. This, as Dr. Johnson explained, when the lady asked him why he had described the horse's pastern as its knee, was "ignorance, pure ignorance." Mr. Hardie is not a man of the quietest manners, as was testified to by the apparition in Palace Yard of the wagonette and its musical party; but in the much-talked-of incident of the cap he sinned inadvertently. Before the Speaker took the chair he had seen members walking about with their hats on. He had observed that even in his presence they remained seated with their heads covered. The shade of etiquette which approves this fashion whilst it sternly prohibits a member from keeping his hat on when in motion, even to the extent of leaning over to speak to a friend on the bench below him, was too fine to catch the eye of a new member.



MR. KEIR HARDIE.

Mr. Keir Hardie has done much worse things than this in his public appearances during the recess, and since the Session opened there has not been lacking evidence of resolve to keep himself in the front of the stage where the gallery may see him. But this is no new thing, to be cited in proof of the deterioration of the composition and style of the House of Commons. It has been done repeatedly in various fashions within recent memory, and always with the same result. No man, not even Mr. Biggar—and he may be cited as the most ruthless experimenter—has successfully struggled against the subtle disciplinary influence of the House of Commons.

From the first the member for Cavan set himself in deliberate fashion to outrage Parliamentary traditions and usages. He finished by becoming a punctilious practitioner of Parliamentary forms, a stickler for the



minutest observation of order. Whilst Mr. Gladstone and other members of old standing were content to preface their speeches with the monosyllable "Sir," nothing less than "Mr. Speaker, sir," would satisfy Mr. Biggar. No one who has



THE LATE MR. BIGGAR.

not heard the inflection of tone with which this was uttered, nor seen the oratorical sweep of the hand that launched it on its course, can realize how much of combined deference and authority the phrase is capable of. Mr. Biggar, having in his early Parliamentary days defied the Chair and affronted the sensibilities of the House, alike in the matter of dress and deportment, developed into a portly gentleman of almost smug appearance, a terror to new members. Woe to any who in his ignorance passed between the Chair and the member addressing it; who walked in from a division with his hat on; or who stood an inch or two within the Bar whilst debate was going forward. Mr. Biggar's strident cry of "Order! Order!" reverberated through the House. Others joined in the shout, and the abashed offender hastily withdrew into obscurity.

It is the same with others of less strongly marked character. Vanity or garrulity may force a new member into a position of notoriety. He may, according to his measure of determination, try a fall again and again with the House, and may sometimes, as in the case of Mr. O'Donnell, seem to win. But in the end the House of Commons proves victorious. It is a sort of whetstone on which blades of various temperate operate. In time, they either forego the practice or wear themselves away. In either case the whetstone remains.

This is a rule without exception, and is a reassuring reflection in view of the talk about the degeneracy of the House of Commons, and the decadence of its standard of manner. It would not be difficult to show that the House at present in Session will, from the

point of view of manners, favourably compare with any that have gone before—though, to be just, the comparison should be sought with Parliaments elected under similar conditions, with the Liberals in office and the Conservatives in opposition. That is an arrangement always found to be more conducive to lively proceedings than when parties are disposed in the contrary order. The Parliament dissolved last year was decorously dull. Mr. Gladstone in opposition is not prone to show sport, and no encouragement was held out to enterprising groups below the gangway to bait the Government. It was very different in the Parliament of 1880-5, of which fact the Chalmers-Lacour episode is an illustration, only a little more piquant in flavour than the average supply.

There are already signs that the new Parliament will not lie under the charge of deplorable dulness brought against its predecessor. But these varying moods are due to waves of political passion, and do not affect the question whether the House of Commons as a body of English gentlemen met for the discharge of public business has or has not deteriorated. I have an engraving of a picture of the House of Commons in pre-Reform days. It was carefully drawn in the Session of 1842. A more respectable body of the gentlemen of England it would be difficult to gather together. With the possible exception of one or two political adventurers like the then member for Shrewsbury, there is probably not a man in the House who is not well born or at least rich. Mr. Keir Hardie would look strange indeed in these serried ranks of portly gentlemen with high coat collars, cravats up to their chin, short-bodied coats showing the waistcoat beneath, and the tightly trousered legs. Yet this House, and its equally prim successors, had its obstruction, its personal wrangles, and its occasional duel. Peel was attacked by Disraeli in a fashion and in language that would not be tolerated in the House of Commons now, even though the target were Mr. Gladstone.

It is not necessary to go back as far as the days of Peel or Parliamentary Reform to sustain the bold assertion that, so far from having degenerated, the manners of the House of Commons have improved. In the Parliament elected in 1874 there sat on the Conservative side a gentleman named Smollet, who early distinguished himself by bringing Parliamentary debate down to the level of conversation in "Roderick Random." In those days Mr. Gladstone was down after the



General Election, and Mr. Smollet, to the uproarious delight of gentlemen near him, savagely kicked him.

It was in the second year of this same Parliament, less than twenty years ago, that Mr. Gladstone, issuing from a division lobby, was suddenly pounced upon by some fifty or sixty Conservative members, and howled at for the space of several moments.

It is, happily, possible for Mr. Gladstone to forget, or at least to forgive, personal attacks made upon him through his long career. In this very month of the new Session he may be nightly seen working in cordial fashion with ancient adversaries from Ireland, describing as "my honourable friends" gentlemen who, ten years ago and for some time

subsequently, heaped on his head the coarsest vituperation permitted by practised manipulation of Parliamentary forms. But this scene in the division lobby on the 12th of April, 1875, is burned into his recollection. I have heard him, within the last few months, refer to it in those tones of profound indignation and with that flashing fire in his eyes only seen

when he is deeply moved. He mentioned, what I think was not known, that Lord Hartington happened to be walking with him at the time. But there was no mistake for whom the angry cries were meant. Mr. Gladstone spoke with the profounder indignation because, as he said, he had on this occasion gone out to vote on behalf of a

man whose character he detested, because he saw in the action taken against him an attack upon one of the privileges of Parliament.

That scene was an outburst of political animosity; and the movements of political animosity, like the dicta of taste, are not to be disputed. But on the question of good manners, the only one here under consideration, it may be



"MOBBING HIM."

affirmed that the present House of Commons would be safe from lapse into such an exhibition. To this better state of things the operation of the New Rules has conspicuously contributed, and though, as we know, they have not operated to the absolute extinction of Parliamentary scenes, they have appreciably limited opportunity and incentive.



## Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



From a] AGE 14. [Daguerreotype.

### LORD BATTERSEA.

BORN 1843.

**L**ORD BATTERSEA, who was until recently known to the world as Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., is a son of the late Mr. P.W. Flower, of Streatham, and was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cam-



AGE 21.  
From a Photo. by Mayland, Cambridge.

bridge. He was called to the Bar at the age of twenty-seven, and became Liberal Member for Brecknock in 1880, and

for the Luton Division of Bedfordshire in 1885 and 1886, in which later year he was one of Mr. Gladstone's "Whips." He married the daughter of the late Sir Anthony Rothschild, and both he and his wife are much



From a] AGE 40. [Drawing.

interested in the welfare of the lower classes of London. Lord Battersea was unanimously reputed the handsomest man in the House of Commons, and is now, in every sense of the word, an ornament of the House of Lords.



Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photograph by Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.





From an Oil] AGE 16. [Sketch by himself.

W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

BORN 1835.

**M**R. WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON was born in Edinburgh, and at the age of fifteen entered the Trustees' Academy of that city, his first pictures being exhibited in the Royal



AGE 35.  
From a Photograph by Walery, Marseilles.

Scottish Academy. At the age of twenty-eight he came to London, and the same year exhibited at the Royal Academy for the first time, his contributions being entitled, "An Old English Song" and "Portraits," the latter a life-size composition of three young ladies. In 1865 he painted "The

Challenge," which won a prize of £100 given by Mr. Wallace, and one of the very few Medals awarded to English painters at the Paris Universal Exhibition. In 1866 came "The Story of a Life"—an aged nun relating her experiences to a group of novices. Two years later, when he had only



From a] AGE 44. [Photograph.

been four years in London, he was elected an A.R.A. Among his more recent pictures may be mentioned "Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*" (1880), "The Salon of Madame Recamier" (1885), "The Young Duke" (1889), and "St. Helena" (1892). Mr. Orchardson was elected an R.A. in 1877, and a D.C.L. of Oxford in 1890.



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From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry.





From a]

AGE 10.

[Drawing.



From a]

AGE 23.

[Photograph.

## LADY HALLÉ.



LADY HALLÉ, whose maiden name was Wilhelmine Néruda, was born at Brünn, where her father was organist of the cathedral. She was a pupil of Jansa, and made her first appearance at Vienna at the age of six, and in London at the age of nine. After this she returned to the Continent, and in 1864 she married Ludwig Norman, a

Swedish musician. Since 1869 she has been in England every winter, playing especially at the concerts of Sir Charles Hallé, whom she married in 1888.



From a]

AGE 35.

[Photograph.



From a Photo.]

PRESENT DAY.

[by Burraud.

Digitized by Google

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



at Manchester, and as the founder of the annual series of orchestral and choral concerts there and in London, which have



From a Painting. AGE 20.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ.

**S**IR CHARLES HALLÉ is a native of Germany, but at an early age he established himself in Paris, where he acquired a great reputation by his refined and classical rendering of the compositions of the great musicians; but the Revolution of 1843 drove him to England, where he has ever since resided. He soon established himself



AGE 45.  
From a Photo. by H. Hering, Regent Street, W.

become, perhaps, the most important series in Europe, he has rendered the most valuable service to musical art.



AGE 31.  
From a Painting.



PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by Mayall & Co., 104, New Bond Street, W.





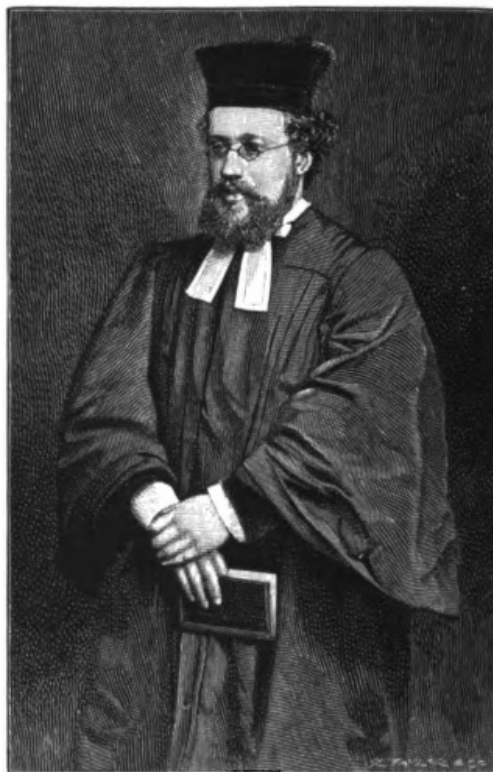
AGE 24.  
From a Photograph by McLean & Haes, Haymarket.

DR. HERMANN ADLER,  
CHIEF RABBI.

BORN 1839.

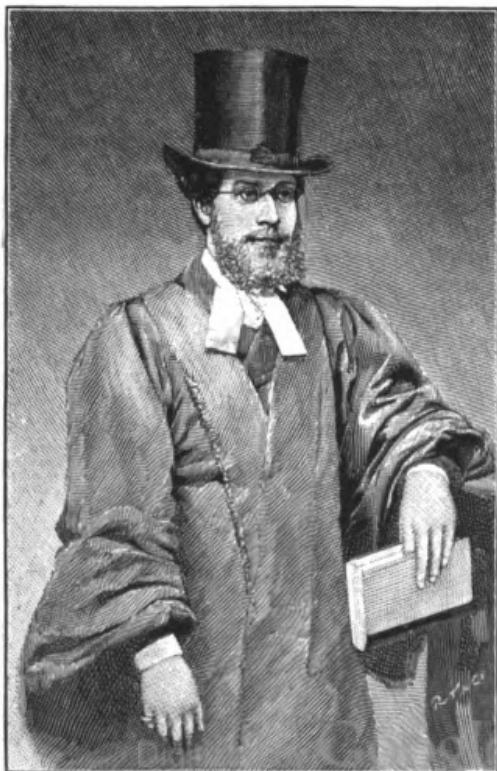


R. ADLER, son of Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler, was born in Hanover, and came to London with his father at the age of six. He studied at University College, took his B.A. degree at the University of London



AGE 44.  
From a Photograph by Fradella, 246, Regent Street, W.

at twenty, and that of Ph.D., at Leipzig, at twenty-two. In the following year he was ordained Rabbi by the famous Rapoport, Chief Rabbi of Prague, and became in succession Principal of the Jews' College in London and Chief Minister of the Bayswater Synagogue. In 1890 his father, the Chief Rabbi, died, and Dr. Adler was elected in his place. Dr. Adler is well known not only by his powerful and scholarly writings, but by his work among the poorer Jews of London.



AGE 37.  
From a Photograph by J. R. Sawyer, Norwich.



Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photograph by The Photographic Co.



SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART.,  
K.C.B.

BORN 1826.

**G**ENERAL ALISON, son of Sir Archibald Alison, the first Baronet, who was the well-known author of "The History of Europe," was born at Edinburgh, and entered the Army at the age of twenty. He served in the Crimea, at the siege and fall of Sebastopol, at which date our second portrait represents him. During the Indian Mutiny



AGE 3.

*From a Miniature.*



*From a Daguerreotype* AGE 31. [by Werge, Glasgow.

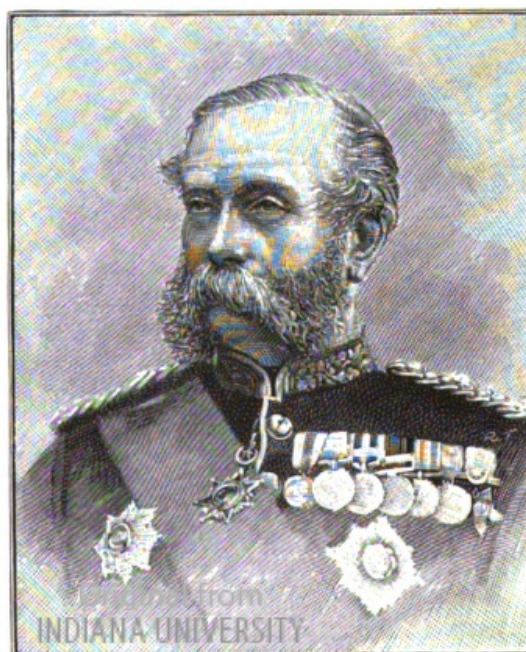
he lost an arm at the relief of Lucknow. In 1882 he commanded the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, during the expedition to Egypt, and at the decisive battle of Tel-el-Kebir he led the Highland Brigade which fought so gallantly on that memorable occasion, and after Arabi's surrender he was left in Egypt with the command of the British army of



AGE 47.

*From a Photograph by Jacklett, Aldershot.*

12,000 men to restore order and protect the Khedive. Sir Archibald was included in the thanks of Parliament for his energy and gallantry, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General; he received his appointment as General in 1889. In 1869 Sir Archibald Alison published an able treatise, "On Army Organization."



*From a Photo. by* PRESENT DAY.

[Barraud.





AGE 3.  
From a Photo. by Chalot et Cie., Paris.



From a Photo. by] AGE 5. [Chalot et Cie., Paris.

### MADAME JANE HADING.

**M**ADAME JANE HADING, the well-known French actress, was born at Marseilles, in 1863, where her father was popular as a leading actor, with whom she appeared when only three years of age as little *Blanche de Caylus* in "Le Bossu." At the age of thirteen she began work in earnest, having won "le prix de solfège" at the Marseille Conservatoire, and her talent having come to the ears of Mr. Plunkett, the director of

the Palais Royal, he engaged her for the Palais Royal in Paris, where she created the part of *La Chaste Suzanne*, by Paul Ferrier. Giving up comic opera for comedy, Jane Hading went to the Gymnase, where she created the part of *Claire de Beaulieu* in "Le Maître de Forges." London had the opportunity of seeing her in that and "Prince Zilah," by Jules Claretie, later on, and fully indorsed the Parisian verdict. These conspicuous successes

were followed by others almost as notable, and her subsequent tour in America won her golden opinions, and was so successful that it was extended some months. Her latest Parisian success was "Le Prince d'Aurec," which added greatly to her laurels, putting her in the very front rank of great artists.



AGE 15.  
From a Photo. by Fabre, Marseilles.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Reutlinger, Paris.





Miss Webster



Madame Schirmer-Mapleson



Madame Tiroid Arnoldson





MISS ALICE LETHBRIDGE.



Miss Flo Henderson.



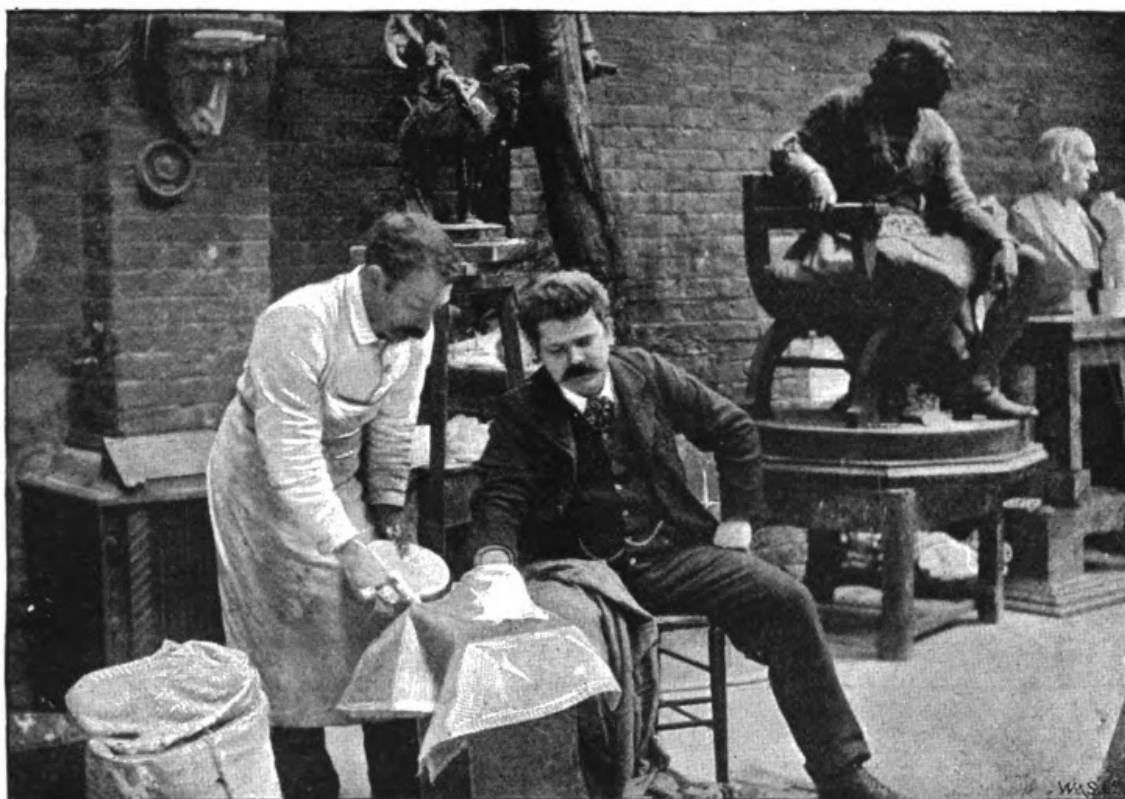
Madlle Del Torre.



## Hands.

BY BECKLES WILLSON.

### II.



CASTING A HAND FROM LIFE.  
(Studio of Mr. Onalow Ford, A.R.A.)

**T**HE sculptor's practice of casting in plaster the hands of his client is of comparatively recent growth. The artist of the old school—and he is followed in this by many of the new—disdained so mechanical a means to fidelity. Very few, indeed, among the British painters and sculptors of the past will be found who took the pains to see that the hands or even the figures of their counterfeit presentments on canvas or in marble tallied with the originals. Sir Joshua Reynolds, as we know, would have regarded this as the essence of finical vulgarity.

The principal drawback in making casts from life is to be found in the discomfort, not to speak of the actual torment, it often causes the sitter by the adhesion of the plaster to the hairy growth of the skin. Various methods are resorted to with a view to obviate this, and in some cases successfully.

The hands of Thomas Carlyle—stubborn, combative, mystical—which appear in the present paper, will amply repay the closest

scrutiny. These hands are unwontedly realistic, and emphasize their distinctiveness in every vein and wrinkle. They appear to be themselves endowed with each of those various qualities which caused their possessor to be regarded as one of the most puissant figures in the century's literature. The hand is not one, to use Charles Lamb's expressive phrase, to be looked at *standing on one leg*. It deserves a keener examination.

Mention has been made of the hand of a distinguished prelate, Cardinal Manning.



THOMAS CARLYLE'S HANDS.





THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S HANDS.

It will not be out of place to compare it with the hands of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, which were cast posthumously. Scarcely anything could be more antagonistic. The nervous personality of Manning is wanting here. The hands of the Archbishop seem more to belong to the order of the benevolent Bishop Myriel than to that of the enthusiast and ascetic.

Plenty of opportunity to study the hands



LORD PALMERSTON'S HAND.

of statesmen is afforded in those of Lord Palmerston, Count Cavour, Sir Stratford Canning, and Lord Melbourne. The fallacy of attaching special qualities to any distinctive trait in the hand of an eminent person is most readily discernible here. One should avoid *à posteriori* reasoning. It would be the same for a physiognomist to argue a man a statesman from a facial resemblance to Mr. Gladstone, or that he is fit to write tragedies because he owns the exact facial proportions of Sardou.

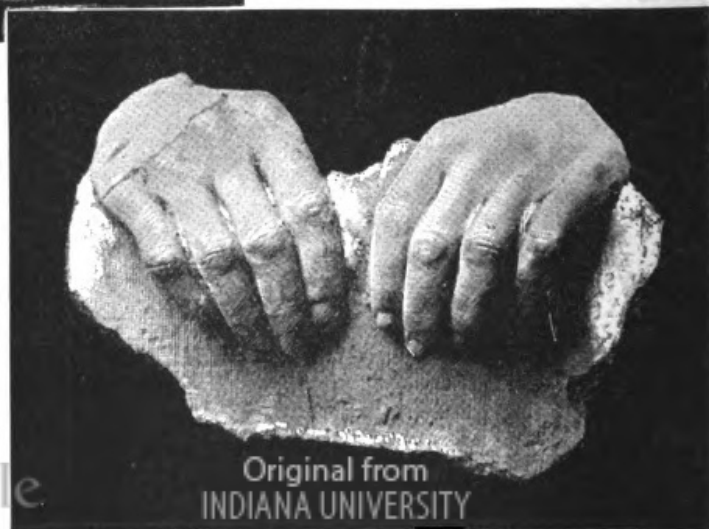
Among these the hand of Lord Palmerston will stand forth most prominently to the reader. Its characteristics are, on the whole, sufficiently obvious, in the appended cast, to be thought accentuated. It might not unprofitably be noted in connection with those of Stratford Canning, Viscount de Redcliffe (for fifty years British Ambassador in India), whose statue by Boehm,



COUNT CAVOUR'S HANDS.

with Tennyson's famous epitaph :  
Thou third great Canning, stand among  
our best  
And noblest, now thy long day's work  
hath ceased,  
Here, silent in our Minster of the West,  
Who wert the voice of England in  
the East !

is in a nave of the Abbey. With these should be joined the hand of Viscount Melbourne, the predecessor of Sir Robert Peel in the Premiership, and the great statesman after whom the city of Melbourne was named, in order



SIR STRATFORD CANNING'S HANDS.

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY





LORD MELBOURNE'S HAND.

to range this British galaxy against the hands of the Italian patriots, Count Cavour and Joseph Garibaldi, whose labours resulted in



HAND OF JOHN BURNS, M.P.

that master stroke of latter-day politics, the unification of Italy. Those of the former were cast separately in different positions, it



HAND OF JOSEPH ARCH, M.P.

being the intention of the sculptor for the right hand to rest lightly upon a column and

the left to grasp a roll of parchment. Garibaldi's hand may be described as both virile and nervous.

Another type of hand is exemplified in the



GARIBALDI'S HAND.

hands of Messrs. Joseph Arch and John Burns. Both of these belong to self-made men, accustomed to hard manual labour from childhood. Their powerful ruggedness



SIR E. BOEHM'S HAND.

is admirably set off by the exquisite symmetry and feminine proportions of the hand of John Jackson, a Royal Academician and great painter of his time. For symmetry,



HAND OF JOHN JACKSON, R.A.

combined with grace, this hand is not surpassed.

The hand of Sir Edgar Boehm was cast by his assistant, Professor Lantéri, for the former's statue of Sir Francis Drake. It will be observed



that the fingers grasp a pair of compasses, the original of those which appear in the bronze at Plymouth.

A comparison of the hand of Mr. Bancroft with that of Mr. Irving, given last month, will prove interesting, if not instructive.



LADY BLESSINGTON'S HAND.

Reverting to the ladies again, interest will, no doubt, centre upon the hand of the celebrated Lady Blessington, accounted the

It has been said that the hands of Carlyle are characteristic; that they possess, with



MRS. CARLYLE'S HAND.

wittiest hostess of her day; and not least attractive will appear Mrs. Carlyle's and those of Mrs. Thornycroft and the celebrated



MME. TUSSAUD'S HAND.

those of Wilkie Collins, the merit of being precisely the sort of hands one would expect



MRS. THORNYCROFT'S HAND.

Madame Tussaud. The wife of the Chelsea sage was herself, as is known, an authoress of no mean repute.



MR. BANCROFT'S HAND.

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY





HANDS OF THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.

to see so labelled. We now present a third candidate for this merit of candour in casts of the hands of the notorious Arthur Orton, better known under the sobriquet of the Claimant. They are pulseless, chubby, oblique: yet they are remarkable. In scrutinizing them, it is difficult not to feel that one looks upon hands very remote indeed from the ordinary.

Next we look upon the hand of a giant even superior to Anak, in Loushkin, the Russian. But physically great as was the Muscovite, it is to be doubted if he really attained the world-wide celebrity of the little American, Charles Stratton (otherwise known as "Tom Thumb"), whose extremity serves as a foil to his rival for exhibition honours.

Another Boehm relic requires some explanation. Every visitor to the Metropolis has

doubtless seen and admired the heroic equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, opposite Apsley House. They may even have noticed the right hand, which is represented as lightly holding the rein of the animal. The appended was cast from the original model in clay of the hand of the Duke, no cast direct from life ever having been executed.

It is sufficient to say that the subjoined hand and arm of Lady Cardigan, wife of the noted Crimean warrior,



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S HAND.

was one greatly admired by Sir Edgar, in whose studio it hung for many years. In like manner will the hand of Lady Richard Grosvenor be found the possessor of many beautiful and interesting traits.



THE HANDS OF "TOM THUMB" AND LOUSHKIN, THE RUSSIAN GIANT.





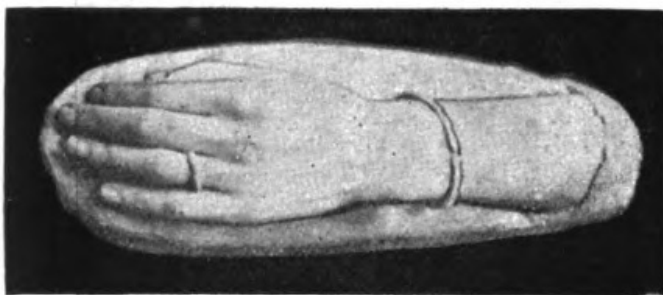
LADY CARDIGAN'S HAND.

A member not altogether dissimilar to that of the musician Liszt is the hand of Carl von Angeli, Court painter to Her Majesty, and like that also in setting at

its owner was a man of the keenest artistic perceptions.

In Frederick Baring's (Lord Ashburton) we find the thick-set fingers, and what the chirognomist calls the "lack of manual repose," of the great financier. But as his lordship was statesman with a talent for debate as well as man of commerce, it will not unlikely be found that the hand presented combines the both temperaments.

I have been enabled, through the kindness of Mr. J. T. Tussaud, to



LADY RICHARD GROSVENOR'S HAND.

naught the conclusions too often arrived at by the chirognomist. For there is here breadth without symmetry, and an utter absence of the poise which we look for in the ideal hand of the artist. It is instructive to compare it to the hand of the painter, John Jackson.

Observe the massive, masculine fingers and disproportionately small finger-nails in the



CARL ANGELI'S HAND.

hands of Professor Weekes, the sculptor. There is scarcely any perceptible tapering at the third joint, and the fingers all exhibit very little prominence of knuckle or contour. It is anything but an artistic hand, and yet



PROFESSOR WEEKES' HANDS.

embellish the present collection by an ancient cast of the hand of the Comte

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

LORD ASHBURTON'S HAND.



de Lorge, a famous prisoner in the Bastille. This cast was taken, together with a death mask, after death, by the great-grandmother of the sculptor, to whom both relics have descended.

The Queen's hands, which appeared in the last issue of this Magazine, were cast by John Francis, a famous sculptor of the day.

Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft, R.A., writes me to say that "While the moulds were being made Her Majesty removed all the rings from her fingers *except* the wedding ring. This she was most anxious should not come off, and was in considerable fear lest the moulding process might remove it."



COMTE DE LORGE'S HAND.

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[The original drawings of the illustrations in this Magazine are always on view, and on sale, in the Art Gallery at these offices, which is open to the public without charge.]





FROM THE FRENCH OF  
PITRE CHEVALIER.

I.  
**I**T was harvest day at a house in the little village of Panola, in Castile, on the 25th of August, 1838. The great sheaves of corn had been borne, amidst universal rejoicing, to their resting-place in the granary. All the village inhabitants had shared in this pleasant task, and now, following an ancient custom, they had erected a trophy composed of a few last sheaves of corn, round which the young girls and men began to dance gaily, to the sound of guitars and castanets.

Within the house, in a room which overlooked this charming scene, were two men.

The first, seated at a table, was an old man over sixty, but enfeebled rather by cares than by age. His venerable head, crowned with white hair, drooped upon his breast with patriarchal dignity. The old man, who had been a soldier in the Spanish army, was Don Pedro de la Sarga, a Castilian as noble as he was poor. His companion was his son, Don Stephano, a young man of twenty, considered the most accomplished man in Panola. He was handsome; his warm, brown skin, his large, black eyes, the regular features, which

wore that expression of national pride which distinguishes a Castilian from any other race, and his raven-black hair were eminently the Spanish type in all its grace and haughtiness. The young man wore the Spanish holiday costume, the richness of which has made travellers exclaim, more than once, that no European prince is clothed like a simple peasant of Castile. Stephano had on a short vest of black cloth, lined with yellow silk, ornamented with fringes and bunches of ribbons; an embroidered shirt with open collar revealing a waistcoat with gilt buttons, knee-breeches of black silk confined at the knees by bunches of ribbons, shoes and gaiters of fine brown leather, while a black felt hat with drooping plume completed his costume.

Stephano's gloomy face contrasted with his gay attire. He leant against the open window, carelessly holding in his hand a bouquet of faded jasmine, whilst he gazed with melancholy eyes upon the festive scene before him, and only by a shake of the head and a sad smile replied to the light badinage of the dancers as they passed the window. But now and then his eyes lighted up, and he sighed deeply as a certain dancer, prettier than the rest, approached him.



"How pretty she is!" he murmured, as he followed her retreating form.

"Stephano!" called out the old man, who had been watching his son for some time.

"How gracefully she dances," continued the handsome dreamer, wrapt in his thoughts.

"Stephano!" repeated the old man.

"Yes, father," cried Stephano, with a start, and coming forward. "Do you wish to speak to me?"

"From your mysterious air and endless sighs these last few days, Stephano, I conclude that you are in love," said his father.

"In love!" stammered the young man. "You think I am in love?"

"I do not think, my son—I am sure of it; and I have only one reproach to make to you, and that is that you have not made me a confidant of your secret before."

"You shall know all, father," said Stephano, drawing a chair close to Don Pedro.

"For the last month," he continued, "I have had in my heart a love which nothing can subdue, and the object of my passion is a young girl here, a glance from whose eyes is worth more to me than all the world besides; but she shuns my love, and on every occasion strives to avoid me. She hardly permits me to speak to her for fear that the passion she reads in my eyes will break into words."

"Bah!" said the old man, merrily; "it is very likely that she shuns you for the reason of your not opening your mouth; you scare the young girl with your morose airs."

"Oh, if that were only true," sighed the disconsolate swain.

"Now," said the old man, "there only remains for me to know the name of my future daughter-in-law."

The young man was about to pronounce the name which already trembled on his lips when a sudden clamour interrupted the most interesting portion of this conversation. The peasants, followed by the partners, were rushing towards the house, and in the twinkling of an eye the room was filled with the animated and noisy throng. The new-comers wore rich costumes, more or less copies of Stephano's; some carried guitars, others castanets, while most of them leaned upon tall peeled rods, forked at the top, and ornamented with ribbons of all colours; each carried on the left side of his vest a bouquet similar to that of Stephano. The young

girls in their silken bodices, short skirts, red stockings and mantillas, rattled their castanets as they entered with their partners. The joyous crowd surrounded Don Pedro, whilst cries of "Rosita! Rosita!" resounded from all sides.

"Well, well, my children, what is it you want?" demanded the village Nestor of his clamorous audience.

"We want Mlle. Rosita," they repeated.

"What, my niece? But is she not with you? I thought it was she whom you were leading just now round the corn sheaves."

"That is true," replied one of the foremost of the crowd; "everything went smoothly until we wished her to take part in our usual ceremony of 'The Maiden's Choice.'"

"Did you explain to her," asked the old man, "what is the ceremony?"

"Yes, we told her all that was necessary: that it is an old custom in Panola on harvest day, after having escorted the daughter of the house round the last sheaves of corn, for all her admirers in the village to present her, each in his turn, with a bouquet; that she must then choose the one she loves amongst them by retaining his bouquet, whilst the others are rejected. She answered us by saying that she had only been in Panola a few months, and was therefore not forced to adopt our customs, and leaving us with these words she fled from us and escaped through the little granary door."

"The little shrew!" Don Pedro exclaimed, who, like an amiable old man, was always on the side of the young folk. "But my friends," he added, "you are but poor Lotharios to be flouted by a young girl; you must follow her and bring her back."

"That is just what we have done; but one cannot catch a bird without also having wings. She seemed to fly as we followed her, and on reaching the granary she entered and slammed the door in our faces; so we have come, as a last resource, to you, Don Pedro, to ask her to comply with our wishes."

"You are right," replied the old man, with all the gravity of a judge, "you must be satisfied at once"; and he looked round for Don Stephano, who was standing more moody than ever behind a giggling group of young peasants.

"My son," he said, "go and bring your cousin here. If she refuses, tell her that I particularly wish her to come."

"I will go, father," said Stephano, after a second's hesitation; and he went out.

There was a slight pause; then shouts and



acclamations and rattling of castanets burst forth, as Rosita, with downcast eyes, entered the room, led by Stephano. Well might they welcome with fervour such a charming creature. Rosita was just eighteen. She wore upon her golden brown hair a black lace mantilla, which contrasted with her creamy complexion and the liquid depth of her large brown eyes. A brown velvet bodice showed off to perfection her slight yet rounded figure; and her silk skirts just revealed her pretty ankles and small feet in their silk stockings and neat shoes.

Rosita was a native of Navarre. She had quitted Tafalla, her native village, on the death of her father and mother, who had been victims of the Civil War which at this time desolated the country, and had been conducted not without peril to her uncle's house at Panola, in which she had since taken up her abode.

"Rosita," said Don Pedro to his niece, taking her hand, "I have made your apologies to your friends for the trick you have played them. It is your turn now to atone for your misdeed, by submitting to an old custom. Among the brave Castilians who surround you there are many suitors for your hand. There must be one among them whom you secretly favour. Your choice is entirely free, and even the favoured one after the ceremony will then have only the right to please you and to merit your hand."

"But, uncle——" faltered the young girl.

"I will take no denial, my dear," interrupted the old man.

Rosita strove in vain to protest, but her imperturbable uncle would not listen, and gave a sign to the peasants to begin the ceremony, in which he seemed to take as keen an interest as they did themselves. Thereupon the majority of the young men, darting furious glances of jealousy at one another, prepared for the contest. Rosita, at her uncle's side, stood at one end of the room. At her right and left were grouped the young peasant girls, admiring without envy the queen of the *fête*, and forming her court. Stephano stood behind with dejected mien. Those with guitars touched their instruments lightly now and then, and upon this scene, worthy of the pencil of Leopold Roberts, the sun, now setting at the horizon, cast a calm and solemn light.

The first peasant who came forward was a tall young man, with a ruddy complexion.

"My name is Geronimo Caldaro, and I am twenty-five. It has been the talk of the village why I did not marry, and it has been

said it was because I had never yet seen a maiden beautiful enough to please me. But now I have found her; it is you, Rosita. Will you accept my bouquet?" He presented his bouquet to the young girl, who blushed as she received it, and then let it fall.

"Refused! Refused!" whispered the spectators, whilst the young man disappeared into the crowd, and a second one took his place. But the same thing occurred, and with the same result. Soon the jasmine bouquets covered the ground round the young girl's feet. The rejected suitors multiplied so fast that they could no longer hide their discomfiture amongst the others. Restless and smiling, Don Pedro wondered why his niece was so severe, and the remaining suitors seemed to hesitate whether to advance into the lists or not. Then the last three timidly advanced one by one toward Rosita. The two first were not even heard to the end of their speech, and then all eyes were fixed with interest upon the last. Rosita let him finish his discourse, took his bouquet, which she scrutinized demurely, and then uttering a deep sigh let it fall upon the amorous trophy piled at her feet.

A murmur rose amongst the stupefied villagers. Don Pedro approached his niece.

"Well, my child," he said, "have you thought of what you have done?"

"Yes, uncle," Rosita replied. "Did you not tell me yourself that I was perfectly free?"

"Free to choose, without doubt; but not to send all your suitors away."

Rosita cast down her eyes and made no reply.

"Pardon me, father, but there still remains one," said Stephano, breaking the silence.

"Where is he?" everyone asked at once.

"Here he is."

Rosita trembled so violently that she was compelled to lean for support upon her uncle's arm, and Don Pedro, more astonished than anyone, rushed towards his son.

"What, Stephano?" he said joyfully. "It is your cousin whom——"

"Yes, father," replied the young man. "It is she whom I love."

In the midst of such general interest Stephano, pale with emotion, advanced towards his cousin.

"Rosita, I love you," he said, simply. "Will you keep this bouquet which I offer to you?"

The young man pronounced these words with a voice so sweet and expressive, and the gesture with which he offered the symbolic



flower was so imploring and passionate, that a sympathetic thrill ran through the spectators, and tears bedimmed Don Pedro's eyes.

Rosita, not less pale than her cousin, took the bouquet with



"ROSITA, I LOVE YOU," HE SAID.

a trembling hand, gazed upon it tenderly, then made a movement as if to throw it down, paused, and then at last, with head turned aside, let it fall.

"Santa Maria! He also!" cried the crowd, mournfully.

"Do not condemn me without hearing my justification," cried Rosita, turning to Don Pedro.

"Your justification?" repeated Stephano, with relief.

"Uncle," she said, after a pause, "there is a secret which I may have been wrong in concealing from you hitherto, but I must confide it to you alone."

"To me!" cried the astonished old man.

"I will come with you at once," and, seizing Rosita's hand, he led her away, making signs to the peasants as he did so to disperse.

Stephano strolled out to breathe the air upon the hills, whose shadows were beginning to slope down into the valley. The sky was lighted only by the after-glow of the red, sunken sun; the evening breeze carried along in the warm air the perfume of the jasmine flowers and orange groves in bloom, and no sound was heard but the music of guitars and castanets, mingled sometimes with the faint tinkle of sheep bells.

When Stephano re-entered he found his father and cousin in the lower hall. Rosita, on perceiving him, made a pretext for rising, and hurriedly left the room. Don Pedro and his son were left alone.

"One word, father," said Stephano. "Does Rosita love me, and will she also become my wife?"

"You must forget Rosita," replied the old man. "You must tear from your heart even the remembrance of your love."

The young man abandoned himself to despair.

"I shall never forget her," he said, passionately. "My love for Rosita will only cease with my life."

And he rushed from the room, leaving the old man wondering.

## II.

FOR some weeks the inmates of Don Pedro's house were forced to remain prisoners, for rebel soldiers filled the neighbouring villages, and troops of guerrillas were being



mustered to put them to flight. It was a morning, early in September, just after the sun had peered above the horizon. A fine rain had fallen during the night, and the drops which rested on the foliage sparkled like myriads of diamonds. The streets were as yet deserted; some muleteers alone passed along them at intervals. Don Pedro's house was the only one astir.

Don Stephano, according to his custom, had risen with the dawn, and was now alone in the lower hall, standing opposite the window which overlooked the high road. He was occupied in fixing an iron lance upon a wooden rod, at which he gazed abstractedly.

The sound of a voice filling the air with song attracted his attention; it was singing the Moorish romance of "Adlemar and Adalifa," and to the quick perception of a Spanish ear was marked with a slight Ultramontaine accent, which Stephano discerned like a true Castilian. Without moving he listened to the song which awoke the echoes of the valley. The amorous words recalled to Stephano's mind the thought of Rosita, and he sighed deeply. Then he listened anew to the voice, which grew nearer and nearer, and in which, in spite of its strange accent, he seemed to hear an understrain of singular emotion. His conjectures were not long, however. A man enveloped in a large mantle peered in at the open window, and after throwing a rapid glance behind him leapt into the room. Stephano recoiled at the sight of such a strange visitor, and felt tempted to seize the man, whom he took at first for a robber. Then a troop of horsemen dashed past the house. The stranger gave a sigh of relief. Then for the first time he caught sight of Stephano.

"I must be careful," the soldier muttered, as he drew his cloak more carefully round him. "This Spaniard does not look over benevolent."

"Who can this man be?" thought Stephano, as he instinctively put his hand on his pistols; but on seeing the stranger advance towards him with a pleasant smile, he paused.

"Noble Castilian," said the stranger, "are you a man to oblige an enemy

in peril, and who for a quarter of an hour wishes you no more harm than if you were his brother?"

Before replying, Stephano scrutinized his questioner. He saw before him a man of about twenty-eight, with a frank face and light hair and moustache. His accent, and the blue pantaloons which appeared under the brown mantle, proclaimed him a Frenchman.

"No unarmed man is my enemy," replied



"THE STRANGER."

Stephano, "and from the moment my roof was over your head you became my guest."

"Shake hands on it! You are a fine fellow," cried the soldier, holding out his hand. At the same time he drew aside his mantle, and Stephano recognised the uniform worn by the

French volunteers of Don Carlos's army. "Now, if you have a drop of anything to drink handy, I will tell you in a few words what has brought me here."

Stephano opened the sideboard, and brought out a bottle and glasses. The soldier wiped his moustache as he began.

"You see before you," he said, with frank abruptness, "Charles Dulaurier, a soldier by birth and profession, lieutenant in the Grenadiers of His Majesty Charles V.—



pardon me, Don Carlos. Being stationed some few miles from here, I asked for leave of absence this morning to join some troops which (pardon me) are going to make a raid upon this very village this morning. But, thanks to my foolhardiness in starting off alone, I soon found myself in the hands of guerillas. I escaped. They pursued me. But I, though alone in a strange country and unarmed, led them a nice dance for half an hour. I was just about to fall again into their hands when I came in sight of this house. I duped them by my ruse of pitching my voice in such a manner as to lead them to think I was beyond the village, whilst I at the same time took refuge here. To conclude, my worthy fellow, no doubt the guerillas are not blind, and not finding any trace of me upon the route, will return to Panola. Consequently, if you are a host to my liking you will——"

"Conceal you," said Stephano, quickly. "You are right!" and he glanced round with uneasiness. The lieutenant struck him on the shoulder. "One minute," he said; "the guerillas cannot reappear for half an hour. This little expedition, as you may imagine, was not my only motive for coming to Panola, and I must again abuse your patience in asking you some questions upon a certain subject which is the motive of my expedition."

"Go on," replied Stephano, with resignation.

"I came here to look for a young girl," said the Frenchman, twisting his moustache, "and as, perhaps, you will be so good as to give me some information on this point, it would be better for you to know the story. Last year my regiment, after a vigorous resistance, entered a village in Navarre."

"A village in Navarre?" repeated Stephano, and his brow darkened.

"One house had been so well defended, indeed, that it was found necessary to surround it, and our infuriated soldiers, drunk with carnage, determined to massacre everyone within. I luckily surprised them as they drew their sabres upon two poor old creatures and their young daughter. I threw myself between the victims and their butchers; the wretches turned upon me and I fell wounded by a bayonet thrust, but they were saved. The kind people who owed me their lives bore me to their house, and gave me every care. The young girl watched at my bedside for more than a fortnight. Briefly—the beauty, the tenderness of the little girl, won my heart. Losing no time, I declared my

passion. She whispered, blushing, that I might speak to her parents. As soon as I was well enough to walk, I hastened to the worthy old man, who, after the shock he had received, became mortally ill, and felt his end approach. I had no sooner asked him for his daughter's hand than he exclaimed, 'God be praised! I shall not now die without having recompensed our deliverer.' At the same time he took the young girl's hand and mine, and, after making us exchange rings, clasped them together. Then he stretched forth his trembling hands above our heads to bless us, whilst on our knees by the bedside we swore eternal fidelity to each other. Three days after the good man died, and the same day my regiment left for Castile. Seven months passed without my hearing any news from my betrothed, and it was only by chance I learned that on her mother's death she had quitted Navarre to take up her abode in her uncle's house at Panola.

"But what is the matter?" said the lieutenant, as Stephano rose hurriedly.

"I know enough," replied the young man in a hollow voice. "The village was Tafalla, and the young girl's name is Rosita."

"But what is there in that?" cried the lieutenant, who understood nothing of Stephano's emotion. "You know Rosita? She is here? You are silent. Heavens! Is she dead—or married?"

"No, no," replied Stephano, with an effort. "Rosita is here. No doubt she loves you and watches for your return with impatience."

"Where, then, shall I find my betrothed?"

Stephano was about to reply to this question when the tramp of horses was heard. It was the troop returning.

"Softly!" whispered Dulaurier as he crept towards the window. "Yes, these are my friends. Where will you hide me?"

Stephano regarded him with a savage gleam in his eyes and muttered to himself, "This man comes here to blast my happiness, and I must protect his life at the peril of my own."

"What am I to do?" repeated Dulaurier.

"Take this dagger," said Stephano, "put on your mantle and follow me." He unfastened a little door which opened upon a staircase which led into the garden, and descended, followed by Dulaurier. They stole along behind a thick hedge of hawthorn until they came to the trees of a little orchard, from which rose the roof of a ruined summer-house. On reaching this spot





H2m

"THEY STOLE ALONG."

Stephano installed the lieutenant so that he could watch both the road and the garden; then having arranged upon the course they should take, Stephano hastened back to the house.

Don Pedro was in the lower hall, alone, when his son entered.

"I have a request to make to you," said the young man, clasping his father's hand convulsively. "I want you to let me start at once to join my brothers and to fight for Spain."

"Can you then leave your cousin?" said Don Pedro, sadly. "And you do not know——"

"I know more than you, father, more than Rosita herself about this affair," interrupted Stephano. "Is not Rosita betrothed to a French volunteer in Don Carlos's army, and is this not the secret she confided to you on harvest day?"

"It is true. But how have you discovered it?"

"From a man flying from the pursuit of

guerillas; no other than the man himself, Lieutenant Charles Dulaurier!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the stupefied old man.

"You see, father, that it is absolutely necessary for me to go," cried Stephano. "I cannot wait until Rosita and Dulaurier are united. Their happiness would be more than I could bear, and I have thought of a plan by which the lieutenant can be saved without putting

off my departure. I shall join the troop of guerillas who are seeking Dulaurier in the village. Seeing me become one of themselves their suspicions will be lulled, and I shall save my rival by departing with his enemies."

"You are right," replied his father, after a painful pause, but he could not utter a word more.

The young man proceeded to take down from the wall his pistols and his gun; he

placed the former in his belt and the latter on his shoulder, took his hat and stepped forward to bid his father farewell. But as he threw himself into the arms of the weeping old man, the door opened and Rosita entered.

The young girl glanced quickly from one to the other, and then her eyes remained fixed on Stephano.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, examining his equipment.

"I am going away," replied Stephano. "Farewell, Rosita, be happy. Farewell, father," he added, embracing Don Pedro.

"He is going," said Rosita, her eyes dim with tears, "without one friendly smile, without one clasp of his hand. Oh! Stephano," she exclaimed, springing forward. "You cannot part from me thus!"

"You are keeping me!" said the bewildered young man.

"Yes," she replied, seizing his hand. "Stay, Stephano, do not go. I implore you!"



"Remain!" cried the young man, passionately. "Remain to see you in the arms of another? Never!"

As he moved towards the door, Rosita sprang towards him with outstretched arms. "And what if it is you whom I love, Stephano? What if I have never loved anyone but you?" A thunderbolt would hardly have produced more effect than did these words.

"You love me?" he repeated, approaching his cousin. "Rosita, for mercy's sake, repeat those words once more, so that I may be sure of having heard aright."

"Yes, I love you," repeated the young girl, tenderly; "no one but you! Will you stay now?"

"For ever, if you wish it!" cried the enraptured youth, throwing down his gun and pistols. "Look at me, Rosita, that I may read in your eyes that word which gives me life, and which I have waited for so long. How blind and foolish I have been! But that will be all right now, will it not, my beloved?" As he spoke he embraced her

from his ecstasy of happiness; and he fixed his gaze upon his cousin.

The girl had not even heard Don Pedro.

"Rosita," said her lover, "you say you love me, but you have a *fiancé*!"

"Dulaurier!" cried the startled girl. "Great Heaven! pardon me, I had forgotten."

"If this man," continued Stephano, "came here to claim your promise, you would reply, would you not, that friendship alone, not love, had drawn you towards him, and that your hand, promised when you hardly knew what you did, would now be given without your heart?"

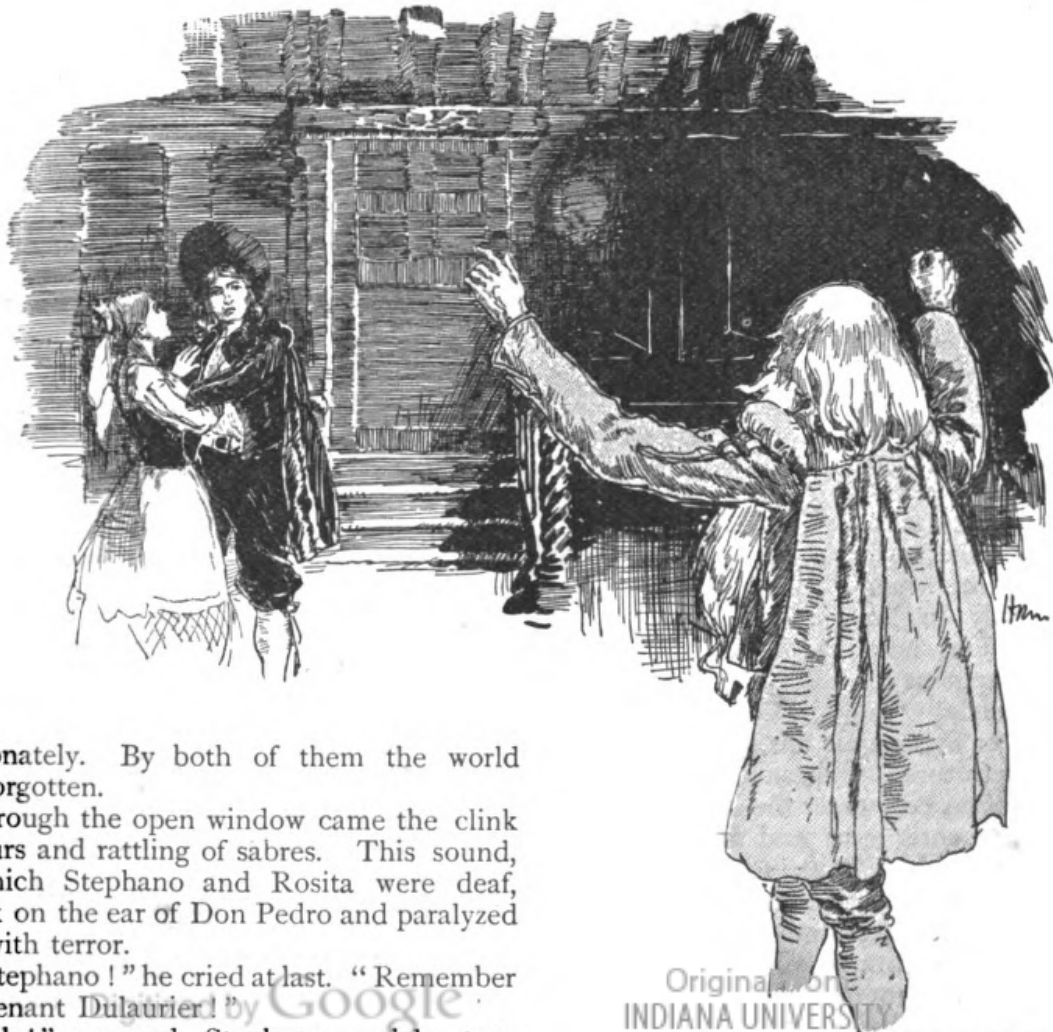
"Yes, that is what I should answer; but he is not likely to come here, Stephano."

"And what if he were here already?" asked an impressive voice.

Don Pedro at the same time stepped forward between the young people, and before the severe face of the Spaniard their eyes drooped.

"Father!" faltered the young man.

"Silence!" cried the old man. "Your



passionately. By both of them the world was forgotten.

Through the open window came the clink of spurs and rattling of sabres. This sound, to which Stephano and Rosita were deaf, struck on the ear of Don Pedro and paralyzed him with terror.

"Stephano!" he cried at last. "Remember Lieutenant Dulaurier!"

"Ah!" groaned Stephano, rudely torn



duty is clear. What if Dulaurier were in the house, Rosita—what if, more faithful than you, he had come to claim his promise, made at the death-bed of your father? I ask you what you would answer."

Trembling and submissive as a criminal before his judge, the young girl turned her eyes from Stephano to Don Pedro.

"I should reply to Lieutenant Dulaurier that, before God and man, I am his betrothed bride, and that while he lives no other can be my husband."

"Come then, my child, prepare to receive your *fiancé*," and Don Pedro held out his hand to his niece to lead her away.

"You are destroying my happiness!" cried Stephano.

"But in return I give you back your honour," replied Don Pedro. "Look after the lieutenant, for here come the guerillas!" and he went out.

"What a dream, and what an awakening!" murmured Stephano as he was left alone. "Rosita vows she loves me, and at the same time declares she will never be mine while Dulaurier lives. *While he lives!* And I must take upon myself the peril of saving him, when I have only to let him— Oh, how despair tempts us to horrible deeds! Is there time to fly, to quit this spot where each thought is torture: to hasten and join the guerillas before they enter the house? For, alas! if they enter now and demand where their enemy is—by Heaven! I shall not have the strength to resist—I must fly!"

Picking up his gun and pistols he rushed towards the door, but recoiled at the sight of a man in the uniform of a captain of guerillas, who by a gesture forced him to pause.

"Malediction—it is too late!" murmured the young man, as he dropped upon a chair, and let his unheeded weapons fall to the ground.

"Two sentinels before each door and window," called out the captain to the soldiers who followed him. "This is the last house in which our prisoner could take refuge," he continued, striking impatiently the butt end of his rifle upon the ground.

"Search well, comrades; you know he who takes the Frenchman prisoner is to have the honour of firing the first shot upon him, and is also to receive twenty douros for reward." Thereupon he advanced into the room. "Well, my good fellow," he said to Stephano; "what are you going to do with these weapons? Are they to defend yourself or to protect the officer whom you have hidden here?"

"No one is hidden in this house," replied the young man, with the courage which peril bestows. "The La Sargas are known throughout the country to be devoted to Spain and the Queen. I have three brothers in the national army, and I have just picked up these weapons with the intention of joining your troops."

The captain looked at him with a sneering smile. Then he turned to his companions, who had just returned from searching the house.

"Well, have you found anything?"

"Only a young girl and an old man," was the reply.

"Bring the old man here," said the captain; then he turned to Stephano. "And you, sir, go with my lieutenant and these three men, and show them every room there is"; then he murmured in the lieutenant's ear,



"IT IS TOO LATE!"



slipping at the same time a purse of gold into his hand: "Spare neither threats nor persuasion to gain this young man over to our side. Whatever it costs, I must recapture our prisoner."

Stephano felt tempted to resist these orders, but he reflected that this would only draw suspicion upon him, and he led the way up the stairs, which were placed in a corner of the room.

At the same time Don Pedro entered, guarded by two soldiers and leaning on his staff. Then an interval ensued, and the minutes flew past. Suddenly a pistol shot was heard. Everyone gave a start of alarm. Then one of the guards who had gone out with Stephano came rushing down the stairs and into the room.

"The bird is snared, or will be in a few minutes," he cried. "Our prisoner," he continued, pointing through the window, "is in that building which you see at the bottom of the garden."

"How do you know this?" asked the captain.

"From the young man who is upstairs with the lieutenant."

"From Stephano!" cried the old man, growing pale with horror.

"Ah, ah!" laughed the captain, "your son does not seem very hard to persuade."

"The lieutenant having discovered nothing," the man went on, "told three of us to go and search the granary, and took advantage of the occasion to take the young man aside. I watched them. A purse of gold and the barrel of a pistol have been the principal inducements. The sly fellow at first was very obstinate, and it was then that the lieutenant fired the pistol at him to frighten him. The young man seemed to be moved in a singular manner by the shot. He gave way with good grace, and pointed the pavilion out to us."

Whilst the captain lent a joyful ear to this narrative, Don Pedro, on the contrary, listened with terror mingled with incredulity. At these last words he could contain himself no longer, and broke in violently:—

"Enough, wretch; enough!" he cried. "What you say is impossible! It is an infamous calumny! My son is quite incapable of such villainy!"

"Look, senor," replied the man, pointing to the stairs.

Stephano in truth was descending with the lieutenant, holding the purse in his hand. His pale and agitated face seemed to proclaim his guilt, and Don Pedro sank back fainting-

on a seat. Stephano crossed the room with a faltering step without observing his father, and, reaching the window, gazed out upon the road.

In recalling to mind his son's jealousy of Dulaurier, Don Pedro understood the facts of the matter—that he had sold his guest to get rid of a detested rival. Maddened by passion, he had without doubt lost all control over himself. After having exchanged some words in a low voice with his lieutenant, the captain made a sign to two of his men.

"Remain with this fellow," he said, in a tone of contempt, pointing to Stephano, "until we reach the pavilion; if he makes one movement shoot him, and when a volley announces to you that we are not deceived, join us to start upon our route."

"Very good, captain," answered the two soldiers, taking up their position on each side of Stephano, whilst the others went out softly.

A mournful silence reigned in the chamber.

Stephano stood erect before the window, with haggard eyes fixed upon the road; Don Pedro, mute and motionless in his chair, seemed like a man bereft of all at a single blow. Then, his misery overwhelming him, he covered his face with his hands and wept. Stephano turned round quickly, and for the first time saw his father.

"Great Heavens! He was there, and heard all!" he murmured. "Father!" he cried imploringly.

"Call me your father no more," cried the old man, with flaming eyes, "unless you can tell me that I am blind and deaf, or that I have dreamed that my son was a coward, a traitor, an assassin! Tell me so, Stephano, for pity's sake!"

The young man made an effort as if he were about to speak, but paused at the sight of his two guards; the strain was so painful that he was forced to lean for support on one of the guerilla's arms. Then he turned away; Don Pedro rose from his seat and came towards his son.

"His eye never quits this fatal window," he murmured to himself. "It looks as if he watched to see the success of his perfidy, that he wishes to assure himself that his rival does not escape. Wretch!" he burst forth, "if this is so, may you be —"

Suddenly a hand was laid softly upon the old man's arm. It was Rosita.

"Ah! it is you, Rosita!" said Don Pedro with a bewildered stare. "Wretched man that I am, what was I about to do?" he added, passing his hand over his forehead.



Rosita came farther forward into the room.

"Stephano guarded by two soldiers!" she cried. "Holy Virgin! what does this mean, and what has happened?"

And she made an instinctive movement towards her cousin. Her uncle stopped her.

"Keep away from this wretched man!" he cried, "for he is a coward and a traitor; he has betrayed your betrothed!"

"Betrayed my betrothed!" cried the girl, with horror. "It is impossible!"

"Not only has he betrayed him," continued the old man, taking his niece's hand, "but he is watching for the success of his treason. Do you recognise my son, Rosita?" he added, with heartrending despair, "or the man whom you loved?"

Here the poor old man broke down completely, and sank back into his chair. The



"THE POOR OLD MAN BROKE DOWN COMPLETELY."

girl gazed at him with consternation. Even the rough soldiers were touched by the scene, and turned their heads aside.

At that instant a loud report shook the walls. It was the captain's volley. The two soldiers exchanged a meaning glance and

disappeared. As soon as they went out Rosita threw herself in Don Pedro's arms.

"Dulaurier is dead!" said the old man, gloomily.

"He is saved!" cried Stephano, coming forward, and throwing from him as he did so the purse of gold. "Yes, father, yes, Rosita, the lieutenant is safe and sound, and will be with us in a few seconds."

"How can that be?" cried Don Pedro, passing from despair to joy.

"Before leaving Dulaurier in the pavilion we had arranged that he was to be informed by a pistol shot when he must leave his hiding-place for the granary whilst his enemies were searching the pavilion. You understand now how the guerilla's shot agitated me. For, of course, Dulaurier, taking the report for the signal agreed upon,

would leave the pavilion for the granary, and would then fall into the hands of his pursuers. The only plan to save him was to get the soldiers away from the granary, which I did by feigning to betray Dulaurier, by accepting the purse, and pointing out the pavilion as his hiding-place. For a quarter of an hour I have endured the tortures of hell, but I have saved the man who confided in me, and I am still worthy of you both!"

The young man had hardly finished his narrative when his father and Rosita were at his feet begging for forgiveness. Then Stephano hastened to the granary, and called the lieutenant's name, but there was no response, and soon Stephano's surprise was changed to uneasiness. He rushed into the granary. It was empty. Stephano reappeared, pale, tottering and breathless.

"Dulaurier is not in the granary," he cried. "He cannot have taken the pistol shot for my signal. He must have remained, and that report we heard was his death-shot."

He paused abruptly. Don Pedro and



Rosita understood, and burst forth into an exclamation of horror.

"Victory! Victory!" cried a hundred voices.

Their despair and consternation were changed to the most lively astonishment, when a detachment of Don Carlos's volunteers entered the house, led by Dulaurier himself.

"Dulaurier!" exclaimed Stephano, Don Pedro, and Rosita at the same time.

"Our enemies!" said the old Castilian, whilst his niece shrank behind him.

"Say rather friends," replied Dulaurier, pressing Stephano's hand warmly.

"But how has all this happened?" began the bewildered Stephano.

"One minute's attention. For half an hour I waited patiently after your departure in the little pavilion, when I heard the signal we arranged on of the pistol shot. I quitted my hiding-place at once, and was preparing to creep towards the granary, when, casting a glance upon the road, I recognised the uniforms of the volunteers of my regiment. Briefly," continued Dulaurier, showing the soldiers who surrounded him, "here are the gentlemen, whom I have the honour of presenting to you. Like good comrades, they determined to avenge me, and we caught the guerillas in an ambush as they were searching the pavilion. Bang! a general discharge, and thirty men were lying on the ground, and the rest running away for their lives."

"The volley of which we believed you the victim!" interrupted Stephano.

"You understand the rest. Not wishing to quit Panola without thanking you, and also wishing to see about that little matter which I mentioned to you this morning, we came on here. And now," he added to Stephano, with the air of a man who has no time to lose, "I must thank you most warmly for all you have done for me."

There was such a tone of kindness in these words that Stephano could do nothing but grasp his hand cordially in return.

"Anyone else?" cried the effusive officer, looking quickly round. "You have a father, a mother, a wife, perhaps? Where are they? This noble old man must be your father," and upon Stephano's making an affirmative sign he grasped the old man's hand, and wrung it with force.

"Are there no ladies in your family?" asked Dulaurier with a gallant air.

It was then that in spite of Rosita's efforts to avoid his attention he caught sight of her as she hid behind Don Pedro's high-backed chair.

"Ah! here is one!" he said, without recognising his betrothed. He stepped forward towards her.

"Most amiable senora," he began politely, "permit me——" He paused, gazing with stupefied eyes upon the young girl, and then made a sign to his soldiers to leave them.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "if I am not deceived it is Rosita, my pretty *fiancée*!"

"You are right; it is I, Monsieur Dulaurier," faltered the young girl.

The light of happiness vanished from all the faces in the room except the lieutenant's.

"You can easily understand, my pretty one, what has led me to Panola," said Dulaurier.

"I presume you have come to remind Rosita," answered Don Pedro, "of the promise that she gave you at her dying father's bedside. She has not forgotten it, senor. She recognises her duty, and you have only one word to say——"

"Will you answer me yourself, Rosita?" interrupted Dulaurier, marking her extreme pallor and agitation. "You know what I have the right of claiming; are you still able to give it me freely?"

"Without doubt," she murmured; "if I give you my hand, my heart will go with it."

"Words, nothing but words!" thought the lieutenant, who grew pale in his turn. "All women are weathercocks. It is clear I am superseded," and he bit his lip until it bled. "But I should like to know who is my substitute," and he turned mechanically to Stephano. He found him as mute and as troubled as Rosita. The truth flashed across him. "I cannot blame the brave young man," he murmured to himself, "for falling in love with his cousin. It has not prevented him from saving my life at the expense of his love and honour, and as I have no wish for a heart not wholly mine, I have now to render sacrifice for sacrifice, and to keep the reputation of France equal to that of Spain." He turned to Rosita with a smile.

"Mademoiselle," he began, "when we plighted our troth, and I told you that I loved you devotedly, I was as sincere as I am to-day, only I took upon myself too much, and have contracted several other engagements, more or less similar to yours." He gave a forced laugh as he pronounced these words.

"That is enough, senor," said Don Pedro. "But why have you then come to Panola to claim her promise?"

"Who said that I was here for that pur-



pose?" asked Dulaurier, abruptly. Stephano, indeed, recollected that the Frenchman had not said a single word which implied that he came to claim Rosita's hand. "I implore Mademoiselle Rosita to pardon me," pursued Dulaurier, "and I propose that we exchange rings again."

you have found it out, you are right. I did come back to claim Rosita. I have always loved her, and have loved none but her. But do not breathe a word of this. Let no thought of my unhappiness cast a shadow on her life. Sacrifice for sacrifice, young man. France is equal to Spain, and we are quits.



"I PROPOSE THAT WE EXCHANGE RINGS AGAIN."

It was no sooner said than done. Dulaurier turned and clasped Stephano's hand again, and now the young man saw with apprehension that Dulaurier's eyes were dim with tears. Dulaurier could keep up the farce no longer, and his heart was breaking behind the smile upon his lips.

"Dulaurier!" said the young man, "you weep: you are unhappy! What you have said has been only a sublime falsehood! You love Rosita—you wish to marry her—and if you have the generosity to renounce all for me, it must not be at the expense of your happiness."

"Hush!" said Dulaurier, as he took him aside. "Do not undo my work. But since

"Farewell, brave Castilians," he cried aloud, "celebrate the marriage merrily: and let us hope that we shall never meet upon the battlefield of this unhappy country."

"Farewell!" replied Stephano, huskily.

Dulaurier pressed Don Pedro's and Stephano's hands, kissed that of Rosita, and joined his comrades outside.

"Wheel to the right—forward!" he shouted, at the head of his battalion.

Then came the roll of the drum, and they all marched past the window.

"Rosita," said Stephano to his cousin, "you are free, and we are going to be happy; but never let us forget Lieutenant Dulaurier!"



## The Queer Side of Things.



Set us return for a space to the two spirits William and James, whose conversations we described in past numbers. Some readers may possibly recall how the spirit James, while wandering through the darkness of unoccupied Space (about five-and-twenty billions of eons before the commencement of Eternity), conceived a wild idea of the possibility of the existence of worlds—worlds occupied by an impracticability called “man.” It will be recollected how the wiser spirit William cast well-merited ridicule upon this insanely impossible phantasy of a disordered mind; nay, even condescended to crush, by perspicuous and irrefutable logic, the grotesque and preposterous idea.

Very well; it is now William’s turn.

“James,” he said one day as they chanced to sight each other in the awful solitude of Space, “I have been thinking over that world of yours, and your crowning absurdity, ‘man.’ Pray do not become too inflated with weak conceit at my condescending to think about such trivialities; for the fact is, any subject of thought—however hopelessly foolish—is a relief amid the tediousness of Space. Well, I have been reflecting upon that characteristic which you conceive as distinguishing your puppet ‘man’—I allude to *intelligence*. I think you suggested that he would possess intelligence?”

James only fidgeted uneasily, and made a feeble sign of affirmation.

“Very well,” continued William. “Now, I have been putting two and two together, and have found out the nature of that quality which you mistake for intelligence; its true name is ‘low cunning.’ Every fresh piece of absurdity which you have told me touching the tricks of your queer creatures has supplied new evidence of this. Your creatures were to feed upon the substance of the ‘world’ on which they lived, and, ever increasing in numbers, would logically in course of time find there was not a mouthful apiece. I think we agreed about that? Well, let us consider that period, some time before the creatures should actually become exterminated by the natural evolution of events—the time when all the eatable products of their world would be growing scarce. You went so far as to imagine a great many products——”

“Yes!” said James, gazing afar off in the absorption of his imagination. “Yes—there were eggs, and oysters, and poultry, and mushrooms, and——”

“Ah!—the very things I’ve been reflecting about. Well, I’ve been dreaming that, at the period of which I speak, when all the commodities were becoming scarce, your human beings would agree to make poisonous artificial articles of consumption with which to poison themselves by degrees, and th’ reduce the population to convenient limits.



"No!" cried James, pondering deeply. "Their idea would be to poison not *themselves*, but *each other*!"



"Ah! I see. Then they would make some sort of effort to prevent themselves being poisoned?"

"Oh, yes; they would pass Adulteration Acts for the purpose."

"I see; and any creature who did not wish to be poisoned could take advantage of these Acts to protect himself?"

"Certainly. The Acts would be very stringent. Let us suppose, for example, that a certain man suspected that the butter supplied to him was not butter at all, but a deleterious compound—well, all he would have to do would be to go to the shop, accompanied by a guardian of the peace, and, standing on one leg, with both hands on the counter and one eye shut, order a pound of the butter in certain words prescribed by the Act. He would then say to the tradesman, 'I am about to divide this pound of butter into three equal portions for the purposes of analysis'; and, taking the butterman's knife in his left hand, and passing it to his right, would cut the butter into three portions exactly equal.

"After this, hermetically sealing the three portions in three jars provided for the purpose, he would hand one jar

to the tradesman, the second to the guardian of the peace, and retain the third. Then he would bring an action; and (provided that all the conditions had been accurately fulfilled, without the slightest flaw) the erring tradesman would be told by the Court not to do it again; while the complainant would have to pay all costs, and possibly a fine; and would be sneered at by the magistrate as a fussy idiot and a common informer.

"If, on the other hand, the complainant should omit to secure the company of a custodian of the peace, or fail to stand on one leg with both hands on the counter, or take the knife in his right hand first, or should leave out the prescribed words, or blink his eye, or stammer, or sneeze, or in any other way fail to observe the regulations of the Act; he would, of course, have no case or remedy. The Adulteration Acts would be extremely stringent——"

"Against the victim of adulteration?"

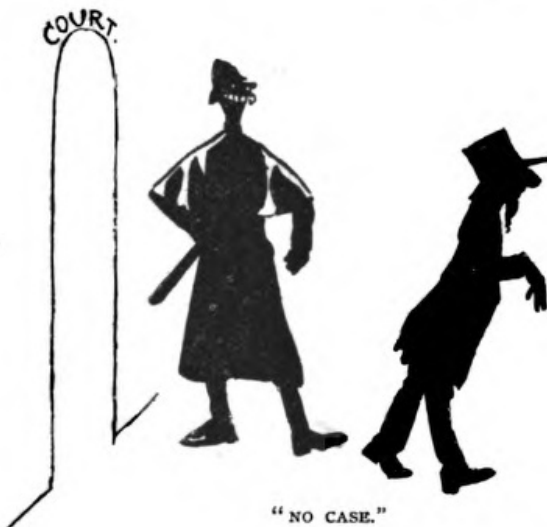
"Ye—es," murmured James, a little nonplussed.

"Ah—well, then, I think we can afford to ignore these Adulteration Acts—like the adulterators and the public authorities would—and proceed with the question of the adulteration. I had a most vivid vision or dream of the details of this adulteration as they would be carried out on your world at the period we are now considering. I imagined that I was actually in a part of your world called 'America,' and that one of your



"THE SHOP."





human beings politely invited me to walk through his factory and see how things were made. I think you mentioned 'oysters'—"

"Yes," said James, "that's one name the article of food would possess; newspaper writers, however, would not recognise them by that name—they would only know them as 'the succulent bivalve.'"

"The very idea!" exclaimed William. "That's exactly what I seemed to have become—a newspaper writer. I fancied I went to see the factory, and then sent in the following account:—

"One of the most interesting factories in America is the stately building of the Ephraim Q. Knickerbocker Natural Products Manufacturing Corporation, of Spread Eagle Springs, N.J. That the structure is itself an imposing one may well be imagined in view of the vast productive energy expended within its walls; and the feebleness and inefficiency of the productive operations of Nature are never so fully realized as after a visit to this marvellous factory, and a comparison of the two systems.

"It was, therefore, with no little satisfaction that we lately received a courteous invitation from the able and energetic managing director General Sardanapalus J. Van Biene to inspect the operations of the Corporation at its factory. Accordingly, we

proceeded to the New York terminus of the Natural Products Manufacturing Corporation's New York, Sumner Ferry, Thanksgiving Flats, and Spread Eagle Springs Railroad, along which a special train speedily whirled us to the front door of the works. On the steps stood the genial managing director, supported by the principal manager Colonel Exodus V. Rooster, the head chemist Major Madison B. Jefferson, and the assistant chemists Judge Vansittart J. Sumner and Admiral Hudson W. Killigrew.

"They received us with open arms, and, after entertaining us at a *recherché* lunch, conducted us to the chemistry and analysis section occupying a little over seventeen acres and employing a permanent staff of thirteen thousand four hundred and thirty-two assistants, among whom are chemists, microscopists, sub-inventors, etc., etc. There it is that the productive operations of Nature are studied and improved upon.

"'You must not imagine that we have any kind of sympathy or admiration for Nature's system,' explained General S. J. Van Biene, hastening to sweep away any false impression which we might have formed.

"'On the contrary, we just entirely despise her and her ways, and should have discarded her way back but for the prejudices



Original from  
INDIAN UNIVERSITY  
"THEY RECEIVED US WITH OPEN ARMS."



of the consuming public. It's just like this—the consumers still believe in natural products, and so we have to go on reproducing them instead of starting right away on our own lines and bringing out new and original commodities far in advance of anything Nature can do. How we're stultified you'll see as we work through. We just have to copy, anyway, in place of originating. We make oysters, for example. Now quite a while ago, our head chemist Major Madison B. Jefferson invented a new edible way, finer in every essential than the oyster; but the consumers wouldn't have it: they shied at it, and declared it wasn't wholesome; and we had the whole stock on our hands, and had to vat it down again, and recolour it, and make tomatoes of it. Then they took it down and just chaired it round. Of course, we have to say we *grow* the products—that's another effect of popular prejudice; if we had said we made those tomatoes, the public would have started right off again, and talked of "adulteration," although our tomatoes whip Nature's by 50 per cent. in all the elements of nutrition and flavour. Just taste this one.'

"We hesitated, and the director, perceiving it, promptly consumed another from the same case. Thus reassured, we ventured to nibble at the artificial vegetable, and found it excellent in every respect—decidedly superior to the natural product, as he had stated.

"'But,' we asked, 'do you not suffer considerable losses when these products—necessarily perishable in the natural course of things—begin to decay?'

"'That's just another point where we show our superiority to Nature. *Our* products *don't* decay; on the contrary, they improve by keeping. Here is a tomato seven years old,' he continued, taking down another case. 'Try it.'

"We did. The other was not to be compared with it. The older tomato had matured and mellowed, the skin having a finer colour

and lovelier gloss, the flesh possessing a firmer body and more delicate flavour; it was far in advance of any tomato we had ever conceived.

"'Wonderful!' we exclaimed.

"'A very simple matter,' said the director. 'All that is required is a thorough mastery of chemistry. In all our goods we employ a special patent preservative of our own, which is naturally a secret. We calculate it to be worth one hundred and fifty quadrillions of dollars.

"'But let us show you how we make oysters! See, these are the tanks which contain the mixture—the compound which forms the body of the bivalve. This tank contains the beard-mixture; and this one the gristle.'

"'And what are the principal ingredients?'

"'Glue, made from horses' heels. This is a very important factor in our products. This glue, after undergoing a peculiar treatment which prevents its hardening and losing its elasticity in the course of years, is flavoured and coloured in various ways. This great tank contains the composition for the internal parts of the oyster—nearly black, you perceive; that tank over there contains the compound for the flesh that covers the internal parts; that tank farther along holds the beard-mixture; and the one beyond that the gristle which attaches the oyster to the shell. First, the flesh of the oyster is run into moulds, each oyster being in two parts; then the inside of the animal is run into another



"JUST TASTE THIS ONE."

mould, and the two halves of the body are automatically placed around it and cemented together.

"'Meanwhile the beards have been rolled, stamped, frilled, and coloured along the edge by special automatic machinery. The body of the oyster then passes to the fixing-up room, where the beard is cemented to it by hand, and finishing touches of colour added; and then it passes along and has the gristle attached, and the oyster itself is complete.'





“‘But it wants a shell!’

“‘Just so. As far as the supply will go, we buy up old shells from dustyards and use them; but most of them are damaged by previous opening, so we make the bulk of our shells, and they’re a good deal more natural than the real ones. They’re made of lime.’

“‘All alike?’

“‘Not in the least. You see, we have some thousands of moulds, every one differing slightly from the rest. There’s a special department for hingeing the two shells together. We had some trouble to find a substance for the hinge; but at last one of our chemists hit on a way of subjecting old hide-scrap to a peculiar process, and that did the thing. The mother-of-pearl is made of a sort of soft glass, somewhat after the appearance of Venetian glass, and put on the shell hot. Lastly, the oyster is attached to the shells by its cartilage; a little liquor is put in, and the shells are closed up.’

“‘But surely people must observe that they are not alive?’ we said. ‘For instance, they can’t open their shells!’

“‘That’s just where you’re astray,’ replied the General. ‘Owing to the mechanical action of salt upon the composition of the cartilage, the oyster opens when placed in

salt water. Iron, however, exercises an electro-magnetic influence upon the composition forming the body of the bivalve, causing a sudden contraction—so that, on a knife being introduced into the shell, the latter closes in the most natural way. We manufacture pearls on the premises, and advertise that one oyster in every gross taken from our beds contains a pearl of more or less value; and there’s a greater demand for our oysters than for any others in the world. Our oyster beds are way down along the coast, about ten miles off; and are inspected by thousands yearly. Taste this egg.’

“He took up a fine specimen of a new-laid egg, and proceeded to break it into a glass. It was a delightful egg. ‘That’s our latest pattern of egg,’ explained the General. ‘You perceive that it has three lines around it, where the substance of the shell is weaker than elsewhere; the lines near each end enable a person about to consume the egg in a boiled state to easily cut off the top or bottom with a knife, or run his nail around it;



while the line about the middle greatly assists cooks in breaking it into a basin. There is also a thin spot at either end, to facilitate sucking. These eggs are always new-laid; we send tons to Europe, particularly to Great Britain, where ours are the only fresh eggs they ever get.’





"But you must find some difficulty in making an egg?"

"Just as easy as smiling. The white is simply jelly-fish subjected to a chemical process—jelly-fish aren't costly. This tank is full of the liquor. The main ingredient of the yolk is the horse-heel glue mentioned before; we also boil down vast quantities of rats—they come cheap, too; it's only the cost of catching them; and then there's a vegetable colouring, and the preservative, and a few other trifles. First, the two halves of the white are made in two moulds, and frozen; then the two frozen halves are frozen together, and the yolk-mixture poured in through a small hole, which is then closed. Then comes the skin; and that is the most expensive part, for it contains a certain quantity of rubber. We have tried in vain to find a substitute for rubber, but failed hitherto. The rubber is mixed with a gum from a South American tree, and the mixture is applied with a brush over

the frozen egg; and then the egg, still frozen, is dipped in a lime composition very nearly identical with the oyster-shell mixture; and, lastly, the whole thing is passed through the finishing machine, which turns the three thin lines and the two thin spots, imitates the pores of the shell, and delivers the finished egg to the warehouse."

"Marvellous!" we involuntarily exclaimed.

"Oh, that's nothing at all," said the director. "We're meditating turning out eggs that will hatch and become fowls. At present we have to manufacture fowls; but we calculate to make a great saving by producing them from the eggs we make. That building over yonder is the terrapin factory; we turn out eleven tons of terrapin weekly. We make clams, of course—in the oyster department. In this next house we make kidneys and sweetbreads. Fruit? Oh, yes, we turn out masses of fruit; peaches pay best, but we do very well with nuts."

"We were then conducted to the show-room, where we tasted a number of other products of the wonderful factory; and we had just said a grateful farewell to our courteous guide, when we were seized with pains of the most acute description.

"The arrangements of the hospital were admirable. The kindness and attention we received made our five years' sojourn there a time to look back upon with feelings of gratitude. We are assured that, with strict diet and unremitting care, we may last some time yet—possibly even three months."

"It was a marvellous vision," said James, fervently, as the voice of William ceased. "Surely after that you must think better of those beings of mine?"

But William merely sniffed.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

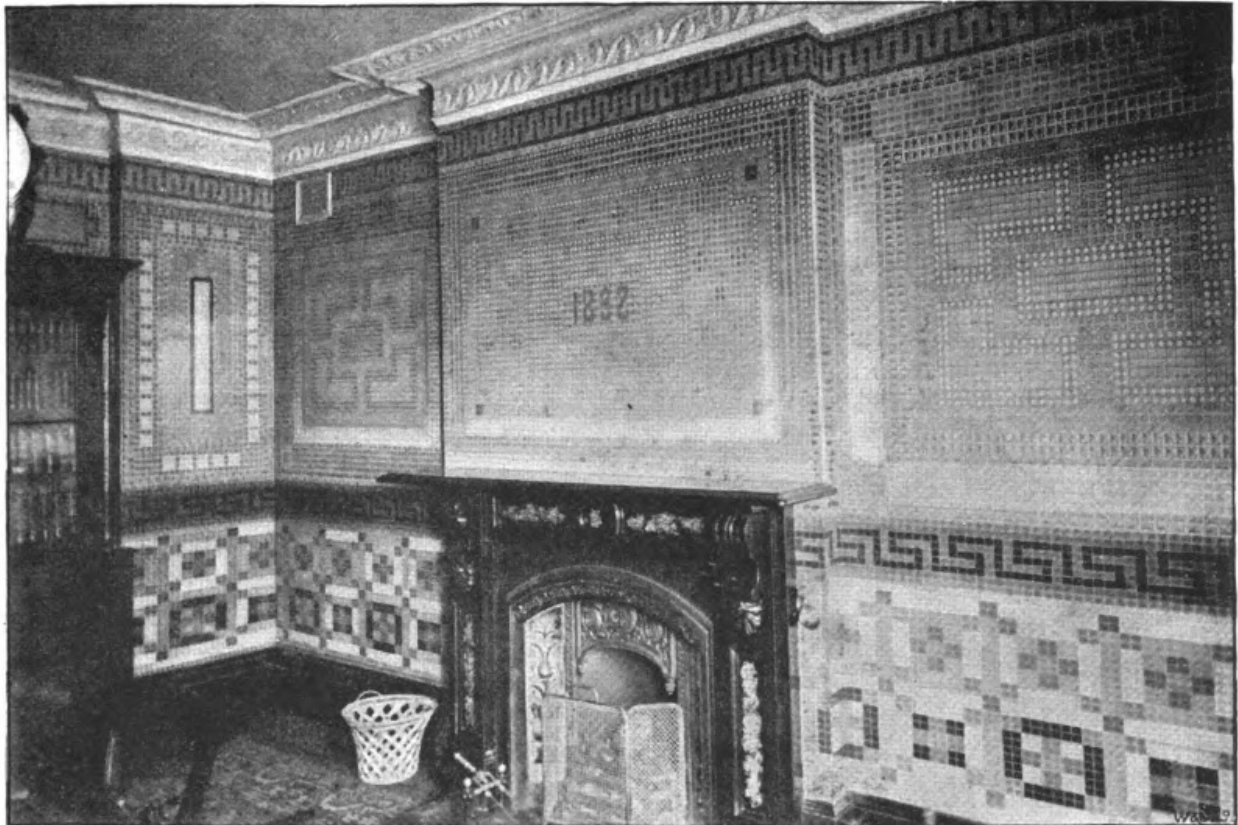






A TURNIP RESEMBLING A HUMAN HAND.

THE above photographs represent two views of an extraordinary turnip grown by Alderman David Evans, Llangennech Park, Carmarthenshire. We are indebted for the photographs to Mr. Morgan W. James, of Llanelly.



A ROOM PAPERED WITH STAMPS.

THE above photograph represents the study of Mr. C. Whitfield King, of Morpeth House, Ipswich, which he has papered with 44,068 *unused* foreign postage stamps, bearing the value of £600 16s. 9d., and containing 48 varieties of different sizes and colours, presenting an example of mosaic work which is altogether unique of its kind.





Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY





George Brant Stoddard

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

1892





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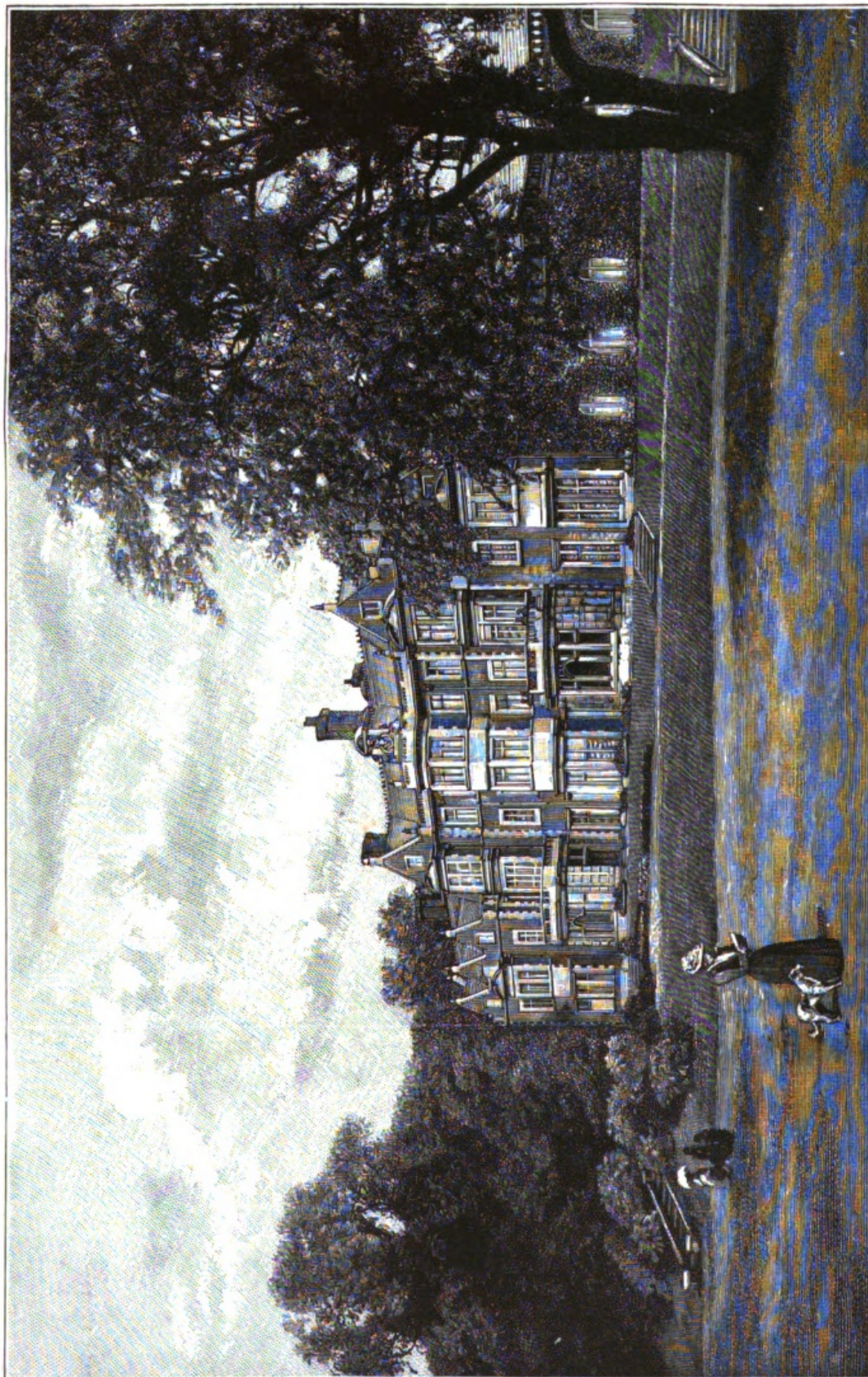
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[Bedford Lemere]

SANDRINGHAM.

From a Photo. by]



## The Prince of Wales at Sandringham.

[The Prince of Wales is, of course, precluded by his position from granting interviews like private persons, but His Royal Highness has been so good as to give us special permission to insert the following extremely interesting article, which we are happy to be able to present to our readers in place of the Illustrated Interview for the present month. The next of the series of Illustrated Interviews, by Mr. Harry How, will appear next month. Sir Robert Rawlinson, the celebrated engineer, whose work saved so many lives in the Crimea, has given Mr. How a most interesting interview, with special illustrations.]

“**F**AR from the busy haunt of man” might be fitly applied to Sandringham; so quiet, and so secluded, is this favourite residence of the heir to England’s throne and his beautiful and universally esteemed wife.

Not an ancient castle with tower and moat, not a show place such as would charm a merchant prince, but beautiful in its simplicity and attractive in its homeliness; yet withal, clothed in the dignity inseparable from its owners and its associations; in short, a happy English home, inhabited by a typical English family.

How often have we seen them in the country lanes all squeezed into one wagonette, looking like a jolly village squire and his family; or watched the young Princes and Princesses careering round the park on their favourite steeds, and listened to their merry laughing voices as they emulated each other to come in winner!

When at Sandringham, State and its duties, society and its requirements, are relegated to the dim past and shadowy future; and our Prince is a country gentleman, deep in agriculture and the welfare of his tenantry; and his wife and children pass their time in visiting the schools, the poor, and the sick, working in their dairy,

or at their sketching, art and useful needle-work, etc.

Fortunately, the estate is above seven miles from King’s Lynn, its nearest town, so that the family are not subjected to the prying gaze of the curious. They have not, however, the inconvenience of this long drive from the railway station, as there is one at Wolferton, a little village of about forty houses, on the estate, and between two and three miles from the “House.”

In 1883 the Prince added a suite of waiting-rooms to the building already there: the addition consisting of a large entrance-hall, approached by a covered carriage way, with rooms on either side for the Prince and Princess. These rooms are handsomely and

tastefully furnished, and are used not only as waiting-rooms, but occasionally for luncheon, when the Prince and his guests are shooting in the vicinity of Wolferton. The station lies in a charming valley, and emerging from its grounds, you have before you a picturesque drive along a well gravelled road, bordered with velvety turf, and backed with fir, laurel, pine and gorse.

Rabbits in hundreds are popping hither and thither, pheasants are flying over your head, squirrels are scampering up and down trees, there are sounds of many feathery songsters



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



in the branches; while if you pause awhile, you may catch the distant murmur of the sea—certainly you can feel its breezes; and you seem to get the beauty of the Highlands, the grandeur of the sea, and the very pick of English scenery, all in one extensive panorama. The view from the heights is beyond description: an uninterrupted outlook over the North Sea, and a general survey of such wide range, that on clear days the steeple or tower of Boston church (familiarly known as "Boston Stump") can be plainly seen.

Proceeding on your way, you pass the park boundary wall, the residence of the comptroller, the rectory, the little church of St. Mary Magdalene, with its flag waving in the breeze denoting the family are in residence—take a sudden curve in the road, and find yourself in front of the Norwich gates, admitting to the principal entrance. A solitary policeman is here on guard, but he knows his business, and knows every member of the household by sight; and though his duty consists in merely opening and shutting the gates, you may be quite sure he will not open to the wrong one.

These gates are worthy of more than a passing glance, for they are a veritable masterpiece of design and mechanism. They were, in fact, one of the features of the 1862 Exhibition, and were afterwards presented to the Prince by the County of Norwich. On

the top is the golden crown, supported by the Prince's feathers. Underneath, held by bronzed griffins, are heraldic shields representing the various titles of the Prince, while the remainder is composed of flowers, sprays, and creeping vines. They are connected with the palisading by rose, shamrock and thistle. The maker was Barnard, of Norwich.

Although this is the chief entrance, it is necessary to proceed up the avenue and diverge to the left, before the front of the building comes into view; then it will be seen to be of modernized Elizabethan architecture; exterior, red brick, with Ketton-stone dressing. Over the door is a carved inscription as follows: "This house was built by Albert Edward Prince of Wales and Alexandra his wife, in the year of Our Lord, 1870." As a matter of fact, the estate had been purchased nine years previous to that date, for a sum of £220,000, but the Old Manor House was in such a condition that, after vainly trying to patch up and add on to, it was found desirable to pull it all down, and build an entirely new residence. Not only did the mansion need re-building, but also the cottages of the tenants and labourers; and much to the honour of the Prince and Princess, these cottages were their first care, and were all re-built and several new ones erected before they took possession of their own home.

An invitation to Sandringham is an honour

which few would lightly regard; and if it is your first visit you are in a flutter of anticipation and expectation, making it somewhat difficult to preserve the calm exterior that society demands of you. Now there are two distinct sets invited there; one from Friday to Monday, and one from Monday or Tuesday to Friday; the former generally including a bishop, dean, or canon for the Sunday



[From a Photo. by]

THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

[Bedford Lemere.



service, two or three eminent statesmen, and a sprinkling of musical, literary, and artistic celebrities. To this list I will suppose you to belong.

You have found carriages and baggage vans awaiting what is known as the "Royal train"—a special run just when the Prince is in residence—and you and your fellow-visitors have driven up to the principal entrance. There you alight, and are ushered by the footmen into a spacious hall or saloon, where you are received with the distinguished grace and courtesy for which your Royal host and hostess are so justly celebrated.

the tiniest of continental masterpieces, is kept half an hour fast. The ringing-out of the hour thirty minutes before you expect it is startling in the extreme; and your maid or man has a bad time of it until you discover the discrepancy.

At last, however, you are ready, and in due time find yourself amidst the company in the grand dining saloon, where dinner is served in state, although not with the frigid formality one is inclined to expect. A certain degree of nervousness *must* be felt by all on the first occasion they dine with Royalty; but your host and hostess are so extremely



From a Photo. by]

THE SALOON.

[Bedford Lemere.

You have only time for a rapid glance at the massive oak carving and valuable paintings (chief of which is one portraying the family at afternoon tea, by Zichy) before you find yourself being conducted to the handsome suite of apartments you will occupy during your visit. A cup of tea and some light refreshment, and the dinner-hour being 7.30 it is time to prepare. If you have not been here before, let me give you a word of warning, or you will commit the dreadful sin of unpunctuality. Every clock on the place, from the loud-voiced one over the stables to

affable, and have such a happy gift of putting people at their ease, that you insensibly forget their august position, and find yourself chatting with comfort and enjoyment. You will notice the splendid proportions of this saloon, and the priceless Spanish tapestry with which it is hung—this was the gift of the King of Spain to the Prince. There is also a magnificent display of plate, much of it presentation. The tables are oblong, the Prince and Princess facing each other at the centre; the floor—as are most of them—is of polished oak, this one being freely scattered





From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM, WITH TABLE SET FOR LUNCHEON.

[Bedford Lemere.

with costly Turkish rugs. I may here mention that adjoining this saloon is a spacious ante-room, containing a fine collection of tigers' skins, elephants' tusks, etc.: a good record of the travels of His Royal Highness, of much interest to travellers and sportsmen.

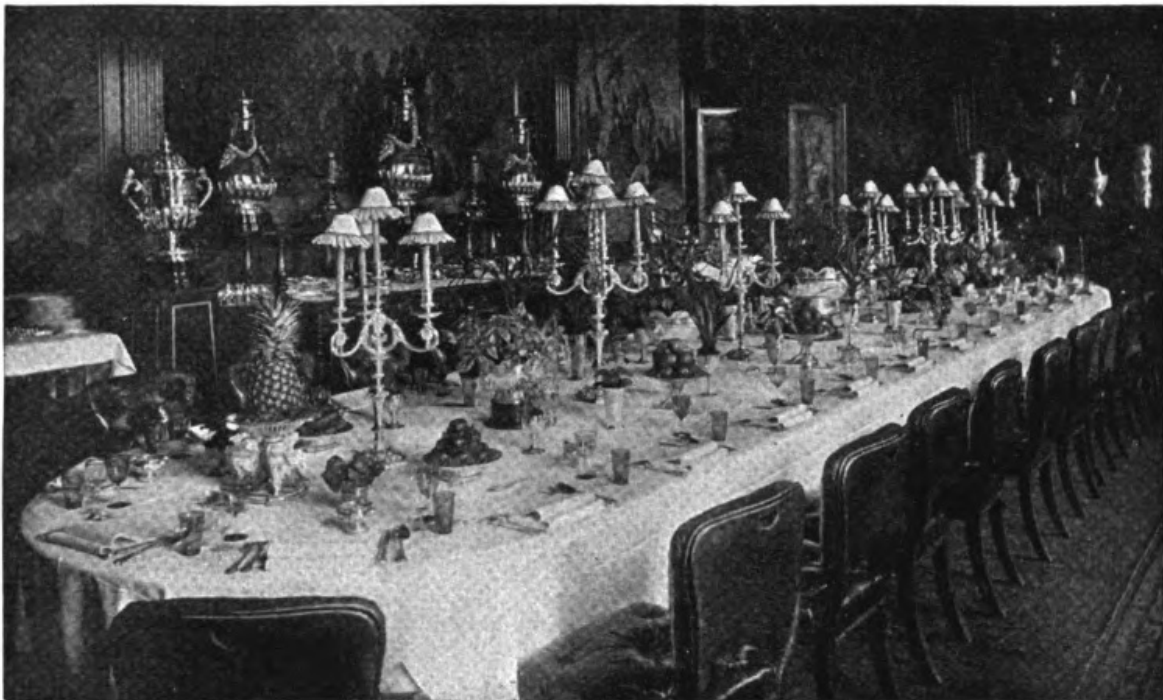
When you presently adjourn to the drawing-rooms—of which there are a suite of small ones in addition to the large one—you will find there is no lack of entertainment and amusement; such, indeed, as must suit the most varied tastes. First, however, we will take some note of the rooms themselves. These (the drawing-rooms) are all connected with the entrance-hall by a broad corridor, which is ornamented with pieces of armour, ancient china, stuffed birds, etc.; they face the lakes, and are on the western or front of the building, opening on to the terrace.

The large drawing-room is of beautiful construction, fitted with windows reaching from ceiling to floor. The walls are panelled with pink and blue, with mouldings of gold and cream. The furniture is upholstered in pale blue, with threads of deep crimson

and gold; the hangings are of rich chenille; the floor of polished oak, with rich Indian rugs distributed here and there. A plentiful scattering of music and books gives it a home-like appearance, while hand embroidery, sketches, painting on china, and feather screens show the variety of talent and skill of the ladies of the family. In the very centre of the room is a large piece of rockwork, with a tasteful arrangement (carried out under the care of the Princess herself) of choice ferns and beautiful roses in bloom, while rising out of the midst is a marble figure of Venus. The principal conservatory opens from this room. It is rich in palms and ferns, and contains a monument of art to Madame Jerichau, the sculptress, in the shape of a group of bathing girls.

Meanwhile, whatever amusement is to be the order has by this time commenced; perhaps it is music—the ladies of the family are all good musicians—perhaps it is *tableaux vivants*, or possibly a carpet dance. If your tastes do not lie in these directions, or after you have enjoyed them for a sufficient time, you have the choice of using the billiard-





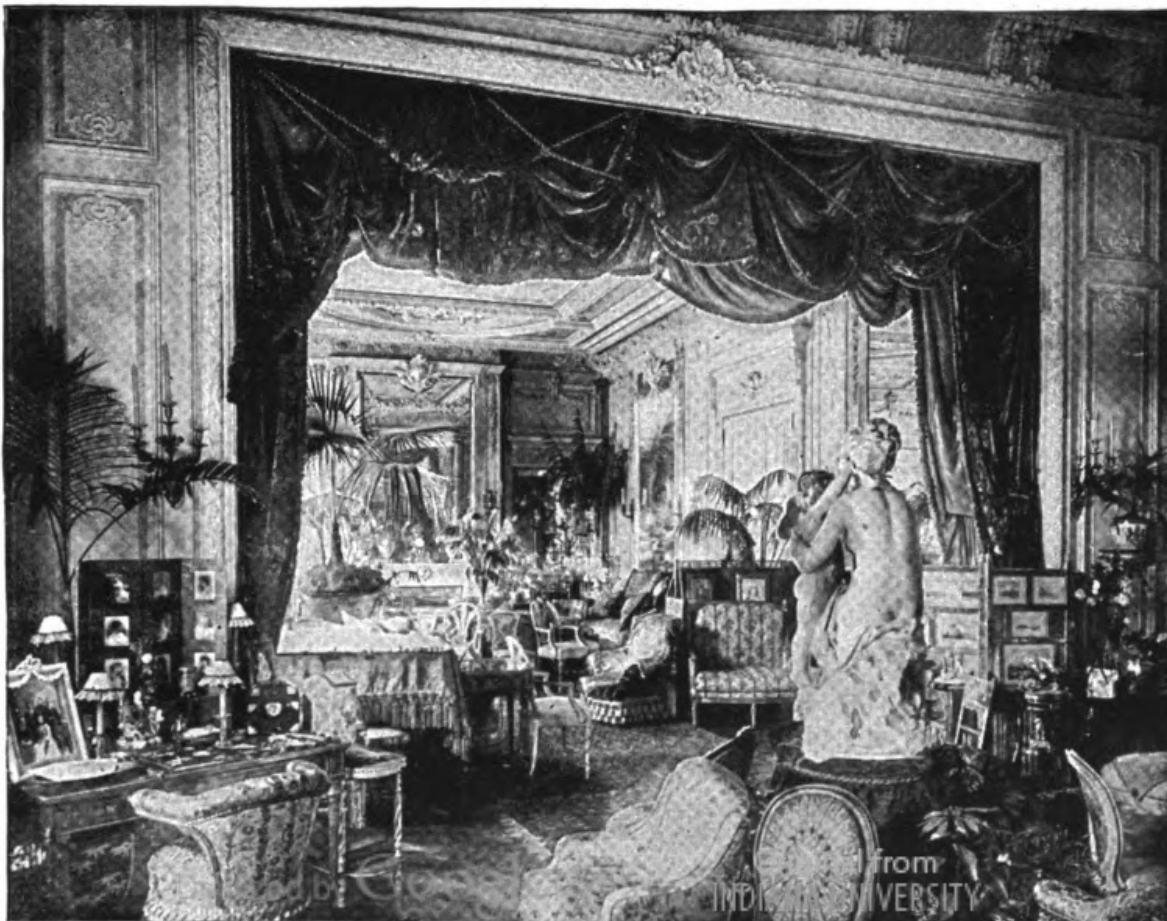
From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM, WITH TABLE SET FOR DINNER.

[Bedford Lemere.

room, the American bowling alley, or the smoking-rooms. The billiard-room will interest you vastly: it is literally lined with arms of all descriptions. The tables, of course, are of the best.

Another room you may perhaps find your way to to-night is the "Serapis" room; it is half library and half smoking-room; in it you will see the entire fittings of the cabin the Prince occupied on his journey to India,

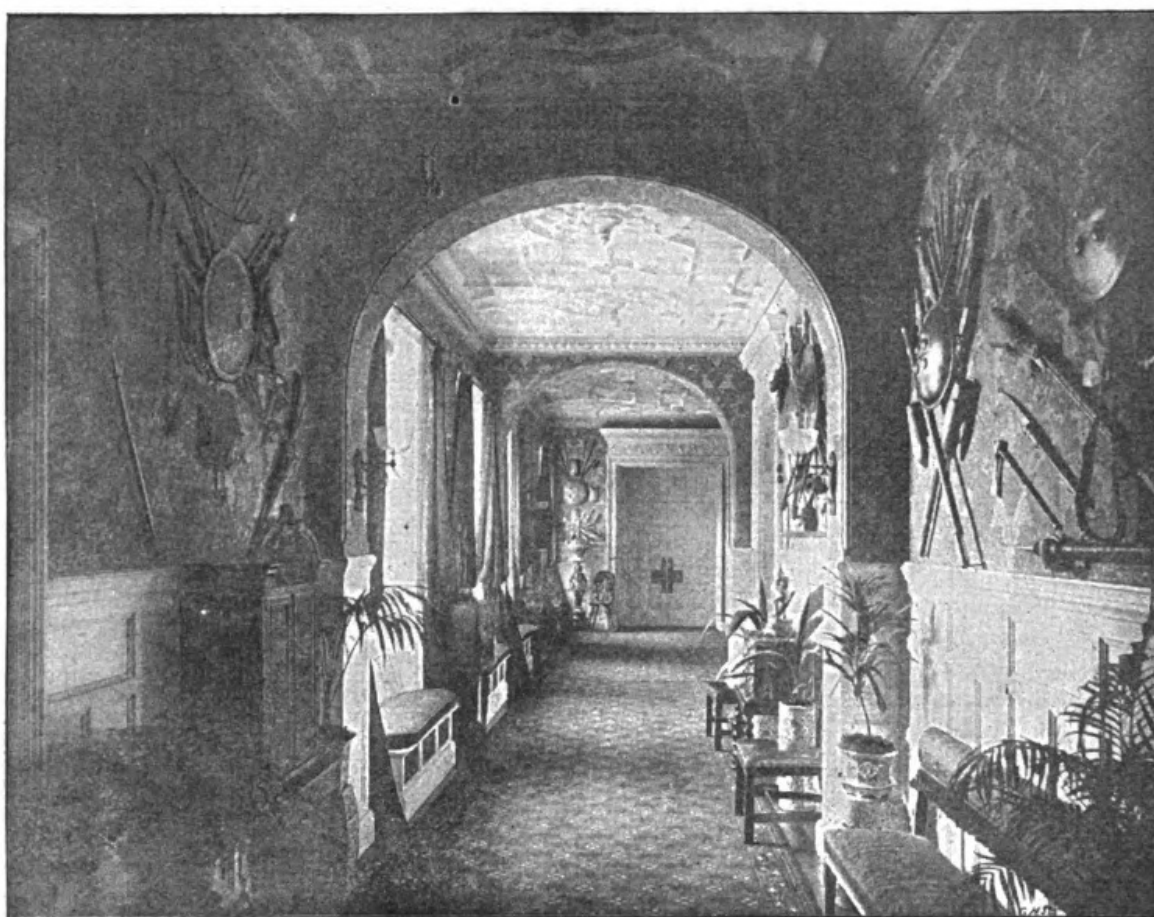


From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Bedford Lemere.





From a Photo. by]

THE CORRIDOR.

[Bedford Lemere.

in the vessel of the above name. One thing you may rest assured of—that neither on this evening nor at any other time while at Sandringham will you know a dull moment.

In the morning you will find breakfast served at nine o'clock in the dining saloon. As, however, the Prince and Princess generally take theirs in their private apartments, there is no formality, and you do not feel bound to the punctuality imperative when you meet their Royal Highnesses.

Perhaps you have letters to write; and I may as well here remark that the postal arrangements are first-rate. There is a post-office *inside* the house, which is also a money order office. Three deliveries per day come in that way, while mounted men meet the trains at Wolferton Station. There is also telegraphic communication with Central London, King's Lynn, and Marlborough House; and telephone to Wolferton Station, the stud farm, agents, bailiff, etc.

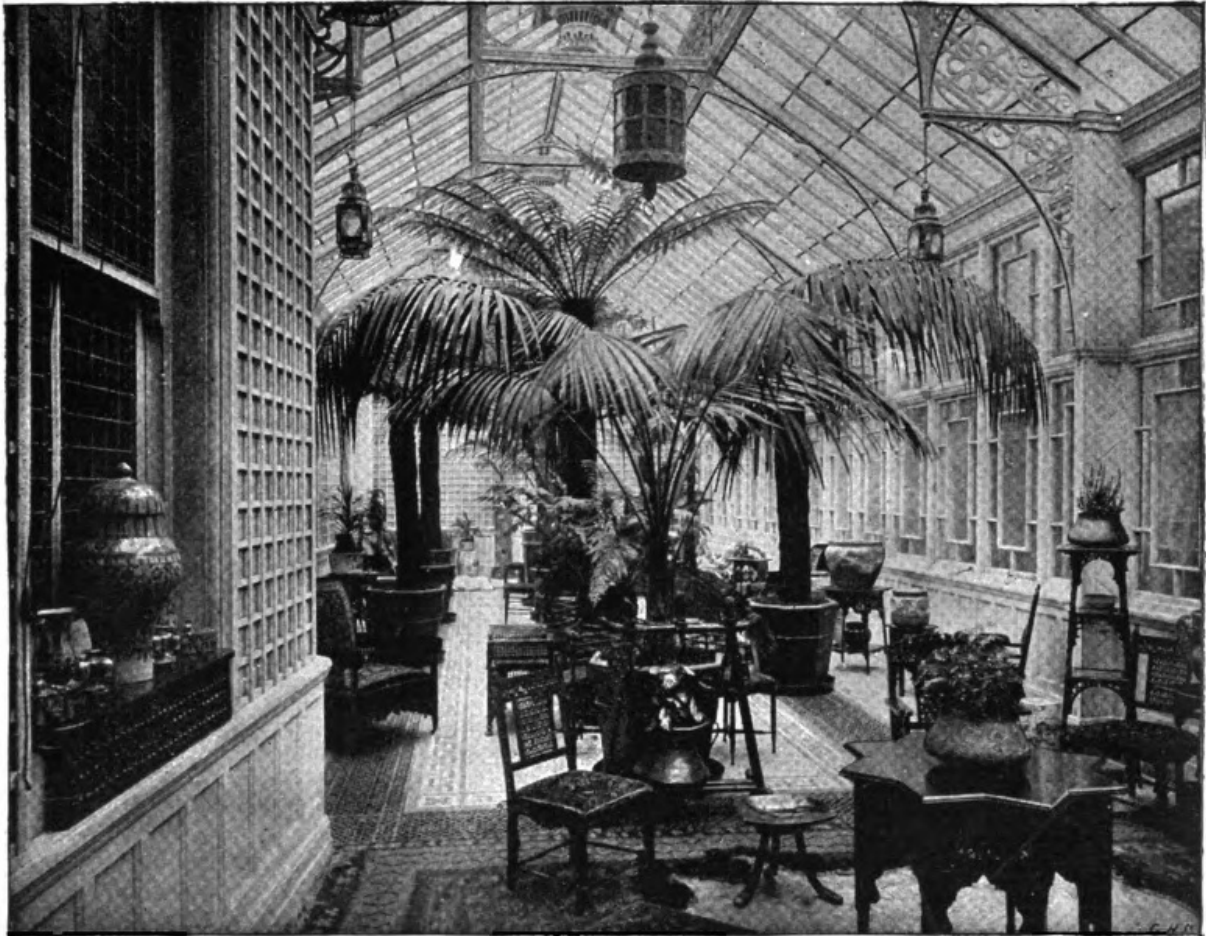
Before proceeding to out-door sights—which will not be possible very early, as your host has a multiplicity of business to get through—you had better take the opportunity of seeing some of the rare and beautiful treasures indoors. Of course, all are aware of the

extensive travels of the Prince in many countries, and will, therefore, expect to find many mementos of the same in his home; but I think few are prepared to find them so numerous and so valuable. Not only does one see them here and there in various directions, but one room of considerable dimensions is set apart altogether for them, and a day could be profitably spent in their inspection. It is not only their costliness and their beauty, but the associations which make them of so much interest. This one was presented by the King of this place; this one by Prince So-and-so; this by such a town, and this by such an order or society, until the vision is quite dazzled with beauty.

Perhaps as a strong contrast you may get a peep at the Prince's morning-room, a room plainly and usefully fitted and furnished in light oak. There you will see such a batch of correspondence that you will be inclined to wonder when it will be got through, but the Prince is a capital business man, and nothing is lost sight of.

The libraries must not be overlooked; there are quite a suite of them, well stocked with English and French literature more particularly. A large number will be noticed





From a Photo. by]

THE CONSERVATORY.

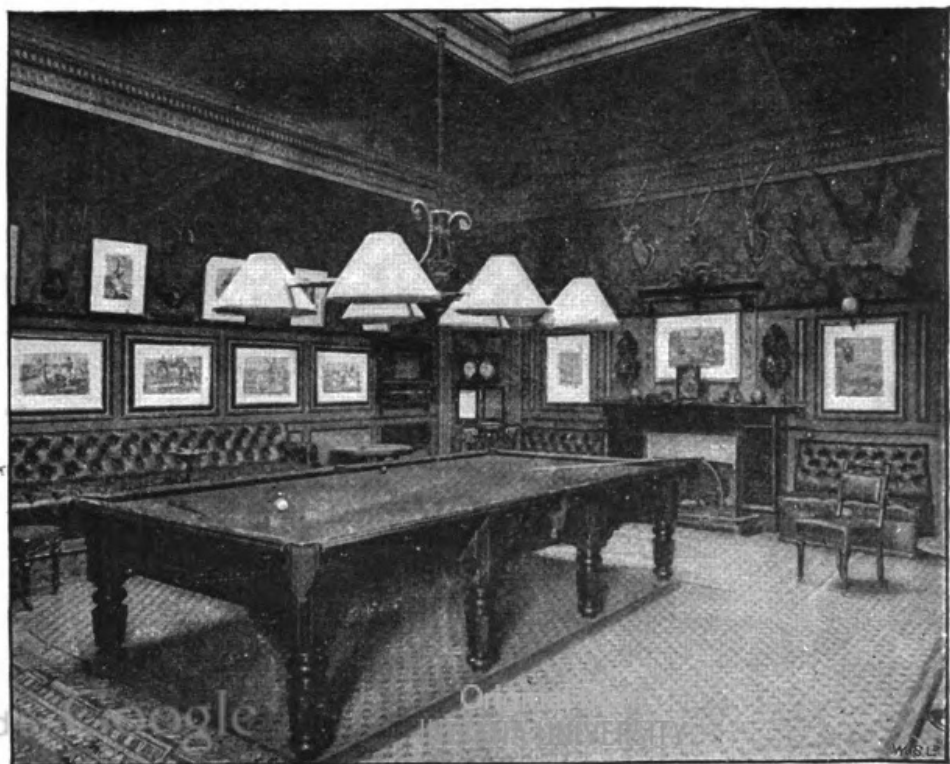
[Bedford Lemere.

as presentation volumes, in handsome and unique bindings. One of these rooms also contains many mementos of travel and sport in various climes.

Two additional stories have within the last few weeks been completed over the bowling alley and billiard-room, making a total of about eighteen apartments, henceforth to be known as "The Bachelors' Wing."

For some years the large hall at the entrance was made to do duty for a ball-room, and no mean one either; but the Prince thinking it not quite so commodious as

he would wish, he, some nine years ago, had a new and larger one built. This, and one

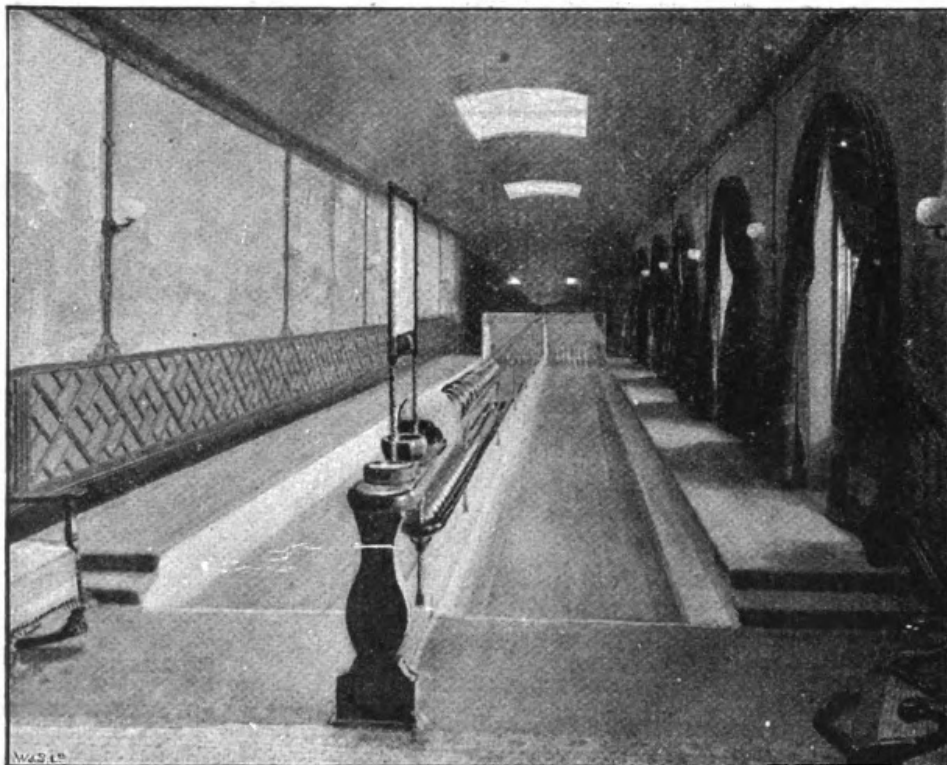


From a Photo. by]

THE BILLIARD SALOON.

[Bedford Lemere.  
Vol. v.—44.





From a Photo. by]

THE BOWLING ALLEY.

[Bedford Lemere.

windows at either end, and large alcoves on either side, one containing a magnificent fire-place, and the other windows. The walls are artistic triumphs, being finely painted in delicate colours, and on them arranged a fine collection of Indian trophies. The floor is of oak, and kept in such a condition of polish as to be a pitfall and snare to any dancer not in constant practice. More than one or two couples have been known to sud-

or two other rooms, really constitute a new wing. The turret of this wing has just been raised, in order to place therein a clock purchased by the local tradesmen as a memorial to the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale. The ball-room is of immense size and lofty construction, with fine bay

denly subside, even in the most select of the select circles there assembled.

If during your visit one of the annual balls should take place, you are most fortunate. There are three of such — the "County," the "Tenants," and the "Servants," the first, of course, bringing the *élite*;



From a Photo. by]

THE PRINCE'S BUSINESS ROOM.

[Bedford Lemere.





From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Bedford Lemere.

but the two latter sometimes presenting a curious mixture. The tenants, I may say, are allowed to introduce a limited number of friends, a privilege highly valued, and much sought after by the most remote acquaintance of each and every tenant on the estate. A most wonderful display of colours distinguishes these Norfolkites, bright of hue, too, and more often than not dames of fifty got up in the style of damsels of eighteen.

And what appetites these yeomen and cattle-dealers have got, to be sure! And if you had a few tramps across the "Broads" you would not wonder at it, for hunger is soon the predominant feeling. The dancing, too, is a study; country dances, reels, and jigs following each other in such quick succession, that the band in the gallery at the far end do not have any too easy a time of it. Through everything, the same kindly interest is displayed by the Royal host and hostess; their interest never wanes, and their courtesy never flags, but everyone is noticed, and made to feel as much at their ease as it is possible for them to be.

Perhaps the servants' ball is as pretty a sight as one could see in the room—the toilettes of the Royal Family and their visitors, the rich state liveries of the footmen, the scattering of Highland costumes, the green and buff of the gamekeepers, and the caps of the maidservants, all blending into

an ever-moving kaleidoscope, picturesque in the extreme.

Few that are familiar with Sandringham can enter this room without thinking of the occasion when the proud and loving mother entered, leaning on the arm of her eldest boy, on the day he attained his majority. The fairest and bravest of all England were there assembled to do him honour; and from all parts of the world "happy returns" and long life were wished for he whom all

regarded as their future King. Some of the associations of this home must of necessity be saddening, but on the other hand, much must remind of many little acts of kindness and loving attentions paid; and were this a biography of the late Prince, many little anecdotes of his great thoughtfulness for those around him might be told; but his monument will be in the memories of all who knew him.

To return, however, to description. After the Prince has dispatched his necessary business, he generally takes his visitors round to view the park, gardens, model farm, stables, kennels, or whatever His Royal Highness thinks may interest them most. If you are an enthusiast in farming, you will be immensely interested in the 600 acres of land farmed on scientific principles. Every known improvement in machinery, etc., is introduced, with results of as near perfection as possible in crops. The Prince looks a genuine farmer, as he tramps through the fields in true Norfolk garb of tweed and gaiters; and it does not require much attention to find from his conversation that he quite understands what he is talking about; so it behoves one to rub up his weak points in this direction.

In the stables all are disposed to linger; every one of (I think) sixty stalls being inhabited by first-rate steeds, many of them good racers. The prettiest sight of all is the Princess's stable—a smaller one adjoining;



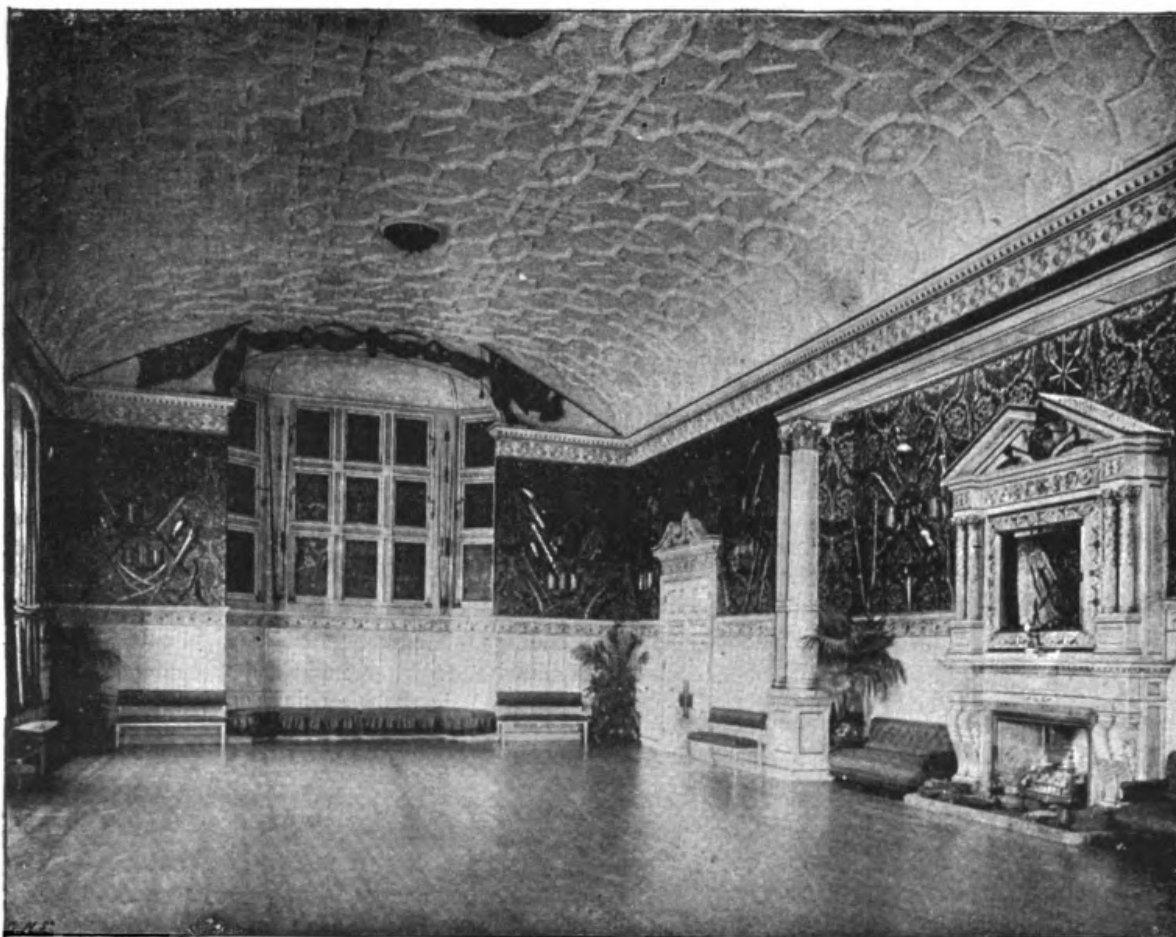
this is tiled white and green, with stalls ornamented in silver. Here are some charming ponies driven by Her Royal Highness, and her favourite mare Vera. On this mare, accompanied by her children on their mounts, the Princess may often be met in the lanes around Sandringham, occasionally also driving in a little pony carriage, and in both cases almost unattended.

The kennels come next in order: they contain dogs of every breed from all parts of the land. The younger members of the family especially have many pets—cats, dogs, and

a more distant inspection. To-day it is fine, and so we commence with emerging on to the west terrace, and into the western gardens.

The terraces are very handsome, and many of the rooms open on to them from French windows or conservatories. First you will notice a Chinese joss-house or temple, made of costly metal, guarded on either side by two huge granite lions from Japan, all of them the gifts to the Prince of Admiral Keppel.

The gardens are tastefully and artistically laid out, with such a wildness, yet with such



*From a Photo. by]*

THE BALL-ROOM.

*[Bed'ord Lemere.*

birds; indeed, one of the first things you notice on your arrival is a parrot in the entrance saloon, that invariably greets you with calling for "three cheers for the Queen!"

It is now nearly luncheon time (1.30), and here you all meet again; some of the ladies perhaps having been honoured the first part of the day by spending some time with the Princess. Generally speaking, but not always, their Royal Highnesses join the party for lunch; but in any case, after that meal, forces are united, and the company entire start off, sometimes on foot, commencing

the gardens, sometimes in carriages for

a wealth of shrubs and pines, aided by artificial rockwork, a cave, and a rushing cascade, that one might well imagine one was in another country.

The Alpine gardens contain flowers and ferns of the choicest; and you presently emerge on the shores of a lake of considerable size. Here boating in the summer and skating in the winter may be indulged in, the latter, especially by torchlight, being a most attractive sight. The illuminations in the trees around, the flaring torches, the lights fixed to the chairs, as they glide about like will o' the wisps, and the villagers (who



are always invited) standing around, make up a picture not easily forgotten. This lake has recently been supplemented by the excavation of another in the centre of the park, a running stream connecting the two.

Chief, or almost chief, of the Sandringham outdoor sights is a famous avenue of trees. At some future time this avenue will be of even more interest than it is now, and will become, in fact, historical; for every tree there has been planted by some personage of note. On each one you will notice a neat label, stating name of planter and date of planting, chief of the names being Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick.

The model dairy is a picture; but here again the preference must be given to that owned by the Princess. It is a Swiss cottage, containing five rooms, one of the five being a very pretty tea-room, and here Her Royal Highness sometimes favours her friends with the "cup that cheers," often, too, cutting bread and butter and cake with her own fair hands. Moreover, the same hands have often made the butter that is used—as each of the ladies of the family is skilled in dairy management, and capable of turning out a good honest pat of creamy Norfolk. Merry times they have had in this cottage, arrayed in apron and sleeves, doing the real work, not merely giving directions.

You would not be in any of the villages long before you saw some of the children attending some one of the various schools, clad in their scarlet and Royal blue; they look very comfortable and picturesque. There is a first-rate technical school, in addition to the ordinary ones of each village. The first was founded by the Princess herself, and in each of them Her Royal Highness and her

children take a deep interest; often visiting them, taking classes, and asking questions. These schools, then, are shown you this afternoon; and, as a matter of course, you proceed from there to the Working Men's Club—one of which is established in each village. These are open to men above the age of fourteen.\* Billiards, bagatelle, draughts, etc., are provided, and there is a good stock of newspapers and books. Refreshments may be obtained of good quality, and for a small outlay; and everything is done that can be done to make the men comfortable. Does it keep them from the public-house? you ask. Well—*there is not such a thing known as a public-house on the Prince's estate.* A man can get his glass of ale at the club—good in quality and low in figure—but he cannot get enough to send him home the worse for coming; so drunkenness is unknown in the villages.

On Sunday morning everybody goes to the little church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park. The Prince and Princess set the example by their regular and punctual attendance—the Princess and ladies generally driving, the Prince and gentlemen walking by private footway. A quiet, peaceful spot it is, entered by a lych-gate and surrounded by a small "God's acre." If you are wise, you have come early enough to look round. Simplicity is stamped on everything, there not being a single imposing monument there. Several stones have been erected by the Prince in memory of faithful servants of the household, and there are also several placed there by the former proprietors of the estate. To what you are most attracted is



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.  
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

\* Small men; but is an actual extract from the printed rules hanging in the clubs.



the resting-place of the third Royal son. No costly sepulchre, but a simple grassy mound, surrounded by gilt iron railings with a plain headstone, recording the name and date of birth and death of the infant Prince, and the words "Suffer little children to come unto Me" added.

The church itself is of ancient date, and has been twice restored and enlarged by the Prince. It has a font of early times, and some half-dozen stained glass windows. The Prince has caused several monuments, busts,

ing inscription: "To the glory of God. A thank-offering for His mercy, 14th December, 1871. 'When I was in trouble, I called upon the Lord, and He heard me.'"

The space for worshippers is limited, and is generally quite filled by the household. The Royal Family occupy carved oak seats in the nave. The organ is a very fine one, particularly sweet in tone, and is situated in the rear of the building; it is presided over by a very able musician, who is also responsible for the choir—this consisting of school



From a Photo. by]

THE PRINCESS OF WALES BOUDOIR.

[Bedford Lemere.

etc., to be placed there, conspicuous being busts to the late Princess Alice and the Emperor Frederick, a medallion to the late Duke of Albany, a stained glass window to the infant Prince, and monuments to the Revs. W. L. Onslow and G. Browne. The most noticeable of anything there, however, is a very handsome brass lectern, placed by the Princess as a thank-offering for the recovery of the Prince from his dangerous illness of typhoid fever. The event is within the memory of most of us, and needs only a brief notice to recall the national anxiety that was displayed on the occasion. The lectern bears the follow-

children, grooms, gardeners, etc. The singing is really good.

I have heard down there of a former organist, who was *not* a great musician, and, in fact, was more at home in the village shop, of which he was proprietor. Sunday after Sunday he made the most awful mistakes, and, in consequence, was continually warned of his probable dismissal. The Princess, with her invariable kindness, had been the cause of his staying so long as he had; but one Sunday the climax was reached and the Royal patience fairly exhausted. Mr. Gladstone (then in office) was on a visit, and his solemn, grim countenance as he





H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA AND H.R.H. PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES.  
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

stood in the church quite frightened the poor man, inasmuch as he lost his head completely. The organ left off in the chants, persisted in playing in the prayers, and altogether acted in such an erratic manner, that it was no wonder that anger was depicted on one countenance, sorrow on another, and amusement on a few of the more youthful ones! The old institution had to give way to a new, however, and a repetition of such performances was thus avoided.

The Sunday afternoon is quietly spent in the house or grounds; then in the evening some may, perhaps, drive to West Newton or Wolferton Church—the Prince, Princess and family often do—while others may prefer to stay in for music or reading.

On your way to either place you cannot but notice the prosperous look of the villages and villagers, pointing unmistakably to the certainty of a good landlord. Had you longer time here, you would hear many an anecdote of the kindness and generosity of the Prince and the goodness of the Princess and her daughters. Hardly a cottager but has some anecdote to tell you of the

family: how the Princess visits the sick and afflicted, talking to them, reading to them, and helping them in their needs. Every child seems to know and to love the "beautiful lady," and every man and woman seems almost to worship her; and if you heard the anecdotes I have heard there, you would not wonder at it. "Think o' they R'yal Highnesses"—they would say—"making o' things wi' their own 'ands fer sich as us! Did yew ever heerd tell o' sich, says I; none o' yer frames and frimmicks (airs and graces) wi' they." And then they would go on with their "says I" and "says she," and tell you all about summer flower shows for villagers, treats on Royal birthdays, invitations to see sights in the park, how the family have given a wedding present to this one, what they have brought or sent the other one when ill; and so on, and so on, until you come to think what a pity it is a few landowners, with their wives and families,



THE DUKE OF YORK.  
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

cannot come here for the lessons so many need, and see how well this family interpret the words: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Sandringham has saddening associations for its owners, but "Joy cometh in the morning," and as we take our farewell of this favourite residence of the Prince and Princess, we will wish them a bright future and continuance of good health to enjoy their Norfolk home.



## Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

### X.—THE HUNTED TRIBE OF THREE HUNDRED PEAKS.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.  
“**A**RE you awake, sahibs?” questioned Hassan, our guide, as he eagerly roused us from sleep one night. “The Hunted Tribe of Three Hundred Peaks is about its deadly work! Listen!”



“LISTEN!”

We sat up and leant forward as he spoke, straining our ears to catch the slightest sound. Across the plain which stretched before us came at intervals a faint cry, which sounded like the hoot of a night bird.

“That is their strange signal,” continued the Arab.

We rose, and, going to the door of the tent, scanned the wide plain, but could see no human being crossing it.

“You are mistaken this time, Hassan,” said Denviers. “What you heard was an owl hooting.”

“The sahi,” it is who misjudges,” answered

the Arab, calmly. “I have heard the warning note of the tribe before.”

“It seems to come from the direction of Ayuthia,” I interposed, pointing to where the faint outlines of the spires of its pagodas rose like shadows under the starlit sky.

“It comes from beyond Ayuthia,” responded Hassan, whose keen sense of hearing was so remarkable; “and is as far away as the strange city built on the banks round a sunken ship, which we saw as we floated down the Meinam. Hist! I hear the signal again!”

Once more we listened, but that time the cry came to us from a different direction.

“It is only an owl hooting,” repeated Denviers, “which has now flown to some other part of the plain and is hidden from us by one of the ruined palaces, which seem to rise up like ghosts in the moonlight. If Hassan means to wake us up every time he hears a bird screech we shall get little enough rest. I’m going to lie down again.” He entered the tent, followed by us, and stretching himself wearily was asleep a few minutes after this,

while Hassan and I sat conversing together, for the strange, bird-like cry prevented me from following Denviers’ example.

“Coot! Coot!” came the signal again, and in spite of my companion’s opinion I felt forced to agree with the Arab that there was something more than a bird hooting, for at times I plainly heard an answering cry.

After our adventure in the northern part of Burmah we had travelled south into the heart of Siam, where we parted with our elephant, and passed down the Meinam in one of the barges scooped out of a tree-trunk, such as are commonly used to navigate



this river. Disembarking at Ayuthia we had visited the ruins of the ancient city, and afterwards continued on our way towards the mouth of the river. While examining the colossal images which lie amid the other relics of the city's past greatness, Hassan had told us a weird story, to which, however, at that time we paid but scant attention.

On the night when our Arab guide had roused us so suddenly, our tent was pitched at some distance from the bank of the river, where a fantastic natural bridge of jagged white limestone spanned the seething waters of the tumbling rapids below, and united the two parts of the great plain. Sitting close to the entrance of the tent with Hassan, I could see far away to the west the tops of the great range of the Three Hundred Peaks beyond the plain. Recollecting that Hassan had mentioned them in his story, I was just on the point of asking him to repeat it when I heard the strange cry once more. A moment after the Arab seized me by the arm and pointed towards the plain before us.

I looked in the direction which Hassan indicated, and my eyes rested on the dismantled wall of a ruined palace. I observed nothing further for a few minutes, then a dusky form seemed to be hiding in the shadow of the wall. "*Coot!*" came the signal again, striking upon the air softly as if the one who uttered it feared to be discovered. The cry had apparently been uttered by someone beyond the river bank, for the man lurking in the shadow of the ruin stepped boldly out from it into the moonlit plain. He stood there silent for a moment, then dropped into the high grass, above which we saw him raise his head and cautiously return the signal.

"What do you think he is doing there,

Hassan?" I asked the Arab, in a whisper, as I saw his hand wander to the hilt of his sword.

"The hill-men have seen our tent while out on one of their expeditions," he responded, softly. "I think they are going to attempt to take us by surprise, but by the aid of the Prophet we will outwit them."

I felt no particular inclination to place much trust in Mahomet's help, as the danger which confronted us dawned fully upon my mind, so instead I moved quickly over to Denviers, and awoke him.

"Is it the owl again?" he asked, as I motioned to him to look through the opening of the tent. Immediately he did so, and saw the swarthy face of a turbaned hill-man raised above the rank grass, as its owner made slowly but steadily towards our tent, worming along like a snake, and leaving a thin line of beaten-down herbage to show where his body had passed. Denviers drew from his belt one of the pistols thrust there, for we had taken the precaution at Rangoon

to get a couple each, since our own were lost in our adventure off Ceylon. I quietly imitated his example, and, drawing well away from the entrance of the tent, so that our watchfulness might not be observed, we waited for the hill-man to approach. Half-way between the ruined palace wall and our tent he stopped, and then I felt Hassan's hand upon my arm again as, with the other, he pointed towards the river bank.

We saw the grass moving there, and through it came a second hill-man, who gradually drew near to the first. On reaching him the second comer also became motionless, while we next saw four other trails of beaten-down grass, marking the advance of further foes. How many more were coming on behind we could only sur-

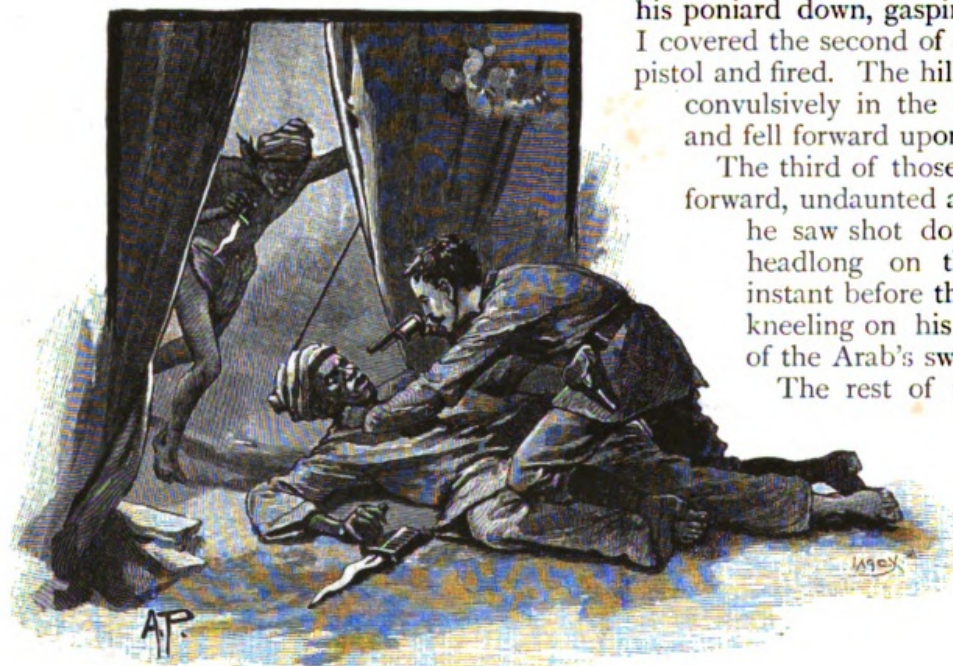


"THE SWARTHY FACE OF A TURBANED HILL-MAN."



mise, as we watched the six hill-men who headed them get into a line one before the other, and then advance, keeping about five yards apart as they came on. From the position in which our tent was pitched it was impossible for an attack to be made upon us in the rear, and this circumstance fortunately allowed of undivided attention to the movements of the hill-men whom we saw creeping silently forward.

"Wait till the first one of them gets to the opening of our tent," whispered Denviers to me; "and while I deal with him shoot down the second. Keep cool and take a steady



"HE SULLENLY FLUNG HIS PONIARD DOWN."

aim as he rises from the grass, and whatever you do, don't miss him."

I held my pistol ready as we waited for them to come on, and each second measured with our eyes the distance which still separated us. Twenty yards from the tent the foremost of the hill-men took the kris or bent poniard with which he was armed from between his teeth, and held it aloft in his right hand as he came warily crawling on a foot at a time followed by the others, each with his weapon raised as though already about to plunge it into our throats. It was not a very cheering spectacle, but we held our weapons ready and watched their advance through the grass, determined to thrust them back.

I felt my breath come fast as the first hill-man stopped when within half-a-dozen yards of the tent and listened carefully. I could

have easily shot him down as he half rose to his feet, and his fierce eyes glittered in his swarthy face. Almost mechanically I noticed the loose shirt and trousers which he wore, and saw the white turban lighting up his bronzed features as he crept right up to our tent and thrust his head in, confident that those within it were asleep. The next instant he was down, with Denviers' hand on his throat and a pistol thrust into his astonished face, as my companion exclaimed:—

"Drop your weapon or I'll shoot you!"

The hill-man glared like a tiger for a moment, then he saw the advantage of following Denviers' suggestion. He sullenly flung his poniard down, gasping for breath, just as I covered the second of our enemies with my pistol and fired. The hill-man raised his arms convulsively in the air, gave a wild cry, and fell forward upon his face, dead!

The third of those attacking us dashed forward, undaunted at the fate of the one he saw shot down, only to be flung headlong on the grass the next instant before the tent, with Hassan kneeling on his chest and the point of the Arab's sword at his throat.

The rest of the enemy did not wait to continue the combat, but rose from the grass and dispersed precipitately over the plain, making for the limestone bridge across the river. I rushed forward to Has-

san's assistance, and bound the captive's arms, while the Arab held him down as I knotted tightly the sash I had taken from my waist. Then I made for the tent, to find that Denviers had already secured the first prisoner by lashing about him a stout piece of tent rope. My companion forced his captive from the tent into the open plain, where we held a whispered conversation as to whether the two prisoners should live or die. The safer plan was undoubtedly to shoot them, for we both agreed that at any moment our own position might become a critical one if the rest of the horde made another attempt upon us, as we fully expected would be done.

However, we finally decided to spare their lives, for a time at all events, and while Hassan and Denviers led the captives across the plain, I brought from the tent part of a



long coil of rope which we had and followed them. As soon as we neared the river bank we selected two suitable trees from a clump growing there and lashed the prisoners securely to them, threatening instant death if they attempted to signal their whereabouts to any of the hill-men who might be lurking about.

"Get our rifles and ammunition, Hassan," said Denviers to the Arab. Then turning to me, he continued: "We shall have some tough fighting I expect when those niggers return, but we are able to hold our own better out of the tent than in it." Hassan brought our weapons, saying as he handed them to us:—

"The sahibs are wise to prepare for another attack, since the enemy must return this way. They have not gone off towards the far mountain peaks, but crossed yonder limestone bridge instead."

"What do you understand from that movement?" Denviers asked Hassan.

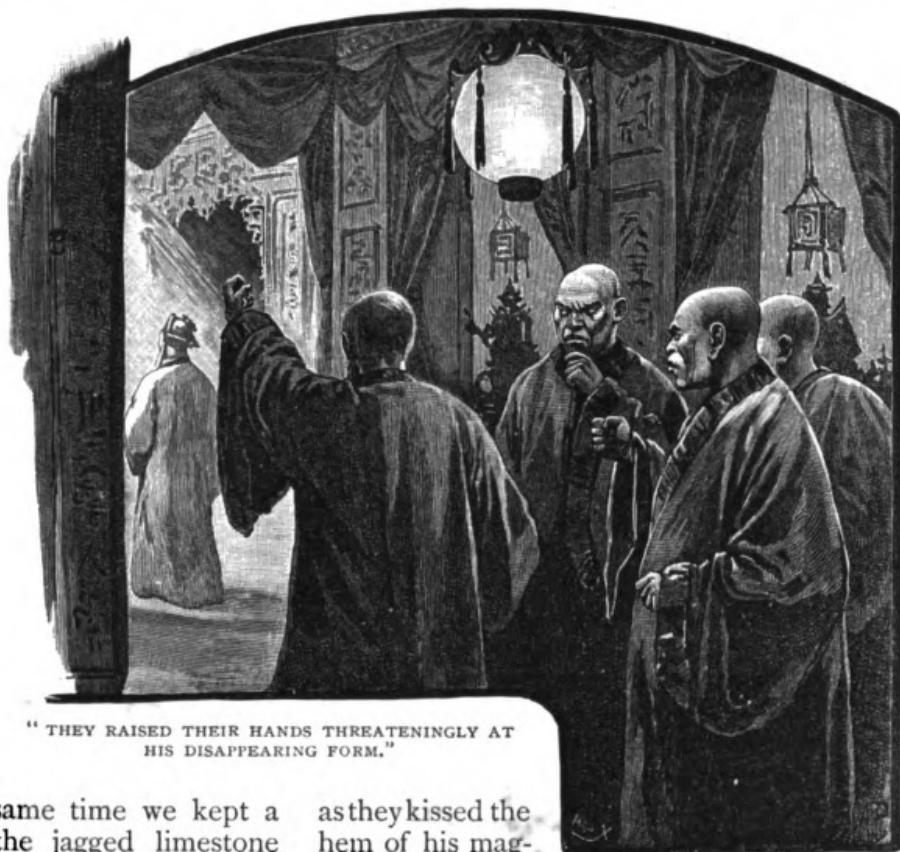
"The sound which we heard at first came from the strange city of which I spoke," he replied. "Some of the fierce hill-men have made a night attack upon it, and will soon return this way. Those we have beaten off have gone to meet them and to speak of the failure to surprise us. What they are doing in the city round the sunken ship will shortly be apparent. The whole band is a terrible scourge to the cities of the Meinam, for, by Allah, as I told the sahibs at Ayuthia, the Hunted Tribe has a weird history indeed."

Trailing our rifles, we walked through the rank grass, then resting upon a fallen column, where the shadow of the ruined palace wall concealed us from the view of the enemy if they crossed the bridge, we listened to Hassan's story. At the same time we kept a careful watch upon the jagged limestone spanning the river, ready at a moment's notice to renew the struggle, and it was well for us that we did so.

## II.

"It is a strange, wild story which the sahibs shall again hear of the Hunted Tribe and of its leader," began Hassan, as he rested at our feet with his sword gripped in his hand ready to wield it in our service at any moment; "and thus ye will know why the band is out to-night on its fell errand. Years ago, before the Burmese had overrun Siam, and while Ayuthia was its capital, so famous for its pagodas and palaces, Yu Chan became head of the bonzes or priests of the royal monastery.

"Who the great bonze was by birth none knew, although it was whispered through the kingdom that he sprang from a certain illustrious family which urged his claim to the position to which the ruler reluctantly appointed him. The subject bonzes looked darkly upon him, for he was but young, while many of them were bowed with age and aspired to hold the high office to which Yu Chan had been appointed. Oft they drew together in the gloomy cloisters, and when he swept past in silence, raised their hands threateningly at his disappearing form, though before his lofty, stern-set face they bowed in seeming humility



"THEY RAISED THEIR HANDS THREATENINGLY AT HIS DISAPPEARING FORM."

as they kissed the hem of his magnificent robe.

"Among these bonzes was one who especially resented Yu Chan's rule over him, for he



was more learned in the subtle crafts of the East than the rest, and the potency of his spells was known and feared throughout Siam. An unbending ascetic, indeed, was the grey-bearded Klan Hua, and the ruler of the country had already promised to him that he should become the head of the bonzes whenever the office was vacated. So much was this ruler influenced by Klan Hua that he built a covered way from his palace by which he might pass at night into the bonze's rude cell to hear the interpretation of his dreams, or learn the coming events of his destiny. Yet, in spite of all this, when the chief bonze died, the ruler of Siam, after much hesitation, gave the coveted office to Yu Chan. Judge, then, of the fierce hatred which this roused in Klan Hua's breast, and ye will understand the reason of the plot which he formed against the one who held the position he so much desired."

"Never mind about the quarrels of these estimable bonzes, Hassan," interrupted Denviers. "Go on and tell us of these hill-men, or you won't get that yarn finished before they return, in which case we may never have the chance to hear the end of it."

"The sahib is always impatient," answered the Arab gravely; then he continued, quite heedless of Denviers' suggestion: "On the nights when the ruler went not to Klan Hua's cell, the latter gathered there several of the other bonzes, and they sat darkly plotting till morning came. Then they crept stealthily back to their own cells, to shift their eyes nervously each time that the stern glance of Yu Chan fell upon them, as he seemed to read there their guilty secret."

"They planned to poison him, but he left the tampered food untasted. Then they drew lots to assassinate him as he slept, but the one whose tablet was marked with a poniard was found lifeless the next day, with his weapon still clutched in his stiffened fingers, and none knew how he died. That day the eyes of Yu Chan grew sterner set than ever, as he gazed searchingly into the face of each bonze as they passed in a long procession before him, while the conspirators grew livid with fear and baffled rage at the cold smile with which he seemed to mock at the failure of their schemes. Then they made one last effort a few days after, and ye shall hear how it ended."

"The stately Meinam, which glitters before us under the midnight sky, yearly overflows and renders the earth about it productive. Far as the history of Siam is recorded in the traditions of the race, it has been the custom

to perform a strange ceremony, intended to impress the common people with awe for the ruler. Even now the King of Siam, he who sends the silver tree to China in token of subjection, still adheres to it, and on the day when the waters of the Meinam have reached their highest point he sends a royal barge down the swollen waters manned by a hundred bonzes, who command the turbid stream to rise no higher. So then it happened that the rise of the river took place, and Klan Hua, who was learned in such things, counted to the hour when the barge should be launched, even as he had done for many years. When the ruler visited him one eventful night he declared that the turbid waters would be at their full on the morrow, and so the command to them to cease rising could then safely be given."

"Accordingly the royal barge was launched, amid the cries of the people, whereupon the ruler soon entered it and, fanned by a female slave, leant back upon the sumptuous cushions under a canopy of crimson silk, while by his side was the chief bonze—Yu Chan. Near the ruler was the grey-bearded Klan Hua, with an evil smile upon his face as he saw his rival resting on the cushions in the place which he had hoped so long to fill."

"Out into the middle of the swollen river the royal barge went; then half way between bank and bank the rhythmic music of the oars as they dipped together into the water ceased, and the rowers rested. From his seat Yu Chan arose, and uttered in the priestly tongue the words which laid a spell upon the stream and bade it cease to rise. Scarcely had he done so and sunk back again upon the cushions when Klan Hua threw himself at the monarch's feet and petitioned to utter a few words to him. The ruler raised the bonze, and bade him speak. Holding one hand aloft, the plotting Klan Hua pointed with the other towards the astonished Yu Chan, as he fiercely cried:—

"Thou false-tongued traitor, thou hast insulted thy monarch to his face!"

"The ruler bent forward from his cushions and looked in surprise from the accuser to the accused."

"Speak!" he cried to Klan Hua: "make good thy unseemly charge, or, old as thou art, thy head shall roll from thy shoulders!"

"Great Ruler of Siam and Lord of the White Elephant," exclaimed the accuser, giving the monarch his strange but august title, "I declare to thee that the chief bonze has doomed the country to destruction. Taking advantage of the language in which



the exorcism is pronounced, he has done what never the greatest prince under thee would dare to do. This man, the head of our order, has spoken words which will make the people scorn thee and this ceremony, if his command comes to pass. Yu Chan, the traitor, has bidden the waters *to rise!*'

"The monarch crimsoned with anger, as he turned to Yu Chan, who had already regained his composure, and sat with crossed arms, smiling scornfully at his accuser, and then asked:—

"Hast thou so misused thy power? Speak!"

"How can'st thou doubt me, knowing my great descent?" cried Yu Chan, bitterly. 'Even at thy bidding I will not answer a question which casts so much shame upon me.'

"Thou can'st not deny this charge!' exclaimed the infuriated monarch.

"Not so," replied the chief bonze, 'I will not! If thou carest to believe the slanderous words which Klan Hua has uttered, and such that not one in this barge will dare to repeat, so be it!'

"Yu Chan withdrew from his seat at the monarch's side, and taking his rival's place pointed to the one he had himself vacated.

"There rest thyself, and be at last content,' he said, scornfully: 'thou false bonze, whisper thence more of thy malicious words into the ears of the great ruler of Siam!'

"The monarch was disconcerted for a moment, then motioning one of the other bonzes forward, he exclaimed:—

"Yu Chan declares that no one in this barge will support his accuser's words. Thou who wert near, tell me, what am I to believe?"

"Alas!" answered the bonze, with simulated grief, 'Klan Hua spoke truly, great monarch; thy trust in Yu Chan has been sorely abused.'

"One after another the bonzes near came before the monarch and gave the same testimony, for the crafty Klan Hua had so placed the plotters for the furtherance of their subtle scheme. The ruler gazed angrily at Yu Chan, then summoning his rival to his side, bade him rest there.

"Henceforth thou art chief bonze,' he said; then added threateningly to the fallen one: 'Thou shalt be exiled from this hour,

and if the waters rise to-morrow, as thou hast bidden them, I will have thee hunted down, hide where thou mayest, and thy head shall fall.'

"The barge reached the shore, and the people drew back amazed to see the monarch pass on, attended closely by Klan Hua, while he who was as they thought chief bonze flung off his great robe of purple-embroidered silk, and idly watched the bonzes disembark, then moved slowly away across the great plain.

"Two days afterwards Klan Hua was found dead in his cell covered with the robes of his newly-acquired office, and the ruler of Siam had dispatched a body of soldiers to hunt down Yu Chan and to take him alive or dead to Ayuthia. The Meinam had risen still higher the day after the ceremony, not, as the startled monarch thought, because of the deposed one's power, but owing to Klan



"KLAN HUA WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL."

Hua's deception in regard to the real time when he knew the water would reach its limit.

"Then began the strange events which made the name of Yu Chan so memorable. For some years a band of marauders had taken possession of the far range known as the Three Hundred Peaks, but hitherto their raids in Burmah and Siam had attracted scant attention, while in Ayuthia few knew of their existence. To them the bonze went, and when the half-savage troops sent in search of him were encamped on the edge of the plain the mountaineers unexpectedly swooped down upon them. The remnant which escaped hastened back to the monarch with strange stories of the prowess of the



enemy, and especially of Yu Chan, the exile, whom they averred led on the foe to victory. The ruler of Siam, deeply chagrined at their non-success, ordered the vanquished ones to be decapitated for their failure to bring back the bonze or his lifeless body.

"A second expedition was sent against them, but the mountaineers held their fastnesses so well that, in despair of conquering them, the few who survived their second onslaught slew themselves rather than return to Ayuthia to suffer a like fate to that which the monarch had awarded the others. Mad-dened at these repeated defeats, the ruler himself headed a large army and invested the passes, cutting off the supplies of the mountaineers, in the hope of starving them into subjection. So deeply was he roused against Yu Chan that he offered to pardon the rebels on condition that they betrayed their leader.

"They scornfully rejected such terms, and withdrew to the heart of the mountains to endure all the horrors of famine with a courage which was heroic. At times the brave band made desperate efforts to break through the wall of men which girded them about, and each onset, in which they were beaten back, inspired them to try yet again.

"The Malay who told me their story declared they were reduced to such straits at last that for one dreadful month they lived upon their dead. Never once did they waver from their allegiance to Yu Chan, whose stern-set face inspired them to resist to the last, for well he knew that the monarch's promise could not be trusted, and that surrender for them meant death. Often would they be repulsed at sunset in an attempt to break through the cordon which held them, and yet before nightfall, at the entrance of some precipitous pass, far remote from that spot, swift and sudden the gaunt and haggard band appeared, led on by Yu Chan, sword in hand, as he hewed down those who dared to face him.

"Just when they were most oppressed relief came to the band of a quite unexpected kind, for the Burmese on the border overran Siam, and the soldiers were withdrawn to meet the new enemy. So, for a time, the band was left unmolested; but still none, save their leader, ventured to leave their wild haunts. Before he had been appointed chief of the bonzes who brought about his exile, Yu Chan had been the lover of a maiden of Ayuthia, but the high office which had been bestowed on him kept them apart. No sooner had the robes which he wore as a bonze been exchanged for those of

a mountaineer than Yu Chan determined to see this maiden again. On the departure of their enemies he prepared to visit Ayuthia, although strongly counselled not to do so by his devoted band. He was, however, obdurate, and set forth on his perilous enterprise alone.

"Yu Chan crossed the great plain of Siam, and then, resting in a thatched hut upon the bank of the Meinam, dispatched a Malay, who chanced to dwell there, with a message to his beloved to visit him, for he thought it useless to attempt to enter Ayuthia if he wished to live. At nightfall the Malay returned from the island in the middle of the bend of the Meinam, whereon ye know the city is built. He thrust a tablet into Yu Chan's hand, whereon was a desire that the latter would wait the maiden's coming at a part of the bank where often the boat of the lovers had touched at before. Soon the exile beheld the slight craft making for the shore, manned by six rowers muffled in their cloaks, for the night was cold. Happy indeed would it have been for the lovers if the maiden had scanned closely the features of those who ferried her across the river, for the treacherous Malay had recognised Yu Chan, and six of the monarch's soldiers were the supposed boatmen, hurriedly gathered to take the exile or to slay him.

"The maiden stepped from the boat, and, with a glad cry, flung her arms about Yu Chan, who had passed down the narrow path to meet her. Together they climbed up the steep way that led to the plain above the high bank, followed by the muffled soldiers, who lurked cautiously in the shadows of the limestone, through which wound the toilsome path. Once, as they passed along, a slight sound behind them arrested the footsteps of the lovers, and Yu Chan turned and glanced back searchingly, then on they went again. For an hour or more they wandered together over the plain, then, with many a sigh, turned to descend the path once more. Again they heard a sound, and that time on looking round quickly Yu Chan saw the boatmen, whom he had thought awaited the maiden's return by the river brink, stealing closely after him, their faces shrouded in their black cloaks.

"At once his suspicions were aroused, and hastily unsheathing his sword he confronted them just as they flung off their cloaks and the fierce faces of six of the half-savage soldiery of the monarch were revealed to Yu Chan. Slowly the latter retreated till he was a little way down the path with his back to



the protecting limestone, then stood at bay to defend the maiden and himself from the advancing foes. Warily they came on, for well they knew the deadly thrusts which he could deal with his keen sword. Yu Chan in fighting at such desperate odds more than once failed to beat down the weapons lunged at him, but though severely wounded he did not flinch from the combat. Three of his assailants lay dead at his feet, when the leader of the monarch's soldiery twisted the sword from Yu Chan's hand, and then the three surviving foes rushed upon the defenceless man. With a cry that pierced the air the maiden flung herself before her lover—to fall dead as her body was thrust through and through by the weapons intended for the heart of Yu Chan!

"Like a boarhound the mountain chief leapt upon his nearest assailant, wrenched the sword dripping with

behind till they were out in mid-stream; then they saw the wounded chief slowly dragging himself back to where the maiden lay lifeless.

"Yu Chan bent despairingly over her as he saw the fatal stains which dyed her garments and reddened some of the fragrant white flowers fallen from her hair, which lay in masses framing her white, still face. Taking up his own sword, he sheathed it; then he raised the maiden gently in his arms, and, covered himself with gaping wounds, he set out to cross the great plain to the Three Hundred Peaks, where his followers awaited his return. On he struggled for two weary days with his lifeless burden; then at last he reached the end of his journey, and as the mountaineers gathered hastily about him and shuddered to see the ghastly face of their chief, Yu Chan tottered and fell dead in their midst!

"Round the two lifeless forms the hunted tribe gathered, and, looking upon them, knew that they had been slain by their remorseless foes. One by one the mountaineers pressed forward, and amid the deathly silence of the others, each in turn touched the sword of their slain chief and sternly swore the blood-revenge. Fierce, indeed, as are such outbreaks in many eastern lands, that day marked the beginning of dark deeds of requitement that have made all others as nothing in comparison to them. The Burmese came down upon Siam and swept over fair Ayuthia, leaving nothing but the ruins of the city; yet, even in that national calamity, the fierce instinct of murder so fatally roused in the

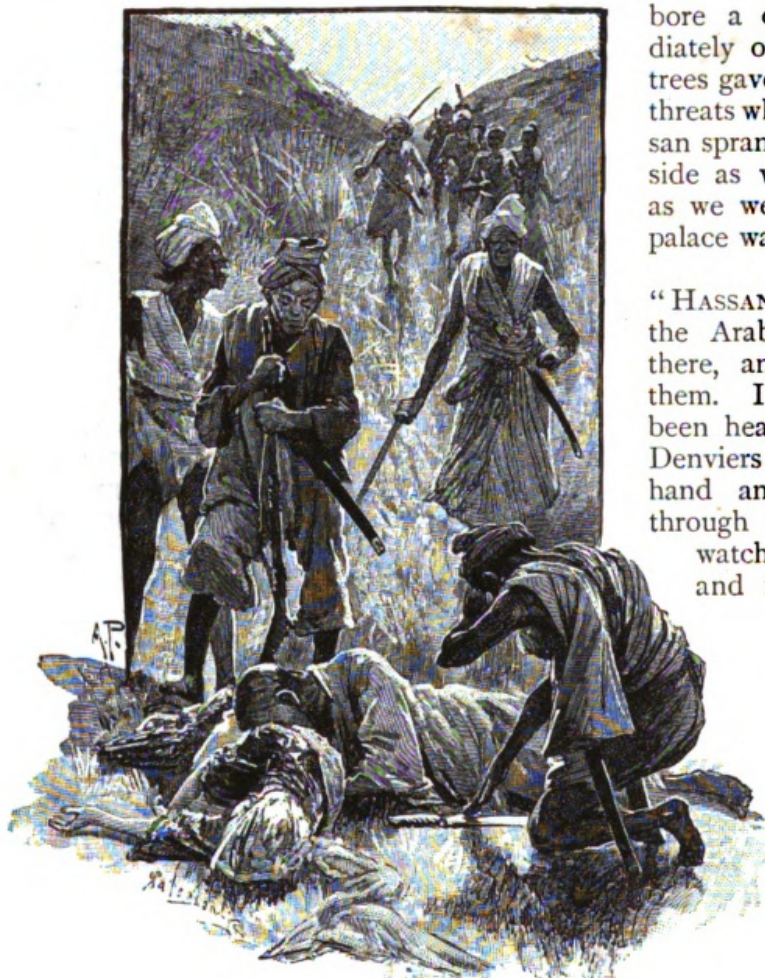


"THE MAIDEN FLUNG HERSELF BEFORE HER LOVER."

the maiden's blood from his hand, and almost cleaved him in half with one resistless stroke. He turned next upon the remaining two, but they fled headlong down the path, Yu Chan following with a fierce cry at their heels. Into the boat they leapt, nor dared to look

breasts of the mountaineers never paused nor seemed dulled. While the magnificent city lay despoiled, the once hunted tribe fell upon the others about the Meinam, and long after peace reigned throughout the country, still their deeds of pillage and





"THEY SWORE THE BLOOD-REVENGE."

massacre went on, as they do even to this day, so remote from the one when their leader was slain.

"For months the tribe will be unheard of, and lulled by a false sense of security the inhabitants of one of these cities will make preparations for one of their recurring festivals. Even in the midst of such the strange cry of the hunted tribe will be heard, and the coming day will reveal to the awe-struck people the evidence of a night attack, in which men and women have been slain or carried off suddenly to the Three Hundred Peaks."

"The present descendants of the avengers of Yu Chan's death are a cowardly lot, at all events," commented Denviers, as the Arab finished his recital: "they attacked us without reason, and have consequently got their deserts. If they come upon us again——"

"Hist, sahib," Hassan whispered cautiously, as he pointed with his sword towards the fantastic bridge of limestone; "the hunted tribe is returning from its raid, see!" We looked in the direction in which he motioned us, and saw that the mountaineers

bore a captive in their midst! Immediately one of the prisoners lashed to the trees gave a warning cry, regardless of the threats which Denviers had uttered. Hassan sprang to his feet, and stood by my side as we raised our rifles, still hidden as we were in the shadow of the ruined palace wall.

### III.

"HASSAN," whispered my companion to the Arab; "go over to the prisoners there, and if they cry out again shoot them. I don't think that first cry has been heard by the others." As he spoke Denviers thrust a pistol into Hassan's hand and motioned to him to move through the grass towards them. We watched our guide as he neared them and raised the pistol threateningly—a silent admonition which they understood, and became quiet accordingly.

From our position in the shadow of the ruined palace wall we saw a number of the hunted tribe slowly wind over the bridge with their captive, and noticed that in addition they had plenty of plunder with them. Noiselessly they moved towards our tent, and completely surrounded it, only to find it empty.

They were evidently at a loss what to do, when one of their number stumbled over the dead mountaineer whom I had shot down as he joined in the attack upon us. A fierce exclamation quickly caused the rest to gather about him, and for some minutes they held a brief consultation. We judged from their subsequent actions that they considered we had made good our escape from the plain, for they made no further search for us, but apparently determined to avenge their comrade's death by slaying their captive. While the rest of the band moved away over the plain, two of their number returned towards the limestone bridge spanning the river. Guessing their fell purpose, Denviers and I crept through the tall grass, and under cover of the trees by the bank moved cautiously towards them.

From tree to tree we advanced with our rifles in our hands, then just when within twenty yards of them we stopped aghast at the movements of the two mountaineers, who were forcing their struggling captive slowly towards the edge of the jagged limestone bridge!



We looked down at the angry waters of the rapid, swirling twenty feet below in the deep bed of the river, which was slowly rising each day, for the time of its inundation was near at hand. For a moment I saw a woman's horror-stricken face in the moonlight and heard her agonizing cry, then the sharp crack of Denviers' rifle rang out, and one of her assailants relaxed his grasp. Before Denviers could take a shot at the second mountaineer, he seized the captive woman and deliberately thrust her over the rocky bridge!

"Quick! To the river!" exclaimed Denviers, as we heard the sound of her body striking the waters below. Down the steep bank we scrambled, steadying ourselves by grasping the lithe and dwarfed trees which grew in its rocky crevices. For one brief moment we scanned the seething torrent, and then, right in its midst, we saw the face and floating hair of the woman as she was tossed to and fro in the rapid, while she vainly tried to cling to the huge boulders rising high in the stream through which her fragile form was hurried.

"Jump into the boat and wait for me to be carried down to you!" cried Denviers, and before I fully realized what he was about to do, he flung his rifle down and plunged headlong into the foaming waters. I saw him battling against the fierce current with all his might, for the rocks in mid-stream prevented the woman from being floated down to us and threatened to beat out her life, as she was borne violently against them. I ran madly towards where our boat had been drawn up, and pushing it into the river strained my eyes eagerly in the wild hope of seeing Denviers alive when his body should be floated down towards me.

I pulled hard against the stream and managed to keep the rude craft from being carried away with the current. A few minutes afterwards I saw that my companion had succeeded in dragging the woman from the grinding channels between the rocks, and was being swept on to where I anxiously awaited him with his burden. The water dashed violently against the boat as I put it across the middle of the rushing stream, then dropped the oars as he was flung towards me. I stretched out my arms over the side in

order to relieve him of his burden, and, although he was exhausted, Denviers made one last effort and thrust the woman towards me. I dragged her into the boat just as her rescuer sank back. With a quick but steady grip I caught my companion and hauled him in too, and before long had the happiness to see both become conscious once more.

Leaving the boat to float down the stream, I merely steered it clear of the rocky sides of the river channel, then, seeing some distance ahead a

favourable place to land, drew in to the shore with a few swift strokes from the oars. Denviers remained with the woman he had rescued, while I climbed the steep bank again and found that the mountaineers had, fortunately, not returned, although we had fully expected the report of Denviers' rifle to cause them to do so. I thereupon signalled to my companion below that all was safe, and he toiled up to the plain supporting the woman, who was a Laos, judging from her garments and slight, graceful form.

Spreading for her a couch of skins, we left her reclining wearily in the tent, to which Denviers conducted her, then hastened



"OVER THE ROCKY BRIDGE."



towards Hassan, whom we found still keeping guard over our two captives. The Arab, when he heard of the hazardous venture which Denviers had made, stoutly urged us to put our prisoners to death, as a warning to the hunted tribe that their misdeeds could not always be carried on with impunity. For reply Denviers quietly took the pistol from the Arab's hand, and then we returned towards the tent, outside which we rested till day dawned.

The woman within the tent then arose and came towards us, thanking Denviers profusely for saving her from such a death as had confronted her. She told us that her betrothal to a neighbouring prince had taken place only a few days before, but although every precaution had been taken to keep the affair secret, the news was conveyed to the hunted tribe by some one of the many supporters of the mountaineers. As she was a woman of high rank, this seemed to them a suitable opportunity to strike further terror into the hearts of the people inhabiting the cities about the Meinam. Their plans had been thoroughly successful, for they had despoiled several of the richest citizens, slay-

ing those who opposed them, then snatching the woman up, began to carry her off to live among their tribeswomen, and to become one of them, when we fortunately saved her from that fate. We promised to conduct her to the city whence she had been stolen, which we eventually did, but before setting out for that purpose we visited our prisoners again.

"Hassan," said Denviers, "release the men from the trees." The Arab most reluctantly did so, stoutly maintaining that after Mahomet had helped us so strangely and successfully, we would be wiser either to shoot them or leave them bound till someone discovered and dealt with our prisoners as they deserved.

The ropes were accordingly unbound which fastened them to the trees; then Denviers pointed to the distant range of the Three Hundred Peaks and bade them begone. The two prisoners set forward at a run, being not a little surprised at our clemency. When they had at last disappeared in the distance, we moved towards the city beyond Ayuthia to restore the princess to her people, who had, by our means, been snatched from the power of the hunted tribe.





The picturesque quality and almost endless variety of vanes—from the modest arrow to the richly-gilt and imposing heraldic monster—which meet

the eye as one wanders through quiet village, busy market town, or sleepy cathedral city, and the traditions which are associated with these distinctly useful, time-honoured, and much consulted adjuncts to church or home, make me hope that the following brief notes and sketches of a few of the many types one sees may not be without interest to some of the numerous readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

That eminent authority on things architectural—the late John Henry Parker, F.S.A.—tells us that vanes were in use in the time of the Saxons, and in after ages were very extensively employed, there being notable development during the prevalence of the Perpendicular and Elizabethan styles.

To anyone vane-hunting—or health-hunting, for the matter of that—I would recommend them to tramp, sketch or note book in hand, over that stretch of country which occupies the most southerly corner of

Kent, known as Romney Marsh; and beginning, say, at Hythe—one of the old Cinque Ports, and still a place of considerable importance—they will there find several vanes worthy of note, specially perhaps the one which surmounts the Town Hall, in the High Street. It is in excellent condition, and is contemporary with the building itself, which was erected in 1794.

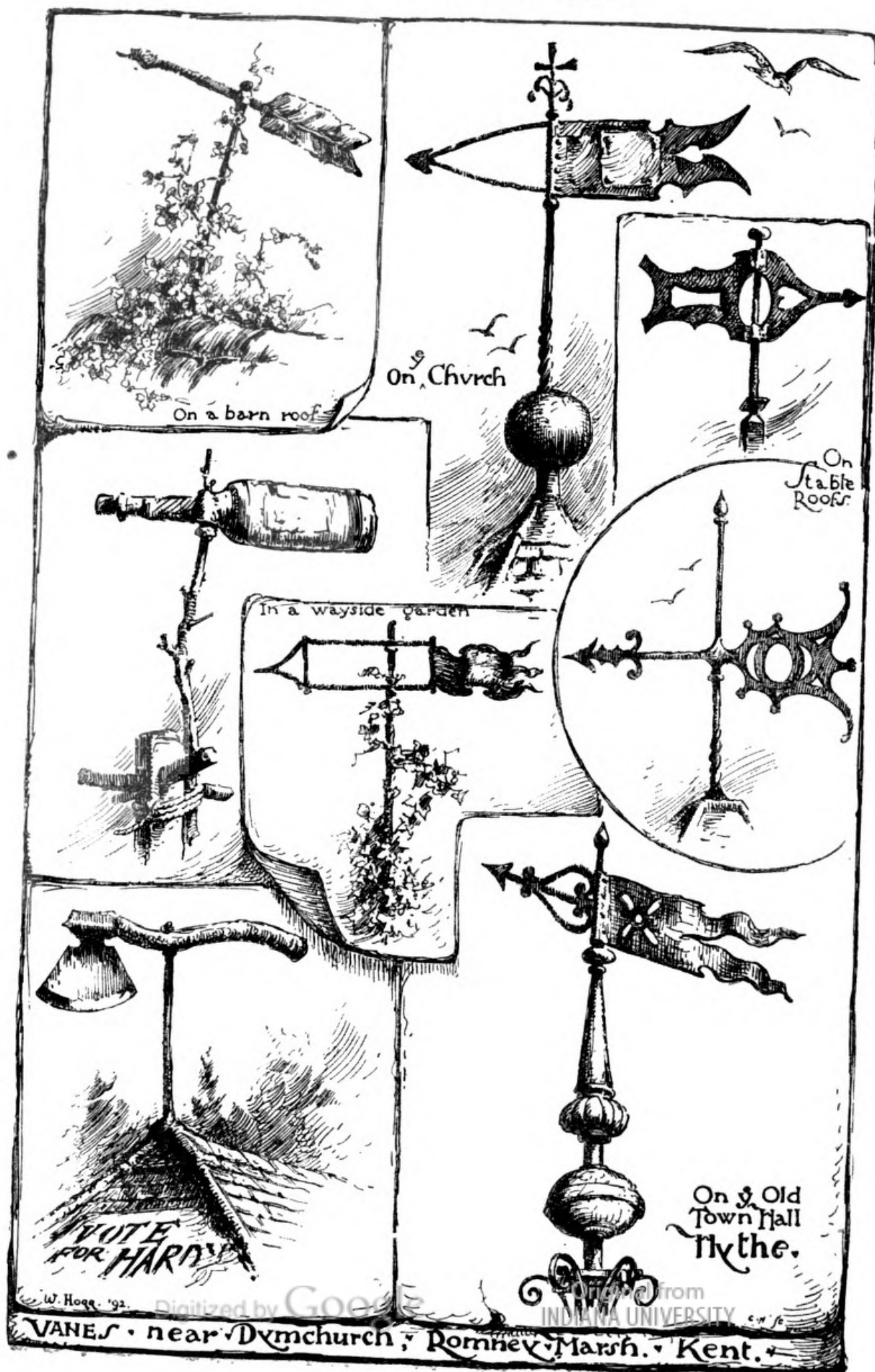
The country between Hythe and Dymchurch has quite a plethora of rustic vanes—



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At Hythe,



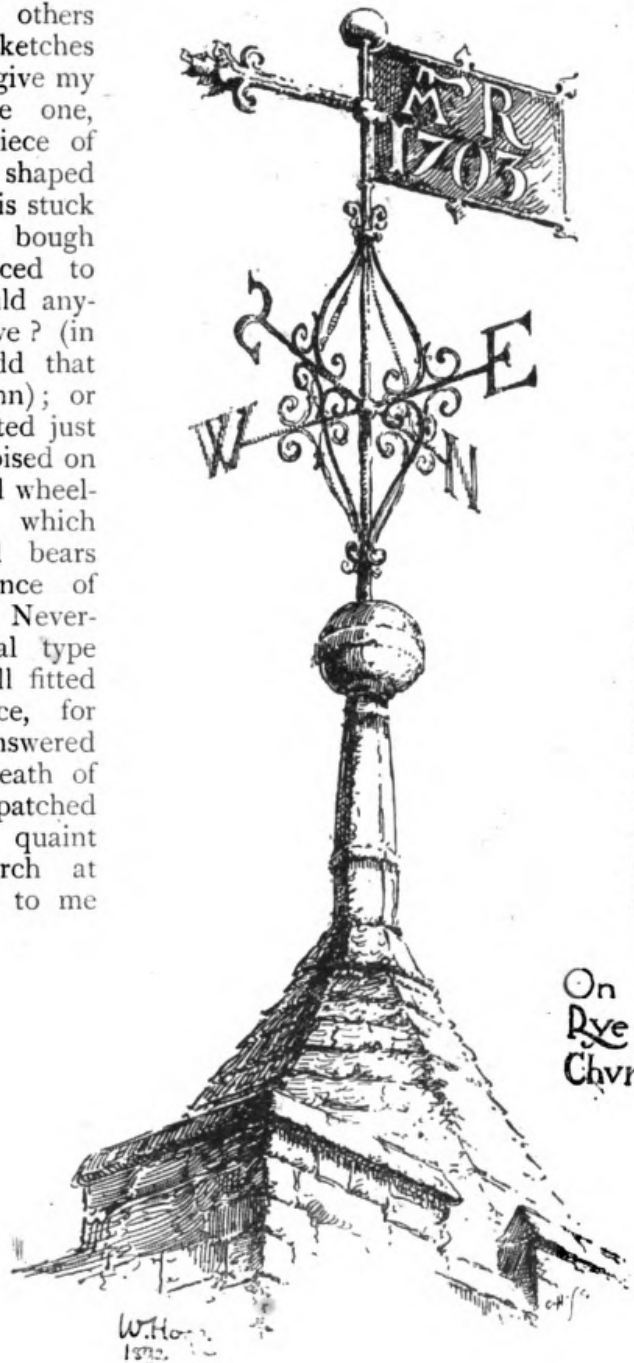




many crippled and others almost defunct—sketches of a few of which I give my readers. Note the one, carved out of a piece of wood and rudely shaped like a bottle, which is stuck on an untrimmed bough of a tree and spliced to a clothes-prop: could anything be more naïve? (in justice I would add that this is *not* at the inn); or the one that is noted just below it—an axe poised on the roof of the local wheelwright's workshop, which aforesaid roof still bears unmistakable evidence of election turmoil. Nevertheless, this original type of vane seemed well fitted to do good service, for one noted that it answered to the slightest breath of wind. The old patched one, too, on the quaint little Norman church at Dymchurch seemed to me to be of interest in many ways, specially when I realized that it looked down on a row of graves, kept in beautiful order, of the nameless dead which the angry sea had given into the keeping of these sturdy village folk.

Working westward past Ivychurch, with its fine Perpendicular tower and beacon-turret, Old and New Romney, Lydd (which was attached to the Cinque Port of Romney), with its dignified Perpendicular church, of which Cardinal Wolsey was once vicar, we come to Rye, which is just over the borderland into Sussex, another of the towns annexed to the Cinque Ports, though, sad to say, like Sandwich and Winchelsea, its prosperity departed when the sea deserted it.

At Rye one cannot help but linger, there is so much to interest; its unique position, its ancient standing, the almost incredible



On  
Rye  
Chvrch.

changes in its surroundings owing to the receding of the sea, its chequered history, its delightful, old-world look, and its venerable church of St. Nicholas, all combine to arrest one's attention. Let us look for a few moments at the church itself, which crowns the hill, and upon the tower of which stands the vane depicted in my sketch. It was built towards the close of the twelfth century, and Jeake, the historian, says of it that it was "the goodliest edifice of the kind in Kent or Sussex, the cathedrals excepted." Its first seven vicars were priests of the Church of Rome, and in the church records there are some curious entries, which look as though Passion plays were once performed in Rye. Here is one dated 1522:—

"Paid for a coate made when the Resurrection was played at Easter, for him that in play-

ing represented the part of Almighty God, 1s. ; ditto for making the stage, 3s. 4d." During the reign of Edward VI. an entry is made, which reads: "Expended for cleaning the church from Popery, £1 13s. 4d."

If tradition be true, Queen Elizabeth (who once visited Rye) gave the clock, which is said to be the oldest clock actually going in England. Now for the weather-vane, which I venture to think is worthy of its surroundings: it is simple in form, stately in proportion, and in excellent preservation. Through the metal plate of the vane itself are cut boldly, stencil fashion, the lett





"A. R." (I was unable to find out to whom they referred — presumably a churchwarden), and immediately below them, the date 1703. The pointer is very thick and richly foliated, and the wrought ironwork which supports the arms, which indicate the four cardinal points of the compass, is excellent in design.

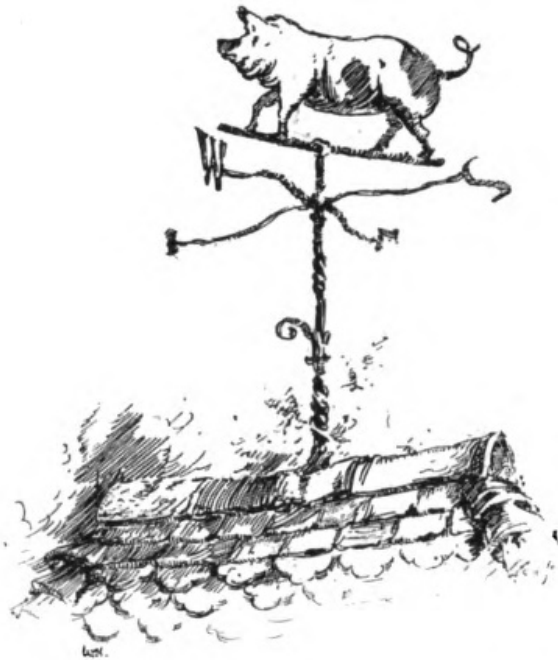
Two miles further west we come to dear old Winchelsea. The church (built between 1288-1292), of which only the choir and chancel, with some portions of the transepts, now remain, was originally dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, but in the present day is called after St. Thomas the Apostle. It possesses an exceptionally fine vane, perched on a curiously squat, barn-like structure, which does duty for a tower. With its creeper-covered dormer windows and a somewhat convivial-looking chimney-pot sticking up out

of one of them on the south side, it looks more picturesque than ecclesiastical; but the beauty of the vane itself at once arrests attention. I think it is one of the most elaborate specimens of wrought ironwork, applied to such a purpose, that I have met with; against a sunny sky it is like so much beautiful filigree—the metal wind-plate is apparently a much later restoration, and is perforated with the letters "W. M." and the date 1868. From the vane you could almost jump into the old tree beneath which John Wesley preached his last sermon. Eastward, but very little beyond the shadow of the vane, is Tower Cottage, Miss Ellen Terry's country retreat. Mr. Harry How, in a recent number of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*, has told us in one of his interesting "Interviews" of the quiet home life of the great actress when staying here. What a glorious outlook the old vane has—on the one hand quaint, sleepy Rye and the flat stretches of Romney Marsh; to the north the great Weald of Kent; to the westward beautiful Sussex, and



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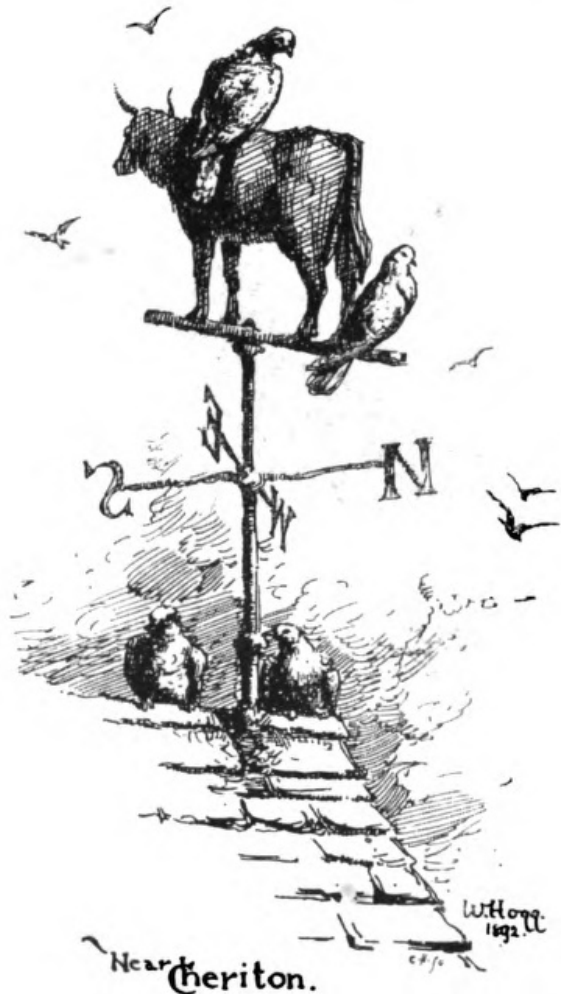


straight in front the open sea of the English Channel.

Folkestone makes a capital centre from which to go a-hunting vanes, but before we start it is well worth while to glance for a few moments at the modern one on the Parish Church of St. Eanswythe. It was designed,



about fifteen years ago, by Mr. S. S. Stallwood, the architect, of Reading, who, by-the-bye, is, too, responsible for the fine west window. The vane is of dark metal throughout, save for the gilt arrow, and stands on a turret to the south-west of the Perpendicular embattled tower. It is in excellent condition, notwithstanding its very exposed position to the Channel storms. Down on the harbour jetty, surmounting the lighthouse and hard by where the Boulogne mail-boats come in day by day, is a vane with



scrolly arms, well worth noting; and, again, on a house out toward Shorncliffe, are a couple of "fox" vanes, one of which blustering Boreas has shorn of its tail; poor Reynard, in consequence, is ever swirling round and round—a ludicrous object—apparently ever seeking and never finding the aforesaid tail.

About a mile inland, near the Old Hall Farm, on an outhouse or piggery, is the subject of the accompanying sketch. It has certainly seen much better days, and is rather a quaint specimen of the genus weather-vane. It will be noted that rude winds have





It stands close to a finely carved pulpit four hundred years old. The north porch is a memorial to the *first* Lord Justice of England—Sir James Lewis Knight-Bruce, who with his wife lies buried almost within its shadow. On an old house close by is a “cow” vane—when I made the sketch given, pigeons by the score from a neighbouring cote kept perching on it in a very friendly and picturesque fashion. Two miles further in the same direction brings us to the village of Newington, which possesses one of the quaintest little churches in Kent. Among other things it boasts some seventeen brasses—some dating back to the 15th and 16th

centuries—an ancient dial, on oaken shaft fast mouldering away—and a picturesque wooden belfry surmounted by a vigorously modelled gilt weathercock in capital preservation.

On Sevington spire, near Ashford, is a daintily designed vane, dated 1866. Some storm has given it—as the sailors say—a list to port, but that seems somehow not to take away from but to add to its charm. It

carried away, almost bodily, three out of the four letters which denote the compass-points, but have in mercy spared poor piggy's curly tail.

A mile or so further on is a daintily-designed but very simple vane, which stands on the north-east corner of the tower of the ancient church of St. Martin at Cheriton. Canon Scott Robertson, the well-known antiquarian, pronounces this tower to be of unusual interest. He tells us that it is probably pre-Norman, but certainly was erected before the end of the 11th century. Traces of characteristic, rough, wide-jointed masonry and a small, round-headed doorway should be specially noted. Let us linger in the church itself for a few moments. In the north Chantry (13th century) we shall find an interesting mural tablet thus inscribed:—

“Here lieth Interred the Body of Mrs. Elizabeth Raleigh, Grand Daughter of the FAMED Sr Walter Raleigh, who died at Enbrook, 26 day of October, 1716, aged ears.”

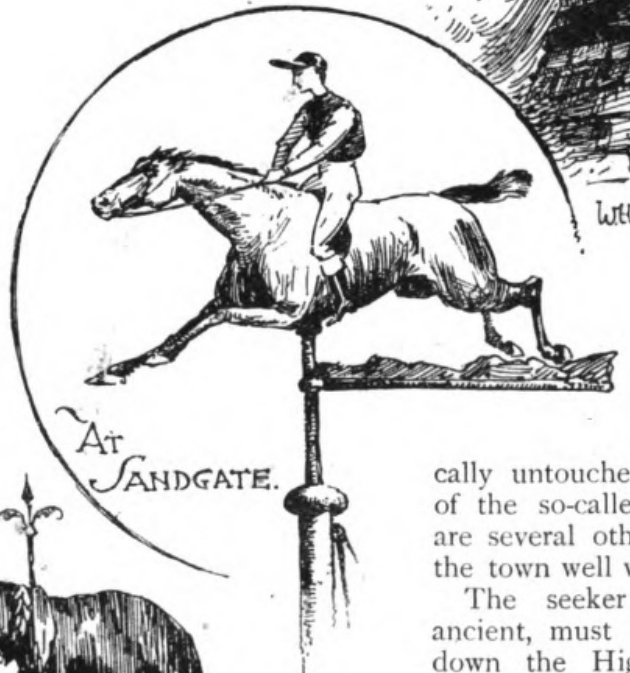




is interesting to note that not far from here is the house where once resided Dr. Harvey, the famous discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

A mile on brings us to Hinxhill—a dear, old-world place—its picturesque little church, with ivy-covered walls, moss-grown roof, quaint open-timbered chancel, and fine stained-glass, all go to make a never-to-be-forgotten picture. On the little Early English spire is set a vane simple and good in treatment, and thoroughly in accord with its surroundings.

At Sandgate is a well designed "horse and jockey" vane on a flagstaff, in a garden about fifty yards from where the ill-fated sailing ship, the *Benvenue*, went ashore and sank, and which was



to an old lead-covered spire surmounting a decorated Norman tower with rich exterior arcading, practi-

cally untouched by the unloving hand of the so-called "restorer"; but there are several others in the older streets of the town well worth noting.

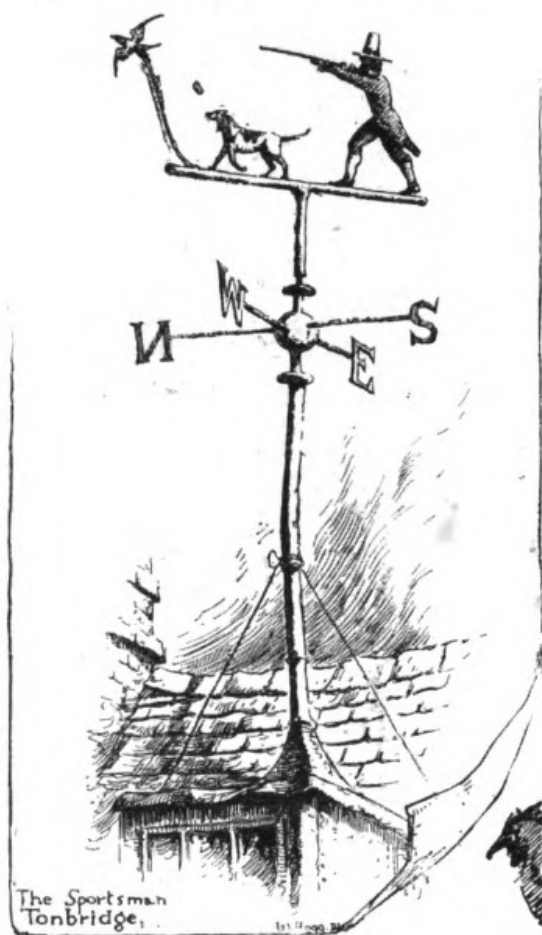
The seeker for vanes, quaint and ancient, must on no account miss going down the High Street of Tonbridge. There are three within a stone's throw of each other which must be noted, specially the one locally known as "The Sportsman"—he stands over a dormer window in the red-tiled roof of an old house of the Sheraton period, immediately opposite the famous "Chequers Inn." The house itself is very interesting; it has evidently been, in its early days, of considerable pretension, but has been an ironmonger's shop since 1804. On going within to make inquiries about the vane, I gathered that it is at least 120 years old, probably much more, the oldest part of the house being contemporary with the "Chequers." The vane is cut out of thick sheet copper and strengthened with stout wire in several places to keep it rigid, and the whole is painted in colours (a very unusual feature), in imita-

blown up by order of the Admiralty only last autumn.

Dover, too, has its share of interesting vanes; perhaps the one belonging to St. Mary the Virgin is the best. It is attached

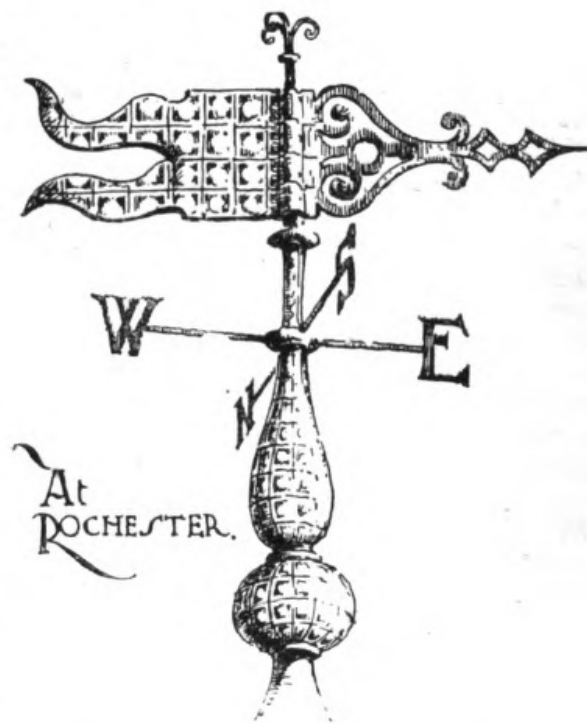


tion of the costume of the period; and I was shown a curious old print of Tonbridge in the time when the well-to-do



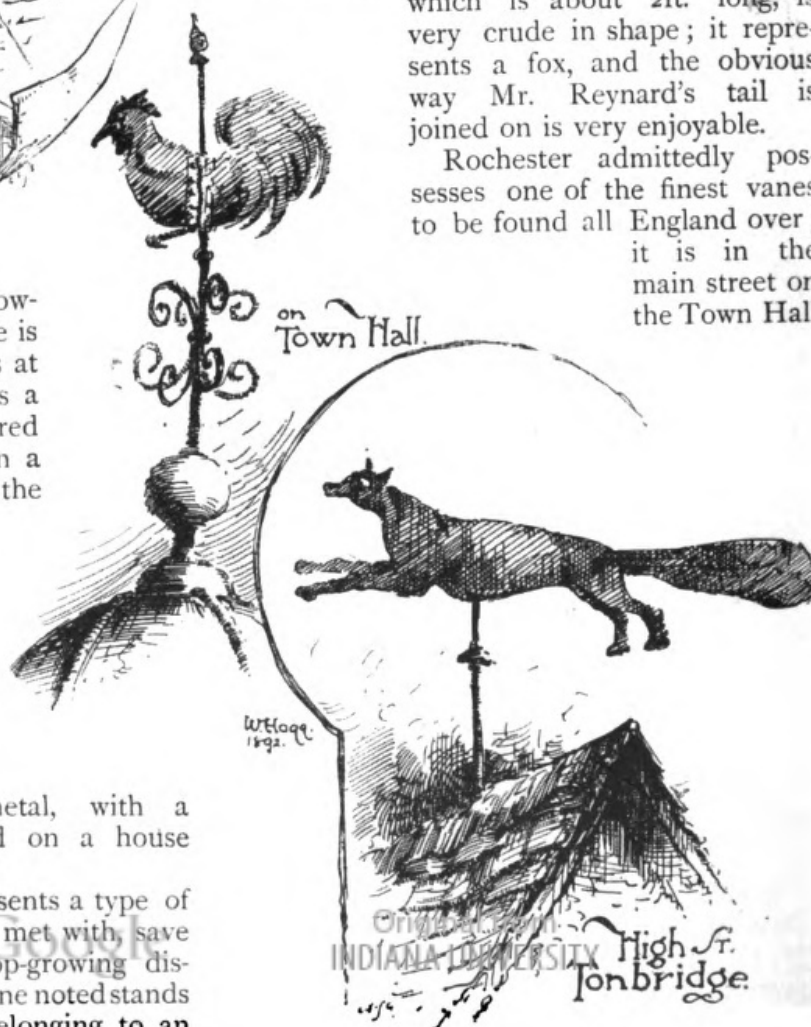
farmers wore top-hats and swallow-tailed coats, in which the vane is represented just as it appears at present. Vane number two is a much weathered and discoloured one, almost within touch, on a wooden turret surmounting the Town Hall — a typical Georgian building, lately threatened with demolition, and for the further life of which I noted a vigorous pleading in the pages of *The Graphic* of November 4th, 1892. Number three is a fox, rudely cut out of flat metal, with a "ryghte bushie tayle," fixed on a house gable overlooking the street.

The Orlestone sketch represents a type of vane practically never to be met with, save on the oast-houses in the hop-growing districts of Kent. The particular one noted stands at the bottom of a garden belonging to an

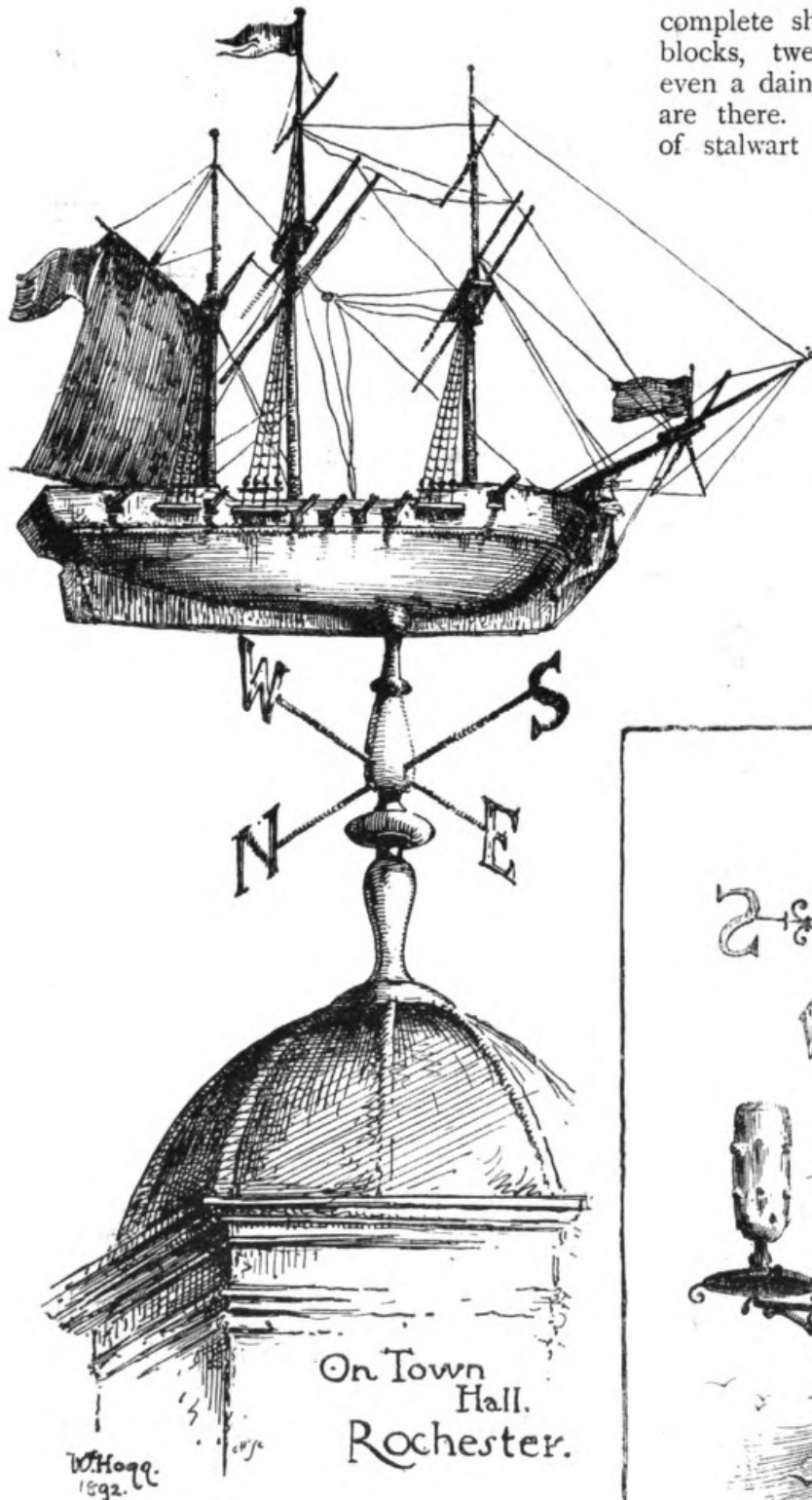


Elizabethan timbered house hard by the church. It will be remarked that the animal, which is about 2ft. long, is very crude in shape; it represents a fox, and the obvious way Mr. Reynard's tail is joined on is very enjoyable.

Rochester admittedly possesses one of the finest vanes to be found all England over; it is in the main street on the Town Hall







complete ship in miniature — cordage, blocks, twenty-six cannon, small spars, even a daintily-modelled figurehead: all are there. With the aid of a couple of stalwart constables I clambered up

on to the leaden roof, so that I might examine more closely and carefully this splendid example of vane-craft. The ship itself, from the bottom of keel to the top of mainmast, measures over 6ft., and from jib to spanker boom the total length is 9ft. It is 18in. in width, weighs  $7\frac{1}{2}$  cwt., and revolves quite easily pivoted on a large bull's-eye of glass. It may be interesting to note that



(temp. James I.), and surmounts a wooden bell-tower perched on the roof. On the south-west side of the building facing into the street is a tablet, which tells us that "This building was erected in the year 1687. John Bryan, Esquire, then Mayor"; and in quaint numerals the same date is repeated just below the tablet base. The vane is in the form of a ship, in gilt metal: a



my sketch was made from one of the uppermost windows of the "Bull Inn" (the



place where Charles Dickens once lived, and which he has immortalized in the pages of "Pickwick"), which is immediately opposite. A little higher up the street is a large vane, richly decorated in red and gold, on the Corn Exchange. An inscription on its south-west face tells us that "This present building was erected at the sole charge and expense of Sir Cloudsley Shovel, Knight, A.D. 1706. He represented this city in three Parliaments in the reign of King William the Third, and in one Parliament in the reign of Queen Anne."

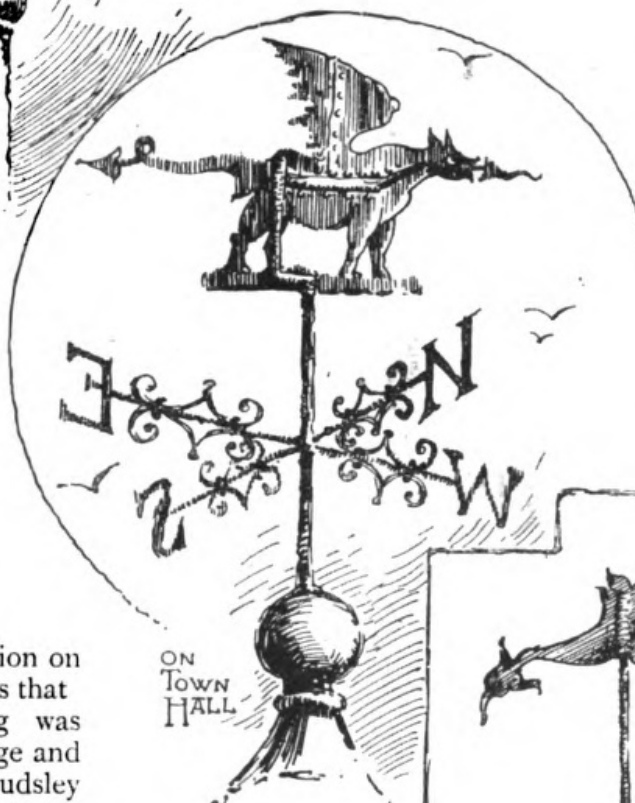
Maidstone, too, is rich in vanes. There is one specially you can see from all parts of the town. It is on the Medway Brewery, and represents an old brown jug and glass; its dimensions, to say the least of it, are somewhat startling. The jug alone (which is made of beaten copper plate) is 3ft. 6in. in height, and in its fullest part 3ft. in diameter, with a holding capacity of 108 gallons, or three barrels. The glass—also made of copper—is capable of holding some eight gallons. The vane revolves on ball bearings,

its height above the roof is 12ft., its arms extend nearly 7ft., the whole, I am told, standing 80ft. from the ground.

On the observatory connected with the Maidstone Museum (which latter was once Chillington Manor House) is a modern vane, much discoloured by damp, but very apt in design; note the perforated sun, moon and stars, and the three wavy-looking pointers, which I take to represent rays of light. Mr. Frederick James, the courteous curator, called my attention to a singularly fine wrought-iron vane, now preserved in the Museum, about which but little is known, but which may possibly have surmounted the place in the

olden days — when Chillington Manor was the seat of the great Cobham family.

Space forbids my more than just calling attention to the nondescript gilt monster, with its riveted wings and forked tongue and tail,



W. Hoag. 1892.

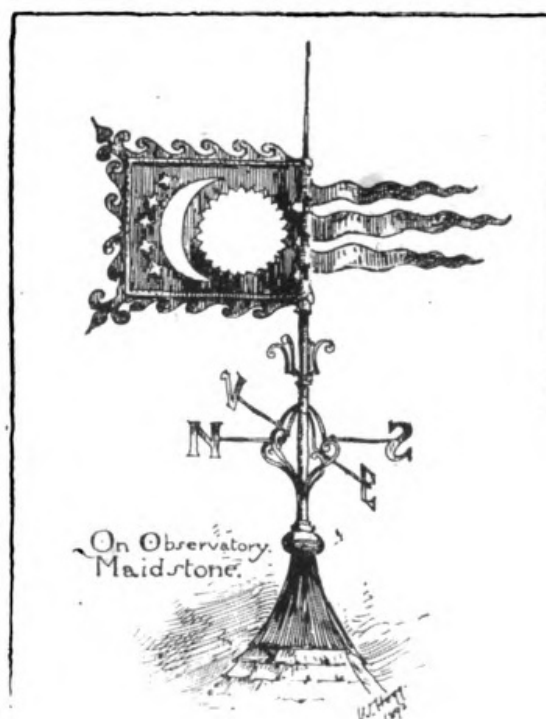




which glares down on us from its perch above the Town Hall, in the High Street; or to a "cigar" vane (over 2ft. long and as thick as a bludgeon), large enough to give Verdant Green's famous "smoke" many points, hoisted over an enterprising tobacconist's a little lower down; or to the skewered and unhappy-looking weathercock on the Parish Church; or the blackened griffin in Earl Street, all head and tail, which does duty on an old dismantled Gothic building, once called "The Brotherhood Hall" (it belonged to

the fraternity of Corpus Christi, about 1422, and was suppressed in 1547), then afterwards used as a grammar school, and now—tell it not in Gath!—a hop store; or, lastly, the ponderous-looking elephant, painted a sickly blue, if I remember rightly, on a great building on the banks of the Medway.

These rambling notes but touch the fringe—as it were—of a wide and ever-widening subject. A lengthy paper might be written on the different types (and some of great interest) of vanes in and around London alone; but I trust I may be allowed to express the hope that what has been said may haply enlist further interest in these silent, faithful, but somewhat neglected friends of ours, who, "courted by all the winds that hold them play," look down from their "coigne of vantage" upon the hurrying world below.







BY MARIANNE KENT.

**I**F I had described myself when I first started in life, it would simply have been as John Blount, commercial traveller. I was employed by a firm of merchants of very high standing, who only did business with large houses. My negotiations took me to all parts of the United Kingdom, and I enjoyed the life, which was full of change and activity. At least I enjoyed it in my early bachelor days, but while I was still quite young—not more than five-and-twenty—I fell in love and married; and then I found that my roving existence was certainly a drawback to domestic happiness. My wife, Mary, was a bright little creature, always ready to make the best of things, but even she would declare pathetically that she might as well have married a sailor as a landsman who was so seldom at home! Still, as I said, she was one to put a bright face on things, and she and my sister made their home together.

It was in the second year after my marriage, when I had been away on my travels for some weeks, that I heard from my sister that a fever had broken out in the neighbourhood of our home, and that Mary was down with it. Kitty wrote hopefully, saying it was a mild attack, and she trusted by the time I was home her patient would be quite convalescent. I had unbounded faith in Kitty, so that I accepted her cheerful view of things. But, a few evenings later, after a long, tiring day, I returned to the hotel where I was then staying, and found a telegram awaiting me. My heart stood still as I saw the ominous yellow envelope, for I knew my sister would not have sent for me without

urgent need. The message was to say that, although Kitty still hoped for the best, a serious change had taken place, and I should return at once.

"Don't delay an hour; come off immediately," she said.

I was not likely to delay. I paid up my reckoning at the hotel, directed that my baggage should be sent on next day, and in less than half an hour from the time I had opened the telegram I rushed, heated and breathless, into the primitive little railway station—the only one which that part of the country boasted for miles round. I gained the platform in time to see the red light on the end of the departing train as it disappeared into the mouth of the tunnel a few hundred yards down the line. For a moment I was unable to realize my ill fortune. I stood gazing stupidly before me in a bewildered way. Then the station-master, who knew me by sight, came up, saying sympathetically:—

"Just missed her, sir, by two seconds!"

"Yes," I answered briefly, beginning to understand it all now, and chafing irritably at the enforced delay. "When is the next train?"

"Six five in the morning, sir. Nothing more to-night."

"Nothing more to-night!" I almost shouted. "There must be! At any rate, there is the evening express from the junction; I have been by it scores of times!"

"Very likely, sir; but that's a through train, it don't touch here—never stops till it reaches the junction."

The man's quiet tone carried conviction with it. I was silent for a moment, and then asked when the express left the junction.

"Nine fifteen," was the answer.





"THE STATION-MASTER CAME UP."

"How far is the junction from this by road; could I do it in time?"

"Out of the question, sir. It would take one who knew the road the best part of three hours to drive."

I looked away to my left, where the green hill-side rose up steep and clear against the evening sky. It was one of the most mountainous quarters of England, and the tunnel that pierced the hill was a triumph of engineering skill, even in these days when science sticks at nothing. Pointing to the brick archway I said, musingly:—

"And yet, once through the tunnel, how close at hand the junction station seems."

"That's true enough, sir; the other side the tunnel it is not half a mile down the line."

"What length is it?"

"The tunnel, sir? Close upon three miles, and straight as a dart."

There was another pause, then I said, slowly:—

"Nothing more goes down the line until the express has passed?"

"Nothing more, sir."

"Anything on the up line?" was my next inquiry.

"No, sir, not for some hours, except, maybe, some trucks of goods, but I have had no notice of them yet."

As the station-master made this last

answer he looked at me curiously, no doubt wondering what the object of all these questions could be; but he certainly had no notion of what was passing in my mind, or he would not have turned into his office as he did, and left me there alone upon the platform.

I was young and impetuous, and a sudden wild determination had taken possession of me. In my intense anxiety to get back to my sick wife, the delay of so many hours seemed unendurable, and my whole desire was to catch the express at the junction; but how was that to be accomplished? One way alone presented itself to me, and that was through the tunnel. At another time I should have put the notion from me as a mad impossibility, but now I clung to it as a last resource, reasoning myself out of all my fears. Where was the danger, since nothing was to come up or down the line for hours? A good level road, too, of little more than three miles, and a full hour and a half to do it in. And what would the darkness matter? There was no fear of missing the way; nothing to be done but to walk briskly forward. Yes, it could be, and I was resolved that it should be done.

I gave myself no more time for reflection. I walked to the end of the platform and stepped down upon the line, not very far from the mouth of the tunnel. As I entered the gloomy archway I wished devoutly that I had a lantern to bear me company, but it was out of the question for me to get anything of the kind at the station; as it was, I was fearful each moment that my intentions would be discovered, when I knew for a certainty that my project would be knocked on the head, and, for this reason, I was glad to leave daylight behind me and to know that I was unseen.

I walked on, at a smart pace, for fully ten minutes, trying not to think, but feeling painfully conscious that my courage was ebbing fast. Then I paused for breath. Ugh! how foul the air smelt! I told myself that it was worse even than the impenetrable darkness—and that was bad enough. I recalled to mind how I had gone through tunnels—this very one among others—in a comfortable lighted carriage, and had drawn up the window, sharply and suddenly, to keep out the stale, poisonous air; and this was the atmosphere I was to breathe for the next hour! I shuddered at the prospect. But it was not long before I was forced to acknowledge that it was the darkness quite as much as the stifling air which was affecting me. I had



never been fond of the dark in my earliest days, and now it seemed as if the strange, wild fancies of my childhood were forcing themselves upon me, and I felt that, if only for an instant, I must have light of some sort; so, standing still, I took from my pocket a box of vestas, and struck one. Holding the little match carefully, cherishing it with my hand, I gazed about me. How horrible it all looked! Worse, if possible, in reality than in imagination. The outline of the damp, mildewy wall was just visible in the feeble, flickering light. On the brickwork close to me I could see a coarse kind of fungus growing, and there was the silver, slimy trace of slugs in all directions; I could fancy, too, the hundred other creeping things that were about. As the match died out, a noise among the stones near the wall caused me hastily to strike another, just in time to see a large rat whisk into its hole.

A miner, a plate-layer—in fact, anyone whose avocations took them underground—would have laughed to scorn these childish fears; but the situation was so new to me, and also I must confess that I am naturally of a nervous, imaginative turn of mind. Still, I was vexed with myself for my cowardly feelings, and started on my walk again, trying not to think of these gloomy surroundings, but drew a picture of my home, wondering how Mary was, if she was well enough to be told of my coming, and was looking out for me. Then I dwelt upon the satisfaction with which I should enter the express, at the junction, feeling that the troubles of the evening had not been in vain. After a while, when these thoughts were somewhat exhausted, and I felt my mind returning to the horrors of the present moment, I tried to

look at it all from a different point of view, telling myself that it was an adventure which I should live to pride myself upon. Then I recalled to mind things I had read of subterranean passages, and naturally stories of the Catacombs presented themselves to me, and I thought how the early Christians had guided themselves through those dim corridors by means of a line or string; the

fantastic notion came to me that I was in a like predicament, and the line I was to follow was the steel rail at my feet. For awhile this thought gave me courage, making me realize how straight the way was, and that I had only to go on and on until the goal was reached.

I walked for, perhaps, twenty minutes or half an hour, sometimes passing a small grating for ventilation; but they were so choked by weeds and rubbish that they gave little light and less air. Walking quickly through a dark place, one has the feeling that unseen objects are close at hand, and that at any moment you may come in sharp contact with them. It was this feeling, at least,

which made me as I went along continually put out my hand as if to ward off a blow, and suddenly, while my right foot still rested on the smooth steel rail, my left hand struck against the wall of the tunnel. As my fingers grated on the rough brick a new terror took possession of me—or at least, if not a new terror, one of the fears which had haunted me at the outset rushed upon me with redoubled force.

I had faced the possibility of the station-master's having been mistaken, and of a train passing through the tunnel while I was still there, but I told myself I had only to stand close in to the wall, until the train had gone on its way; now, however, I felt, with



"HOLDING THE LITTLE MATCH CAREFULLY, I GAZED ABOUT ME."



a sinking horror at my heart, that there was little room to spare. Again and again I tested it, standing with my foot well planted on the rail and my arm outstretched until my fingers touched the bricks. There was a fascination in it—much as in the case of a timid swimmer who cannot bear to think he is out of depth and must keep putting down his foot to try for the bottom, knowing all the while he is only rendering himself more nervous. During the next ten minutes I know I worked myself into a perfect agony of mind, imagining the very worst that could happen. Suppose that the up and the down trains should cross in the tunnel, what chance should I then have? The mere thought was appalling! Retreat was impossible, for I must have come more than half way by this time, and turning back would only be going to meet the express. But surely in the thickness of the wall there must be here and there recesses? I was sure I had seen one, some little time back, when I had struck a light. This was a gleam of hope. Out came the matches once more, but my hands were so shaky that I had scarcely opened the box when it slipped from my fingers and its precious contents were scattered on the ground. This was a new trouble. I was down upon my knees at once, groping about to find them. It was a hopeless task in the dark, and, after wasting much time, I was forced to light the first one I found to look for the others, and, when that died out, I had only four in my hand, and had to leave the rest and go on my way, for the time was getting short and my great desire was to find a recess which should afford me shelter in case of need. But, although I grudgingly lit one match after another and walked for some distance with my hand rubbing against the wall, I could find nothing of the kind.

At length, I don't know what time it was, or how far I had walked, I saw before me, a long, long way off, a dim speck of light. At first I thought, with a sudden rush of gladness, that it was daylight and that the end of the tunnel was in sight; then I remembered that it was now evening and the sun had long set, so that it must be a lamp; and it was a lamp. I began to see it plainly, for it was coming nearer and nearer, and I knew that it was an approaching train. I stood still and looked at it, and it was at that instant that the whole ground beneath me seemed to be shaken. The rail upon which one of my feet was resting thrilled as if with an electric shock, sending a strange vibration through

me, while a sudden rush of wind swept down the tunnel, and I knew that the express was upon me!

I shall never forget the feeling that took possession of me: it seemed as if, into that one moment, the experiences of years were crowded—recollections of my childhood—tender thoughts of my wife—dreams of the future, in which I had meant to do so much, all thronged in, thick and fast upon me. Could this be death? I gave a wild, despairing cry for help. I prayed aloud that God would not let me die. I had lost all presence of mind; no thought of standing back against the wall came to me. I rushed madly forward in a frenzy of despair. The sound of my voice, as it echoed through that dismal place, was drowned in an instant by the sharp, discordant scream of the express. On I dashed, right in front of the goods train; the yellow light of the engine shone full upon me; death was at hand. It seemed that nothing short of a miracle could save me, and, to my thinking, it was a miracle that happened.

Only a few yards from the engine and, as I struggled blindly on, a strong hand seized me with a grasp of iron, and I was dragged on one side. Even in my bewilderment I knew that I was not against the wall, but in one of those very recesses I had searched for in vain. I sank upon the ground, only half conscious, yet I saw the indistinct blur of light as the trains swept by.

I am not given to swooning, so that, after the first moment, I was quite alive to my exact situation. I knew that I was crouching on the ground, and that that iron-like grasp was still on my collar. Presently the hand relaxed its hold and a gruff, but not unkindly, voice said:—

"Well, mate, how are you?"

This inquiry unlocked my tongue, and I poured forth my gratitude. I hardly know what I said; I only know I was very much in earnest. I told him who I was and how I came to be there, and in return asked him his name.

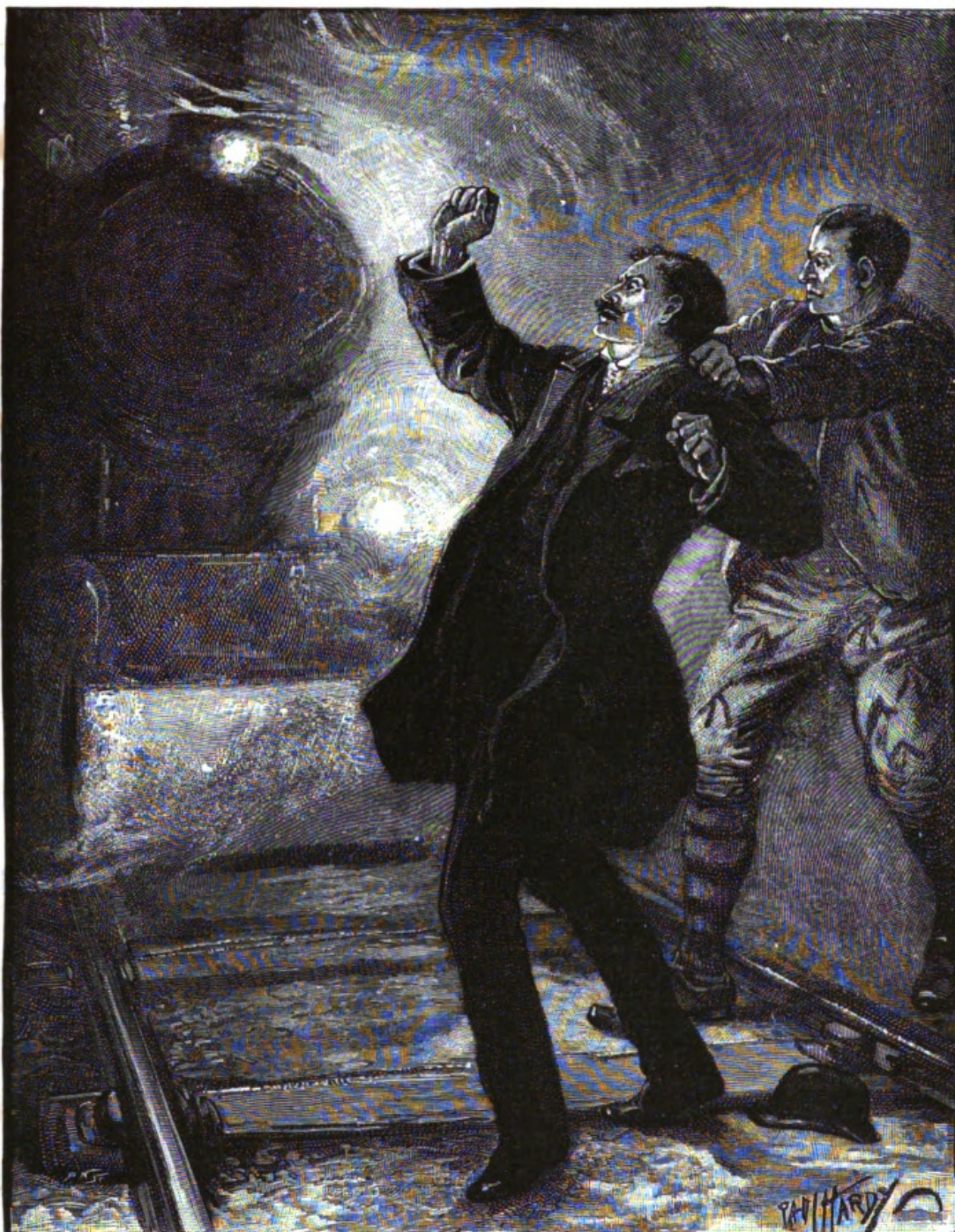
"That does not signify," was the answer; "you can think of me as a friend."

"That I shall," I returned, gratefully; "for God knows you have been a friend in need to me!"

"Ah!" he said, musingly, "your life must be very sweet, for you seemed loath enough to part with it!"

I admitted the truth of this—indeed, I had felt it more than once during the last hour. I had been one of those who, in fits





"A STRONG HAND SEIZED ME."

of depression, are wont to say that life is not worth living—that we shall be well out of it, and the rest; yet, when it seemed really slipping from my grasp, I had clung to it with a tenacity which surprised myself. And now, with the future once more before me, in which so much seemed possible, I was filled with gratitude to God and to my unknown friend, by whose means I had been saved. There was a short silence; then I asked, rather doubtfully, if there were not some way in which I could prove my gratitude.

"You speak as if you were sincere," my strange companion said, in his gruff, down-right way; "so I will tell you frankly that you can do me a good turn if you have a mind to. I don't want your money, understand; but I want you to do me a favour."

"What is it?" I asked, eagerly; "believe me, if it is in my power it shall be done!"

"I would rather you passed your word before I explain more," he said coolly. "Say my request shall be granted. I take it you are not a man to break your promise."

Here was a predicament! Asked to pledge



my word for I knew not what ! To be in the dark in more senses than one ; for I could not even see my mysterious deliverer's face to judge what manner of man he was. And yet, how could I refuse his request ? At last I said, slowly :—

"If what you ask is honest and above-board, you have my word that it shall be done, no matter what it may cost me."

He gave a short laugh. "You are cautious," he said, "but you are right. No, there is nothing dishonest about my request ; it will wrong no one, though it may cause you some personal inconvenience."

"That is enough," I said, hastily, ashamed of the half-hearted way in which I had given my promise. "The instant we are out of this place I will take steps to grant your request, whatever it may be."

"But that won't do," he put in, quickly ; "what I want must be done here and now !"

I was bewildered, as well I might be, and remained silent while he went on :—

"There is no need to say much about myself, but this you must know. I am in great trouble. I am accused of that which makes me amenable to the law. I am innocent, but I cannot prove my innocence, and my only chance of safety is in flight. That is the reason of my being here : I am hiding from my pursuers."

The poor creature paused, with a deep-drawn sigh, as if he at least had not found his life worth the struggle. I was greatly shocked by his story, and warmly expressed my sympathy ; then, on his telling me he had been for two days and nights in the tunnel with scarcely a bit of food, I remembered a packet of sandwiches that had been provided for my journey, and offered them to him. It made me shudder to hear the ravenous manner in which they were consumed. When this was done there was another silence, broken by his saying, with evident hesitation, that the one hope he had was in disguising himself in some way, and thus eluding those who were watching for him. He concluded with :—

"The favour I have to ask is that you will help me in this by allowing me to have your clothes in exchange for mine !"

There was such an odd mixture of tragedy and comedy in the whole thing that for a moment I hardly knew how to answer him. The poor fellow must have taken my silence for anything but consent, for he said, bitterly :—

"You object ! I felt you would, and it is my only chance !"

"On the contrary," I returned, "I am perfectly willing to do as you wish—indeed, how could I be otherwise when I have given you my word ? I was only fearing that you built too much upon this exchange. Remember, it is no disguise !—the dress of one man is much like that of another."

"That is true enough, as a general rule," was the answer, "but not in this case. I was last seen in a costume not common in these parts. A coarse, tweed shooting-dress, short coat, knee-breeches, and rough worsted stockings—so that an everyday suit is all I want."

After that there was nothing more to be said, and the change was effected without more ado.

It seemed to me that my invisible companion had the advantage over me as far as seeing went, for whereas I was sensible of nothing but touch and sound, his hands invariably met and aided mine whenever they were at fault. He confessed to this, saying that he had been so long in the dark that his eyes were growing accustomed to it.

I never felt anything like the coarseness of those stockings as I drew them on. The shoes, too, were of the clumsiest make ; they were large for me, which perhaps accounted for their extreme heaviness. I was a bit of a dandy ; always priding myself upon my spick and span get-up. No doubt this made me critical, but certainly the tweed of which the clothes were made was the roughest thing of its kind I had ever handled. I got into them, however, without any comment, only remarking, when my toilet was finished, that I could find no pocket.

My companion gave another of those short laughs.

"No," he said, "that suit was made for use, not comfort !"

From his tone and manner of expressing himself, I had taken him to be a man fairly educated, and when he had declared that he did not require my money, I naturally fancied he was not in want of funds ; but the style of his clothes made me think differently, and I decided that he should have my watch—the most valuable thing I had about me. It had no particular associations, and a few pounds would get me another. He seemed pleased, almost touched, by the proposal, and also by my suggesting that the money in my pockets should be divided between us. It was not a large sum, but half of it would take me to my journey's end, I knew. He seemed full of resource, for when I was wondering what to do with my



loose change, in my pocketless costume, he spread out my handkerchief, and putting my money and the small things from my pockets into it, knotted it securely up and thrust it into my breast. Then, as we stood facing each other, he took my hand in farewell. I proposed our going on together, but this he would not hear of.

"No," he said, with his grim laugh, "the sooner I and that suit of clothes part company, the better!"

So we wished each other God-speed, and



"WE WISHED EACH OTHER GOD-SPEED."

turned on our different ways—he going back through the tunnel, and I keeping on.

The experiences of the last few hours had made a great impression on me, and, although I felt awed and somewhat shaken, my heart was light with the gladness of one who rejoices in a reprieve. The express that I had been so anxious to catch had long since gone on its way; still, in my present hopeful frame of mind, that did not trouble me. I felt a conviction that Mary was mending, that I should find her better, and, comforted by this belief, I walked briskly on; at least, as briskly as my clumsy shoes would allow me, but even in spite of this hindrance, it was not long before I reached the end of the tunnel. The moonlight streaming down upon the rails was a pleasant sight, and showed me, some time before I reached it, that my goal was at hand. When I left the last shadow behind me and stood out under the clear sky I drew a sigh of intense thankfulness, drinking in the sweet fresh air.

I walked down the country road, thinking

that I would rest for a few hours at the station hotel and be ready for the first train in the morning. But my adventures were not yet over. As I glanced at my clothes, thinking how unlike myself I looked and felt, something on the sleeve of my coat attracted my attention; it must be tar, which I or the former wearer of the clothes must have rubbed off in the tunnel. But, no. I looked again—my eyes seemed riveted to it—it was unmistakable. There, on the coarse grey material of the coat, was a large broad-arrow.

In an instant the whole truth had flashed upon me. No need to examine those worsted stockings and heavy shoes—no need to take off the coat and find upon the collar the name of one of Her Majesty's prisons, and the poor convict's number. As my eyes rested on the broad-arrow I understood it all.

At first I was very indignant at the position I was in. I felt that a trick had been practised upon me, and I naturally resented it. I sat down by the roadside and tried to think. The cool air blew in my face and refreshed me. I had no hat; the convict—I was beginning to think of him by that name—had given me none, saying he had lost his cap in the tunnel. After a while, when my anger had somewhat subsided, I thought more pitifully of the man whose clothes I wore. Poor wretch, without doubt he had had a hard time of it; what wonder that he had seized upon the first opportunity of escape! He had said that the favour he required would entail personal inconvenience on myself, and that was exactly what it did. I looked at the matter from all sides; I saw the dilemma I was in. It would not do to be seen in this branded garb—the police would lay hands on me at once; nothing would persuade them that I was not the convict. Indeed, who was likely to believe the improbable story I had to tell? I felt that I could expect few to credit it on my mere word, and I had nothing to prove my identity, for I remembered now that my pocket-book and letters were in my coat; I had



never given them a thought when making the exchange of clothes. So, as things were, it might take some days for me to establish my real personality, and even when that were done I should still be held responsible for conniving at the prisoner's escape.

All things considered, therefore, I resolved not to get into the hands of the police. But this was no easy matter. There was nothing for it but to walk. I could not face the publicity of railway travelling or of any other conveyance; indeed, it was impossible for me to buy food for myself.

I had many narrow escapes from detection, but by dint of hiding through the day and walking at night, and now and then bribing a small child to buy me something to eat, I

gate and walked up the garden. There was a light in the small sitting-room; the curtains were not drawn, and I could see my sister Kitty seated by the table. She had evidently been weeping bitterly, and as she raised her face there was an expression of such hopeless sorrow in her eyes that my heart seemed to stop beating as I looked at her. Mary must be very ill. Perhaps—but no, I could not finish the sentence even in thought. I turned hastily, lifted the latch and went in.

"Kitty!" I said, with my hand on the room door; "it's I, Jack! don't be frightened."

She gave a little scream, and, it seemed to me, shrank back from me, as if I had been a ghost; but the next instant she sprang into my arms with a glad cry of, "Jack, Jack! is it really you?"

"Yes, Kitty, who else should it be?" I said, reassuringly. "But tell me—how is she? How is Mary? Let me hear the truth."

Kitty looked up brightly: "Mary! oh, she is better, much better, and now that you are here, Jack, she will soon be well!"

I drew a breath of intense relief. Then, touching my little sister's pale, tear-stained face, I asked what had so troubled her.

"Oh! Jack," she whispered, "it was you! I thought you were dead!" She handed me an evening paper, and pointed out a paragraph which stated that a fatal accident had occurred in the Blank Tunnel. A man named John Blount, a commercial traveller, had been killed; it was believed while attempting to walk through the tunnel to the

junction station. The body had been found, early the previous morning, by some plate-layers at work on the line. The deceased was only identified by a letter found upon him.

And so, poor fellow, he had met his fate in the very death from which he had saved me! In the midst of my own happiness my heart grew very sorrowful as I thought of him, my unknown friend, whose face I had never seen.



"BRIBING A CHILD TO BUY ME SOMETHING TO EAT."

contrived to get slowly on my way. It was on the evening of the third day that I reached home. I often thought, somewhat bitterly, of my short cut through the tunnel and all the delay it had caused!

When I actually stood outside the little cottage which I called home, and looked up at the windows, the hope that had buoyed me up for so long deserted me, and I dreaded to enter. At last, however, I opened the



## *The Royal Humane Society.*



THE MEDAL OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.

**F**EW Institutions appeal more strongly to popular sympathy than the Royal Humane Society. The rewards which it bestows upon its members, who are distinguished for a self-forgetting bravery which thrills the blood to read of, are merely the outward tokens of admiration which is felt by every heart. Those members include persons of all ranks of life: men, women, and children; nay, even animals are not excepted, and a dog wore the medal with conscious pride. We have selected the following examples out of thousands, not because they are more deserving of admiration than the rest, but because they are fair specimens of the acts of self-devotion which have won the medals of the Society in recent years.

### LIEUTENANT J. DE HOUGHTON.

"On Thursday, the 10th September, 1874, at 9.30 p.m., in the gateway between the outer and inner harbour at Lowestoft, Suffolk, James Dorling fell overboard from the yacht *Dart* whilst she was making for the inner harbour in a strong half-flood tideway, the

night very dark, blowing and raining hard, and going about five and a half knots. Lieutenant (now Captain) J. de Hoghton, 10th Foot, jumped overboard, swam to Dorling, and supported him in the water for about a quarter of an hour in the tideway, between narrow high pilework, without crossbeams or side chains to lay hold of, and the head of the pilework 12ft. or 15ft. above the water—the yacht being carried away into the inner harbour, and no other vessel or boat in the gateway to lend assistance; the darkness prevented any immediate help being obtained from the shore. The length of the gateway was about 350 yards, width 15 to 20 yards, depth 10ft. to 15ft. Lieutenant de Hoghton and Dorling were ultimately drawn up the pilework by ropes from the shore."

SUB-LIEUT. R. A. F.  
MONTGOMERIE, R.A.

"On a dark night, 6th April, 1877, H.M.S. *Immortalité* was under sail, going four-and-a-half knots before the wind, the sea rough for swimming, and abounding with sharks, when T. E. Hocken, O.S., fell overboard. Sub-Lieut. R. A. F. Montgomerie, R.A., jumped overboard from the bridge, a height of



CAPTAIN JAMES DE HOUGHTON.  
*From a Photograph.*

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



twenty-five feet, to his assistance, swam to him, got hold of the man, and hauled him on to his back then swam with him to where he



SUB-LIEUT. R. A. F. MONTGOMERIE, R.A.  
From a Photo. by W. and D. Downey.

supposed the life-buoy would be ; but, seeing no relief, he states that after keeping him afloat some time, he told the man to keep himself afloat whilst he took his clothes off. He had got his coat and shirt off, and was in the act of taking off his trousers when Hocken, in sinking, caught him by the legs and dragged him down a considerable depth. His trousers luckily came off clear, and he swam to the surface, bringing the drowning man with him. Hocken was now insensible. He was eventually picked up by a second boat that was lowered, after having been over twenty-one minutes in the water, the first boat having missed him. The life-buoy was not seen."

LIEUTENANT LEWIS E. WINTZ, R.N.  
(Now Commander De Wintz.)

"On the 19th December, 1877, H.M.S. *Raleigh* was running before a fresh breeze at the rate of seven knots an hour off the Island of Tenedos, when James Maker fell from aloft into the sea. Lieutenant Lewis E. Wintz immediately jumped overboard and supported the man for twenty minutes at considerable risk (not being able to reach the life-buoy). The man must undoubtedly have been drowned (being insensible and seriously injured) had it not been for the bravery of this officer."



LIEUT. LEWIS E. WINTZ, R.N.  
From a Photo. by Henry Wayland, Blackheath.

CONSTABLE JOHN JENKINS.  
(E Division, Metropolitan Police Force.)

"Constable John Jenkins was on duty on Waterloo Bridge at 2.45 a.m., on the 14th July, 1882, when he saw a man mount the parapet and throw himself into the river. Without hesitation, the constable unfastened his belt, and jumped from the bridge after him. Notwithstanding a determined resistance on the part of the would-be suicide, Constable Jenkins succeeded in seizing the



Original from  
INDIAN  
CONSTABLE JOHN JENKINS.  
From a Photo. by Deniglain, Strand.



man and supporting him above water until both were picked up some distance down the river by a boat, which was promptly sent from the Thames Police Station. The danger incurred in this rescue may be fairly estimated when it appears that the height jumped was forty-three feet, the tide was running out under the arches at the rate of six miles an hour, and a thick mist covered the river, so much so as to render it impossible to see any object in the centre of the river from either side. The place where the men entered the water was a hundred and seventy yards from shore."

WALTER CLEVERLEY.

"On the 13th September, 1883, the steamship *Rewa* was proceeding through the Gulf of Aden, when a Lascar fell overboard. Being unable to swim, he drifted astern rapidly. Mr. Walter Cleverley, a passenger, promptly jumped overboard, swam to the man—then fifty yards from the ship—and assisted him to a life-buoy, which was pre-



WALTER CLEVERLEY.  
From a Photo. by W. J. Robinson, Landport.

viously thrown. The vessel was going thirteen knots an hour. Captain Hay, commanding the ship, states: 'The danger incurred was incalculable, as the sea thereabouts is infested with sharks. The salvor was forty minutes in the water, supporting the man. Cleverley jumped off top of the

poop, a height of thirty feet to the surface of the water.'

LIEUT. THE HON. WILLIAM GRIMSTON, R.N.

"On the 29th August, 1884, off Beyrout, H.M.S. *Alexandra* was steaming at the rate of four knots an hour, when a man fell overboard. Lieut. the Hon. William Grimston



LIEUT. THE HON. WILLIAM GRIMSTON, R.N.  
From a Photo. by Bassano.

dropped from his port into the sea, and succeeded in holding the man on the surface of the water until two seamen (who had jumped overboard) came to his assistance. The special danger in this rescue is brought to the Society's notice by Captain Rawson, R.N., commanding the ship. The port through which the officer had to drop is very small, and situated just before the double screw, which was then revolving; in fact, the salvor passed through the circle made by it."

ALFRED COLLINS, aged 21, Fisherman.

"The fishing lugger *Water Nymph*, of Looe, was seven or eight miles east-south-east of the 'Eddystone,' on the night of the 16th



December, 1884, when a boy named Hoskings fell overboard, and was soon about eighty feet astern. The captain of the boat, Alfred Collins, immediately jumped in to the



ALFRED COLLINS.      HOSKINGS.  
From a Photo. by Hawke, Plymouth.

rescue, carrying the end of a rope with him; he was clothed in oilskins and sea-boots. After a great deal of difficulty Hoskings was reached and pulled on board. At the time this gallant act was performed there was a gale of wind blowing, with heavy rain, and the night was dark. The Silver Medal was voted to Alfred Collins on the 20th January, 1885."

CAPTAIN H. N. MCRAE, 45th (Rattray's) Sikhs  
(assisted by Captain H. Holmes).

"At 5 a.m. on the 5th October, 1886, a trumpeter of the Royal Artillery was crossing the compound of Captain Holmes's bungalow at Rawal Pindi, when he fell into a well. On hearing the alarm, Captain Holmes, Captain McRae, and Lieutenant Taylor proceeded to the spot. On arriving they found that Mr. Grose had preceded them, and had let down a well-rope, which was of sufficient length to reach the soldier and capable of sustaining him for a time. Both Captain McRae and Captain Holmes volunteered to go down, but as the former was a light-weight it was

decided that he should make the trial, Captain Holmes demurring, as he wished to undertake the risk himself. The rope being very weak, it could not possibly have borne Captain Holmes's great weight. Captain McRae was accordingly let down by means of a four-strand tent rope, and on reaching the water found the soldier practically insensible; he therefore decided to go up with him. Captain Holmes was at the head of the rope, and his strength enabled him to lift both completely. At every haul, the amount gained was held in check by the other persons above. After hauling up about 10ft. or 15ft., the rope broke, precipitating Captain McRae and his charge to the bottom of the well. A second attempt was then made, and both were brought to the



CAPTAIN H. N. MCRAE.  
From a Photo. by Winter, Munster.

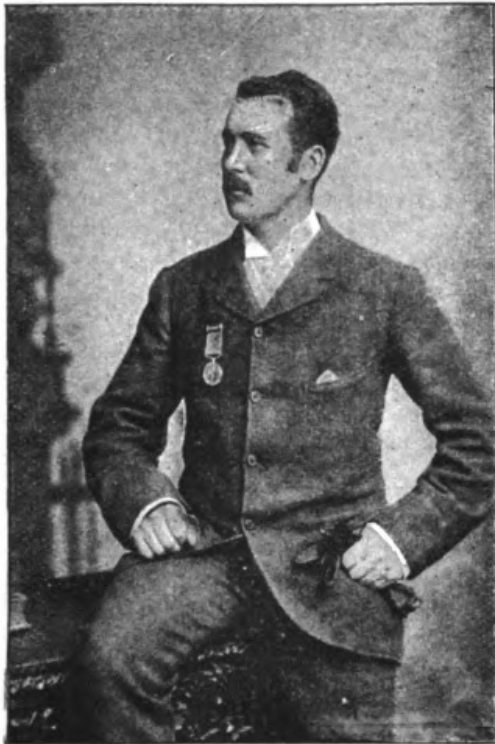
surface. The depth of the well was 88ft., of which 12ft. was water. It was quite dark at the time. Very great personal risk was incurred by Captain McRae. The Silver Medal was unanimously voted to him."

MR. JAS. POWER.

"On the 16th August, 1890, about 12.30 p.m., two ladies had a narrow escape from drowning whilst bathing at Tramore, Co. Waterford. Mr. Jas. Power, who ran out from an adjacent hotel on hearing the alarm, saw a young man with a life-buoy struggling in the sea about 150 yards from shore; further out, and fully 250 yards from the beach, two ladies appeared to be in imminent danger, being rapidly carried out by the strong ebb tide. Mr. Power first swam to the young



man, but finding that he was unable to swim and could not dispense with the life-buoy, he turned on his back and towed the man with



MR. JAMES POWER.  
*From a Photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.*

the life-buoy out to where the ladies were, and then with the aid of the buoy he brought the three safely to land. The Silver Medal was voted to Mr. Jas. Power."

JOHN CONNELL, Boatman, Coastguard Service.

"About 4 a.m. on the 19th October, 1890, the sailing vessel *Genesta*, of Grimsby, became stranded on the Yorkshire coast near Withernsea. Three of the crew were safely landed in the breeches buoy, after communication had been effected by means of the rocket apparatus, but one man, who had taken refuge in the crosstrees, was unable from exhaustion to avail himself of the means afforded. The ship's mate attempted to get him clear of the rigging, but the man seemed powerless to help himself, yet equal to holding on tenaciously at his post. In this position the man was left until John Connell gallantly went off to the vessel and rescued him at considerable personal risk. The ship was bumping, and might have gone to pieces at any moment. The weather was so bad that one man died in the rigging from exhaustion. The Silver Medal was awarded to John Connell."



JOHN CONNELL.  
*From a Photo. by Amey, Landport.*

POLICE-CONSTABLE WM. PENNETT.

"About one o'clock a.m., on the 25th November, 1890, Constable Pennett, being



Original from  
CONSTABLE WILLIAM PENNETT.  
*From a Photo. by Wright, Whitechapel.*



on duty at Tower Hill, saw a man throw himself into the Thames, apparently with the intention of committing suicide. He at once divested himself of lamp and belt, and without waiting to take off his uniform, jumped into the river, seized hold of the struggling man, and gallantly rescued him. The night was dark. The magistrate who investigated the case strongly commended the constable's courage and presence of mind. The Silver Medal was awarded to Constable Wm. Pennett."

#### SULEIMAN GIRBY.

(Chief Boatman to Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, at Jaffa.)

"The Russian steamer *Ichihatchoff* was wrecked on the rocks of Jaffa on the 18th February, 1891. More than twenty passengers had been swept away before anything was done to save life. At 6.30 a.m., on the 19th February, Girby and his brothers launched a boat, and proceeded to the vessel, from whence they brought off a number of the passengers and landed them. In making a second attempt their boat was smashed against the inner reef, and it was found impossible to launch another.



SULEIMAN GIRBY.  
From a Photo. by Sabungi, Jaffa.

Girby then swam backwards and forwards to the vessel fifteen times, bringing someone with him to shore each time. The Silver Medal was voted to Suleiman Girby."

"At 8 p.m. on the 26th April, 1891, the French frigate *Seignelay* parted anchors, and was carried on to the rocks at Jaffa. It was blowing a heavy gale at the time, and none of the natives, excepting Girby, would offer the slightest assistance. Girby volunteered to swim to the ship

and deliver a letter to the captain from the Governor. The ship was half a mile from shore, but he accomplished the work after a two hours' swim in a heavy sea. After doing this he dived under the ship and examined the hull, reporting her sound. He then swam ashore, taking a message from the captain. Towards morning, when the sea got higher, the captain signalled, and Suleiman again swam out, and brought back the captain's wife fastened on his back. The Silver Clasp was voted to Suleiman Girby."

#### EDITH BRILL.

"Edith Brill, age ten, saved Frank Hill, two and a half years old, at 6.45 p.m., 6th June, 1882, at the Graving Dock, Royal



EDITH BRILL.  
From a Photo. by Cobb & Keir, Plumstead Road.

Dockyard, Woolwich. The child Hill was pulled into the water by a boy who had stumbled in some very foul and deep water. Little Edith Brill pluckily ran down the deep steps of the dock and went up to her neck in the water, and held the child up until John Hill helped her out. The boy Whorley who had fallen in was drowned."

(To be continued.)



## A Strange Reunion.

BY T. G. ATKINSON.

**I**N a poor little house in a wretched little town on a miserable day in November, two men sat by a small wood fire, warming their hands at the tiny blaze and silently watching the flicker of the flames. They were both young men; the elder was not more than twenty-six or seven and the younger as perhaps a year behind.



"TWO MEN SAT BY A SMALL WOOD FIRE."

One of them was plain Charlie Osborne; the other rejoiced in the more aristocratic sobriquet of Eustace Margraf. But it mattered little by what different names they were called, since Fortune had forgotten to call on both alike. In short, they were "broke"—almost "stony broke." There had been a lock-out at the works at which they were both employed, and although they had neither of them joined the combination, they were none the less out of a job, and the fact of their former employment at the works that had locked them out told heavily against their chance of procuring other work in the town.

Neither was there much likelihood of their going back to the works, for the owners were rich men who could afford a long struggle, and the men were obstinate; and even if the strikers ever got back, Osborne and Margraf were in the awkward positions of being blacklegs. Thus it was that Fortune had forgotten these two young men who sat by their little fire, doggedly silent, too low-hearted even to curse Fortune.

"I shall go to London, Charlie," said the elder, suddenly, without looking up.

"What shall we do there?" growled the other. Osborne and Margraf had been more inseparable than brothers since the death of each of their parents ten years ago. Therefore it was that, when the latter announced his intention of going to London, the former instantly assumed his own share in the venture, and asked:—

"What shall *we* do in London?"

"Don't know till I get there," answered Margraf, who, be it observed, did not encourage the first person plural. First person singular was a good deal more in his

line. Yet he loved his chum, too, in his own way; but it was not the best way.

"What's the use of going, then?"

"What's the use of staying in this d— show? What's the use of tramping round day and night after a job that never comes? What's the use of anything? I'm tired of mill work; it isn't what I was made for. I'm going to try my luck at something better. You needn't come."

But because Charlie Osborne was accustomed to be led by his comrade, he too gave out his intention to try his fortunes in London. This was not quite what Margraf wanted. He evidently had a scheme



in contemplation in which he would prefer to be alone.

"I'll tell you what, Charlie, old fellow," he said after awhile. "I've got a plan I want you to help carry out. I want you and me to separate for three years—only three years—and try our luck alone. At the end of the three years we will meet again and see how each has got on, and divide takings."

"Not see each other at all?" asked Charlie, ruefully. His love for his chum was of the better kind; the second person singular species.

"No, not at all," answered the other, firmly, as though he were laying down a painful but apparent duty. "Not have any communication with each other except in case of extreme necessity. In that case we can put an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*. We will make a point of always seeing that paper."

After a longer demur than he was accustomed to raise to any scheme of Margraf's, however wild and chimerical, Charlie at last let his usual submission, and a vague suspicion that his companionship might be dragging Margraf back from attaining a position more worthy of that gentleman's talents, get the better of him. He made a hard fight for the privilege of exchanging letters during the three years, but Eustace remained obdurate. There was to be no communication except under the circumstances and in the manner named. Each was to take care to see the *Daily Telegraph* every morning in case of such communications; and at the exact expiration of the three years, that is, on the 15th November, 188—, they were to meet at twelve o'clock noon at Charing Cross station.

So these two men divided up their little

stock of belongings and smaller capital of money, took a third-class ticket each to London, went together to Charing Cross to verify the scene of their future reunion, and shook hands.

"We meet here in three years from to-day."

"We do, all being well. Good-bye, Charlie."

"Good-bye, old fellow."

Thus they parted, each on his separate quest for fortune.



"GOOD-BYE, OLD FELLOW."

On the evening of the 14th November, 188—, Eustace Margraf, Esq., Director and Chairman of the Anglican Debenture Corporation, Ltd., eke of the General Stock and Shareholders' Protective Union, Ltd., and various other like speculative companies, sat in the luxurious dining-room of his well-appointed residence in Lewisham Park. He had finished his sumptuous but solitary meal, and, reclining in a spacious armchair, sipped his rare old wine. It was three years all but a day since he had parted from Charlie Osborne on Charing Cross Station, and set out with eighteenpence in his pocket to seek

his fortune. In that brief time he had rapidly risen to wealth and distinction. Three years ago he was a penniless mechanic, forsaken by Fortune and discontented with his life; to-day he was a rich man, smiled on and courted by Fortune and envied by all her minions, and still he was discontented with his life.

It was strange that he should cherish this discontent, for Eustace Margraf, mindful of the fact that he was made for something better than mill work, had matriculated and graduated at the World's University in the



Department of Forgery and Theft. He had taken the highest diplomas in fraud; he had passed with honours the test of an accomplished swindler; and in the intricacies of embezzlement he was Senior Wrangler. Yet he was not content; some men are never satisfied.

This evening, as he sat sampling his '18 Oporto, with the daily paper at his elbow, he actually felt some amount of regret that he had entered the course for such distinctions—which, by the way, his modesty forbade him publishing to the world at large. Only a select few knew the extent of his accomplishments.

In the paper at his side there was a little paragraph which had given his memory a rather unpleasant jog. It was in the personal column, and ran as follows: "E. M.—Don't forget to-morrow, noon, C. C. Station.—Charlie." He wanted to see Charlie, for he still loved him after his old fashion; but the memories which the advertisement called up, and a doubt as to whether Charlie would appreciate his accomplishments, made him fidgety; and the recollection of all that must pass between now and noon to-morrow filled him with uneasiness. For to-night he was to stake everything in one tremendous venture. If he succeeded he would need to do nothing more all his life; if he failed—

To-night, at eight o'clock, the Continental mail train would start from Charing Cross Station with seventy-five thousand pounds worth of bullion for the Bank of France. If Eustace Margraf succeeded in his enterprise, it would reach Paris with the same weight of valueless shot in the strong iron boxes.

Everything had been nicely and minutely arranged. The shot had been carefully weighed to a quarter of a grain, and portioned into three equal lots to match the cases of bullion, which would be weighed on leaving London, again at Dover, once more at Calais, and finally on arrival at Paris. A key to fit the cases had been secretly made from a wax impression of the original, how obtained none but Margraf knew. This key he would hand to his confederates this evening at Charing Cross Station, after which he would go down by the seven o'clock train preceding the mail.

The stoker of the mail, an old railway hand, had been bribed, together with the guard in whose compartment the bullion would travel. It had been thought desirable to deal differently with the front guard and the driver; a specially prepared and powerful drug was to be given them in a pint of beer

just before starting, which would take effect about an hour after administration and last till the sleepers should be aroused by brandy. During their slumber the stoker would pull up at convenient places on the line to allow the robbers to enter the guard's carriage and leave it with their booty, when they would make off to where Margraf had arranged to meet them; he would manage the rest. The front guard and the driver, meanwhile, would for their own sakes be glad enough to say nothing about their long slumber.

All these arrangements had been made with great nicety, and told over twice; and yet Margraf was uneasy and nervous as he thought of all the risk he ran. Twice he stretched out his hand for the bell-rope for telegram forms to stay the whole business; once he went so far as to ring the bell, but he altered his mind by the time the servant answered it, and ordered hot brandy instead. It was now six o'clock; in another hour he must hand over the duplicate key to his accomplices and board the train for Dover.

Every moment he grew more nervous, his hand became so shaky that brandy failed to steady it; his face grew pale and haggard; his nerves were strung to a painful tension; and all sorts of possibilities of failure in his scheme haunted him till he could have cried out from sheer nervousness.



"A LIFE LIKE THIS WOULD KILL ME!"



"God!" he exclaimed, as he drained a glass of brandy and water and rose to go. "A life like this would kill me. Well, this shall be the last risk. If it turns out all right—as it must—I shall give this kind of business up. I shall have plenty then, and old Charlie will go off and live quietly and comfortably."

The rear guard of the seven o'clock Continental finished his last cup of tea, put on his thick winter coat, kissed his wife and baby girl, and took up his lantern preparatory to joining his train. He reached the station as the great engine was being coupled and gave the driver a cheery salute, which that official acknowledged with a surly growl.

"Something put Jimmy out to-night," he laughed to the fireman, a young, inexperienced fellow, making his trial trip, and passed on to make his inspection of things in general before starting.

At the last moment a richly-dressed gentleman, wearing a long fur coat, and carrying a large travelling rug, entered a first-class smoking compartment. This gentleman, whom numerous people on the platform recognised as he passed and saluted respectfully, was Eustace Margraf, Esq. The carriage he got into was an empty one, and, lying full length on the seat, covered with his rug, he lit a cigar and composed himself to make the best of a long and tiresome railway journey. The guard blew his whistle, the great engine reproduced it in a loud, deep tone, and the train steamed slowly out of the station, twenty minutes late in starting.

Left to his own reflections, which were none of the liveliest, and lulled by the motion of the train, our traveller soon fell into a fitful sleep, wherein he was haunted by dreams that wrought upon his brain until he was almost as nervous as he had been in his own room some hours before.

He awoke suddenly, with a vague sense that

the train was travelling at a most unusual and unaccountable speed; and, as he leapt to his feet in a half-dazed fright, they shot through Tunbridge—a place at which they were timed to make a ten minutes' stop—and he was conscious of seeing, as in a flash, a crowd of frightened and awe-struck faces looking at the train from the platform. He sank back on the cushioned seat, seized with a nameless terror. Time and space seemed to his overwrought nerves to be filled with tokens of some approaching calamity which he was powerless to prevent; the terrific speed and violent swaying of the train, the shrill howl of the ceaseless whistle, the terrible darkness and silence of everything outside his immediate surroundings, and the recollection of that crowd of terrified faces, all seemed to thrill him with a sense of impending horror, and the wretched man sat terror-stricken on his seat, a mere mass of highly-strung and delicate nerves.

Suddenly, as he looked into the black night, a face passed the window, as of some one walking along the footboard to the



"SUDDENLY A FACE PASSED THE WINDOW."

engine; a stern-set face, as of one going to certain danger and needing all the pluck he possessed to carry him through; and at the apparition the traveller fairly shrieked aloud; but the face passed on and was gone.



In another moment there was a sudden shout—a terrific crash—a wild chaos of sight and sound—and our traveller knew no more.

When next he found his senses, he was lying among cushions and rugs in the waiting-room at Tunbridge Wells Station. He awoke with a faint shiver, and tried to raise himself, but found to his astonishment that he could not so much as lift a finger. As a matter of fact, he was among those whom the busy surgeons had given up as a desperate case; and, after doing all in their power to ease him, abandoned in favour of more hopeful subjects; but this he did not know.

Several of the passengers whose injuries were only very slight were discussing the accident in an animated manner, and, as usual in such cases, many wild and fanciful conjectures were passed about as truth. At last one said:—

"Does anyone know the rights of the matter?"

"Yes, I do," volunteered a young man with an arm in a sling; and Margraf lay silently listening, unable to move or speak.

"Well, what is it?"

"Just after we passed Grove Park, the fireman was on the front of the engine oiling, when he felt the locomotive increasing in speed till it became so appalling that he grew terrified and could not get back. He is a young fellow, and this is his trial trip. At length he managed to crawl back to the cab, where he found the driver lying, as he supposed, dead. This so increased his terror that he was only able to open the whistle and pull the cord communicating with the rear guard, and then fell in a swoon across the tender.

"The rear guard, a plucky young fellow of about six-and-twenty, twigging the situation, came, as we all know, along the footboard to the engine"—Margraf listened with all his remaining strength—"in order to stop the train before it ran

into the Ramsgate express, but apparently was too late."

"But what was up with the driver, and where was the front guard in the meanwhile?"

"Well, it appears from what the front guard says—marvellous how he escaped with hardly a scratch—both these men had been drugged, and as they were both of them to have run the mail train to the Continent to-night, things look very fishy."

Margraf nearly fainted in his efforts to listen more intensely.

"They were changed on to this train at the last moment, and hence this accident. The rear guard, poor fellow, was shockingly mangled. Stone dead, of course; and leaves, I understand, a wife and child. There will no doubt be a collection made for him. He was a plucky fellow."

"Does anyone know his name?" asked one.

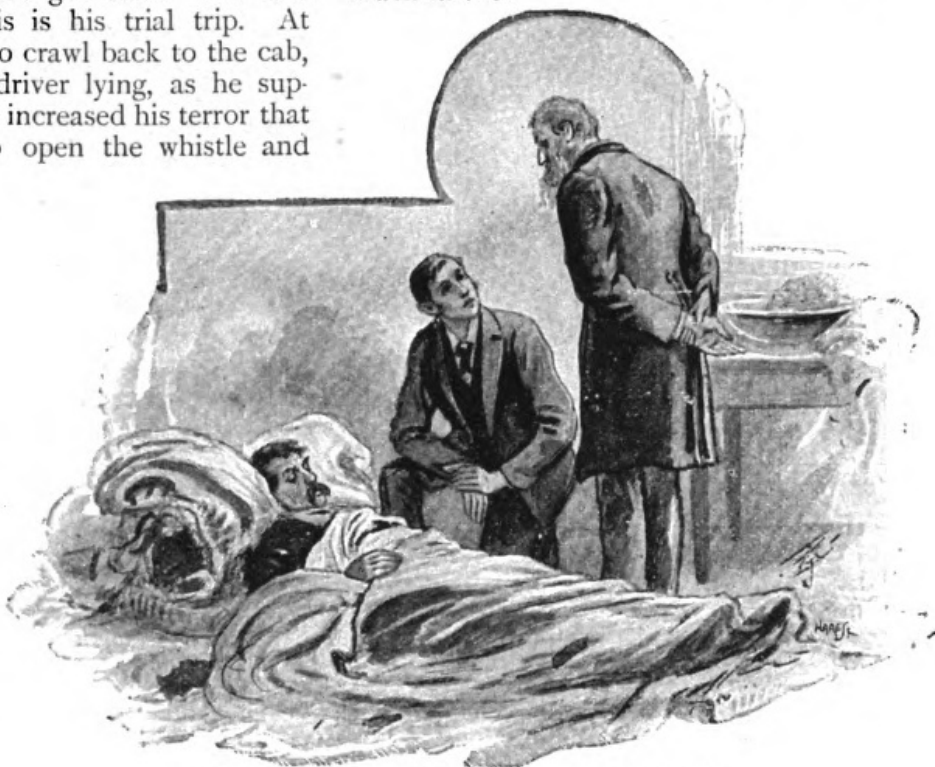
"Yes; his name was Charlie Osborne."

There was a heartrending groan from the cushions and rugs.

"Here," cried a young medical student among the party to a passing surgeon, "you'd better come and have a look at this poor chap. He isn't as dead as you thought he was."

The surgeon came and looked at Margraf.

"Isn't he?" he said, in his cool, professional way. "He is a good deal farther gone than I thought. He couldn't be gone much farther."



"THE SURGEON CAME AND LOOKED AT MARGRAF."



## From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

### IV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

ABOUT INDENTED HEADINGS. I SUPPOSE if anyone has a right to indulge in the convenience of indented headings when writing a discursive article, I may claim a share in the privilege. When I retired from the editorship of a morning newspaper, a not obtrusively friendly commentator wrote that my chief claim to be remembered in that connection was that I had invented sign-posts for leading articles. But he was careful to add, lest I should be puffed up, this was not sufficient to establish editorial reputation.

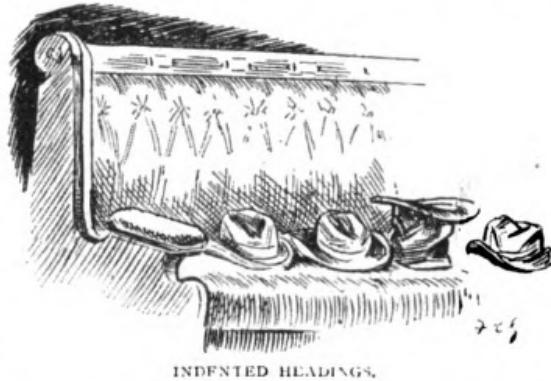
It is true; but it is interesting to observe how the way thus adventured upon has grown crowded. The abstentions indicate a curious and interesting habitude ingrained in the English Press. Whilst most of the weekly papers, not only in the provinces but in London, have adopted the new fashion, no daily paper in London, and in the country only one here and there, has followed it. That is a nice distinction, illustrating a peculiarity of our honoured profession. As it was a daily paper that made the innovation, weekly papers may, without loss of dignity, adopt the custom as their own. But it is well known that, in London at least, there is only one daily paper, and that is the "We" speaking from a particular address, located somewhere between Temple Bar and St. Paul's.

Argal, it is impossible that this peculiarly situated entity should borrow from other papers. Yet I once heard the manager of what we are pleased to call the leading journal confess he envied the *Daily News'* side-headings to its leaders, and regretted the impossibility of adapting them for his own journal. That was an opinion delivered in mufti. In full uniform, no manager—certainly no editor—of another morning

paper is aware of the existence of the *Daily News*; the *Daily News*, on its part, being courageously steeped in equally dense ignorance of the existence of other journals.

Few things are so funny as the start of surprise with which a London journal upon rare occasion finds itself face to face with a something that also appears every morning at a price varying from a penny to threepence. Nothing will induce it to give the phenomenon a name, and it distantly alludes to it as "a contemporary." This is quite peculiar to Great

Britain, and is in its way akin to the etiquette of the House of Commons, which makes it a breach of order to refer to a member by his proper name. It does not exist in France or the United States, and there are not lacking signs that the absurd lengths to which it has hitherto been carried out in the English Press are being shortened.



Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
"CONTEMPORARIES."



SIR  
WALTER  
BARTTELOT. But that is an aside, meant only to introduce an old friend in a new place. I was going to explain how it came about that, in the mid-February issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, the name of Sir Walter Barttelot should appear in the list of members of the present House of Commons who had seats in the House in 1873, and that another number of the Magazine has been issued without the correction, widely made elsewhere, being noted. It is due simply to the fact of the phenomenal circulation of a magazine which, in order to be out to date, requires its contributors to send in their copy some two months in advance.

It is not too late to say a word about the late member for Sussex, a type rapidly disappearing from the Parliamentary stage. He entered the House thirty-three years ago, when Lord Palmerston was Premier, Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Cornwall Lewis was at the Home Office, and Lord John Russell looked after Foreign Affairs.

The House of Commons was a different place in those days, the heritage of the classes, a closed door against any son of the masses. Sir Walter was born a country gentleman, his natural prejudices not being smoothed down by a term of service in the Dragoon Guards. He was not a brilliant man, nor, beyond the level attainments of a county magistrate, an able one. But he was thoroughly honest; suspected himself of ingrained prejudice, and always fought against it. He suffered and learnt much during his long Parliamentary life.

One of the earliest shocks dealt him was the appearance in the House of Mr. Chamberlain, newly elected for Birmingham. It is difficult at this time of day to realize the attitude in which the gentlemen of England sixteen years ago stood towards the statesman who is now proudly numbered in their ranks. When he presented himself to be sworn in, it was one of the jokes of the day that Sir Walter Barttelot expected he would approach the Table making "a cart-wheel" down the floor, as ragged little boys disport themselves along the pavement when a drag or omnibus passes. Sir Walter was

genuinely surprised to find in the fearsome Birmingham Radical a quietly-dressed, well-mannered, almost boyish-looking man, who spoke in a clear, admirably pitched voice, and opposed the Prisons Bill, then under discussion, on the very lines from which Sir Walter had himself attacked it when it was brought in during the previous Session.

It was characteristic of this fine old English gentleman that, having done a man an injustice by unconsciously forming a wrong opinion about him, he hastened forthwith to make amends.

"If," he said, when Mr. Chamberlain had resumed his seat, "the hon. member for Birmingham will always address the House with the same quietness, and with the same intelligence displayed on this occasion, I can assure him the House of Commons will always be ready to listen to him."

This is delicious, looking back over the years, watching Mr. Chamberlain's soaring flight, and thinking of the good county member thus loftily patronizing him. But it was a bold thing to be said at that time of Mr. Chamberlain by Sir Walter Barttelot, and some friends who sat near him thought his charity had led him a little too far.

The Sussex squire was of a fine nature—simple, ever ready to be moved by generous impulses. There were two men coming across the moonlight orbit of his Parliamentary life whose conduct he detested, and whose influence he feared. One was Mr. Parnell, the other Mr. Bradlaugh. Yet when the Commission acquitted Mr. Parnell of the charges brought against him by the forged letters, Sir Walter Barttelot sought him out in the Lobby,



"REALITY."



"ANTICIPATION."



publicly shook hands with him, and congratulated him upon the result of the inquiry. When Mr. Bradlaugh lay on his death-bed, on the very night the House of Commons was debating the resolution to expunge from the Order Book the dictum that stood there through eleven years, declaring him ineligible either to take the oath or to make affirmation, Sir Walter Barttelot appealed to the House unanimously to pass the motion, concluding his remarks with emphatic expression of the hope that "God would spare Mr. Bradlaugh's life."

Sir Walter never recovered from the blow dealt by the death of his son in Africa, aggravated as the sorrow was by the controversy which followed. Of late years he spoke very little; but in the Parliaments of 1874-80 and 1880-85 he was a frequent participator in debate. He was no orator, nor did he contribute original ideas to current discussion. Moreover, what he had to say was so tortured by the style of delivery that it lost something of whatever force naturally belonged to it.

I have a verbatim note taken fifteen years ago of a speech delivered in the House of Commons by Sir Walter, which faintly echoes an oratorical style whose master is no longer with us. It lacks the inconsequential emphasis, the terrific vigour of the gesture, and the impression conveyed by the speaker's intense earnestness, that really, by-and-by, he would say something, which compelled the attention of new members and strangers in the gallery. But if the reader imagines portentous pauses represented by the hyphens, and the deepening to tragic tones of the words marked in italics, he may in some measure realize the effect.

The speech from which this passage was taken was delivered in debate upon a resolution moved by Mr. Forster on the Cattle Plague Orders. Whenever in the passage Mr. Forster is personally alluded to it is necessary, in order to full realization of the scene, to picture Sir Walter shaking a minatory forefinger, sideways, at the right hon. gentleman, not looking at him, but pointing him out to the scorn of mankind and the reprobation

of country gentlemen: "Yet *he knows* [here the finger wags]—and—*knows full well*—in the—position he occupies—making a proposal of this kind—must be one—which—must be—fatal—to—the Bill. *No one knows better* than the right hon. gentleman—that when—he—raises a great question of *this kind*—upon a Bill of *this sort*—namely upon the second reading—of—this Bill—that that proposal—that he makes—is absolutely against the principle—of—the Bill. Now, I—de—ny that the principle—of—this Bill—is confined—and *is to be found*—in the 5th Schedule—of—the Bill."



"SHADOWS."

A few minutes later an illustration occurred to the inspired orator, and

was thus brought under the notice of the entranced House:—

"Now, Denmark—it is a *remark—able* country, is *Den—mark—for—we* have little—or no—dis—ease from *Den—mark*. The importation—from *Den—mark—is* something like fifty-six—thousand—cattle—and *the* curious part of it is this, that *nineteen—thousand—of these—were—cows—and these cows* came—to—this country—and—had been allowed to go—*all over—this country—and—I* have never yet heard—that these cows—that—have so—gone over *this country—have spread any disease—in this country—*"

This was a mannerism which amused the House at the time, but did nothing to obscure the genuine qualities of Sir Walter, or lessen the esteem in which he was held. It cannot be said that the House of Commons was habitually moved by his argument in debate. But he was held in its warmest esteem, and his memory will long be cherished as linked with the highest type of English country gentleman.

#### THE PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

At this time of writing there is talk in the House about payment of members. A private member has placed on the paper a resolution affirming the desirability of adopting the principle, and it is even said—(which I take leave to doubt)—that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has a card up his sleeve intended to win this game. It would be rash to predict stubborn resistance on the part of a body that



has so often proved itself open to conviction as has the House of Commons. But I should say that to secure this end it would need a tussle quite as prolonged and as violent as has raged round Home Rule. Lowering and widening the suffrage has done much to alter the personal standard of the House of Commons. Nothing achieved through these sixty years would in its modifying effect equal the potency of the change wrought by paying members.

One illustration is found in the assertion, made with confidence, that under such a



"A PERSONAL STANDARD."

system the House would know no more men of the type of Sir Walter Barttelot. He was not the highest form of capacity, knowledge, or intelligence. But he was of the kind that gives to the House of Commons the lofty tone it speedily regains even after a paroxysm of post-prandial passion. The House of Commons is unique in many ways. I believe the main foundation of the position it holds among the Parliaments of the world is this condition of volunteered unremunerated service.

In spite of sneers from disappointed or flippant persons, a seat in the House of Commons still remains one of the highest prizes of citizen life. When membership becomes a business, bringing in say £6

a week, the charm will be gone. As things stand, there is no reason why any constituency desiring to do so may not return a member on the terms of paying him a salary. It is done in several cases, in two at least with the happiest results. It would be a different thing to throw the whole place open with standing advertisement for eligible members at a salary of £300 a year, paid quarterly. The horde of impecunious babblers and busybodies attracted by such a bait would trample down the class of men who compose the present House of Commons, and who are, in various ways, at touch with all the multi-form interests of the nation.

The great hat question which HATS AND SEATS. agitated the House of Commons at the commencement of the new Session, even placing Home Rule in a secondary position, has subsided, and will probably not again be heard of during the existence of the present Parliament. Whilst yet to the fore it was discussed with vigour and freshness; but it is no new thing. With the opening Session of every Parliament the activity and curiosity of new members lead to inconvenient crowding of a chamber that was not constructed to seat 670 members. In the early days of the 1880 Parliament the hat threatened to bring about a crisis. One evening Mr. Mitchell Henry startled the House by addressing the Speaker from a side gallery. This of itself was regarded as a breach of order, and many members expected the Speaker would peremptorily interfere. But Mr. Mitchell Henry, an old Parliamentary hand, knew he was within his right in speaking from this unwonted position. The side galleries as far down as the Bar are as much within the House as is the Treasury Bench, and though orators frequenting them would naturally find a difficulty in catching the Speaker's eye, there is no other reason





why they should not permanently occupy seats there.

Mr. Mitchell Henry explained that he spoke from this place because he could not find any other. He had come down in ordinarily good time to take his seat, and found all the benches on the floor appropriated by having hats planted out along them. In each hat was fixed a card, indicating the name of the owner. What had first puzzled Mr. Henry, and upon reflection led him to the detection of systematic fraud, was meeting in remote parts of the House, even in the street, members who went about wearing a hat, although what purported to be their headgear was being used to stake out a claim in the Legislative Chamber. Mr. Henry made the suggestion that only what he called "the working hat" should be recognised as an agent in securing a seat.

The strict morality of this arrangement was acquiesced in, and its adoption generally approved. But nothing practical came of it. By-and-by, in the ordinary evolution of things, the pressure of competition for seats died off, and the supernumerary hat disappeared from the scene. This Session the ancient trouble returned with increased force, owing to the peculiar circumstances in which political parties are subdivided. The Irish members insisting upon retaining their old seats below the gangway to the left of the Speaker, there was no room for the Dissident Liberals to range themselves in their proper quarters on the Opposition side. They, accordingly, moved over with the Liberals, and appropriated two benches below the gangway, thus driving a wedge of hostile force into the very centre of the Ministerial ranks. It was the Radical quarter that was thus invaded, and its occupants were not disposed tamely to submit to the incursion. The position was to be held only by strategy. Hence the historic appearance on the scene on the first day of the Session of Mr. Austen Chamberlain with relays of hats, which he set out along the coveted benches, and so secured



THE NON-WORKING HAT—UNIONIST.

them for the sitting. On the other side of the House a similar contest was going forward between the Irish Nationalist members, represented by Dr. Tanner, and their Ulster brethren, who acknowledge a leader in Colonel Saunderson.

These tactics are made possible by the peculiar, indeed unique, arrangement by which seats are secured in the House of Commons. In all other Legislative Assemblies in the world each member has assigned to him a seat and desk, reserved for him

as long as he is a member. That would be an impossible arrangement in the House of Commons, for the sufficient reason that while there are 670 duly returned members, there is not sitting room for much more than half the number. When a member of the House of Commons desires to secure a particular seat for a given night he must be in his place at prayer time, which on four days a week is at three o'clock in the afternoon. On the fifth day, Wednesday, prayers are due at noon. At prayer time, and only then, there are obtainable tickets upon which a member may write his name, and, sticking the pasteboard in the brass frame at the back of the seat, is happy for the night.



THE NON-WORKING HAT—IRISH.



Where, what Mr. Mitchell Henry called, the non-working hat comes in is in the practice of members gathering before prayer time and placing their hats on the seat they desire to retain. That is a preliminary that receives no official recognition. "No prayer, no seat," is the axiom, and unless a member be actually present in the body when the Chaplain reads prayers, he is not held to have established a claim. Thus his spiritual comfort is subtly and indispensably linked with his material comfort.

A NEW  
THING IN  
SYNDI-  
CATES.

There is nothing new under the glass roof of the House of Commons, not even the balloting syndicates, of which so much has been heard since the Session opened. Fifteen or sixteen years ago the Irish members astonished everybody by the extraordinary luck that attended them at the ballot. The ballot in this sense has nothing to do with the electoral poll, being the process by which precedence for private members is secured. When a private member has in charge a Bill or resolution, much depends on the opportunity he secures for bringing it forward. Theoretically, Tuesday, Wednesday, and (in vanishing degree) a portion of Friday are appropriated to his use. On

Tuesday he may bring on motions; on Wednesday advance Bills; and on Friday raise miscellaneous questions on certain stages of Supply. On days when notices of motion may be given there is set forth on the Table a book with numbered lines, on which members write their names. Say there are fifty names written down—or four hundred, as was the melancholy case on the opening night of the Session—the Clerk at the Table places in a box a corresponding number of slips of paper. When all is ready for the ballot, the Speaker having before him the list of names as written down, the Clerk at the Table plunges his hand into the lucky-box and taking out, at random, one of the pieces of paper, calls aloud the number marked upon it.

Say it is 365. The Speaker, referring to the

list he holds in his hand, finds that Mr. Smith has written his name on line 365. He thereupon calls upon Mr. Smith, who has the first chance, and selects what in his opinion is the most favourable day, *ceteris paribus*, the earliest at liberty. So the process goes through till the last paper in the ballot-box has been taken out and the list is closed.

It is at best a wearisome business, a criminal waste of time, useless for practical purposes. It was well enough when Parliament was not overburdened with work, and when the members balloting for places rarely exceeded a score. But when, as happened on the opening day of the Session, two of the freshest hours of the sitting are occupied by the performance, it is felt

that a change is desirable. This could easily be effected, there being no reason in the world why the process of balloting for places on the Order Book should not be carried out as was the balloting for places in the Strangers' Galleries on the night Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill. On that occasion the Speaker's Secretary, with the assistance of a clerk, and in the presence of as many members as cared to look on, arranged the ballot without a hitch or a murmur of com-



BALLOT.

plaint from anyone concerned. The sooner the public balloting is relegated to the same agency the better it will be for the dispatch of public business. With it should disappear the consequent wanton waste of time involved in members bodily bringing in their Bills, a performance that appropriated nearly half the sitting on the second day of the Session.

The spread of the syndicate contrivance would happily hasten the inevitable end. It was by means of the syndicate, though it was not known by that name, or indeed at first known at all, that the Home Rule party managed in the Parliament of 1880-85 to monopolize the time pertaining to private members. Their quick eyes detected what is simple enough when explained—that the ballot system contained potentialities for



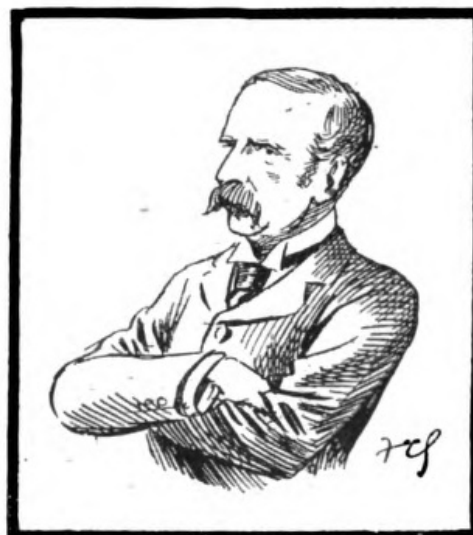
increasing the chances of a Bill by twenty or thirty fold. Suppose they had ten Bills or motions they desired to bring forward. They usually had more, but ten is sufficient to contemplate. These were arranged in accordance with their claim to priority. Every member of the party wrote his name down in the ballot-book, thus securing an individual chance at the ballot. Whilst the ballot was in progress, each had in his hand a list of the Bills in their order of priority. The member whose name was first called by the Speaker gave notice of the most urgent Bill, the second and third taking the next favourable positions, and so on to the end.

It will be seen that, supposing fifty or sixty members thus combined, their pet Bill would have fifty or sixty chances to one against the hapless private member with his solitary voice. The secret was long kept, and the Irish members carried everything before them at the ballot. Now the murder is out, and there are almost as many syndicates as there are private Bills. All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed. But it naturally follows that competition is practically again made even. The advantage to be derived from the syndicate system has appreciably decreased, whilst its practice immeasurably lengthens the process of balloting.

Mr. Louis Jennings, though he sat on the same side of the LOUIS JENNINGS. House as Sir Walter Barttelot, and within a week or two of his neighbour's departure likewise answered to the old Lobby cry, "Who goes home?" was of a different type of Conservative, was a man of literary training, generous culture, and wide knowledge of the world, and made his fame and fortune long before he entered the House of Commons. It was the late Mr. Delane whose quick eye discovered his journalistic ability, and gave him his first commission on the *Times*. He visited America in the service of that journal, and being there remained to take up the editorship of the *New York Times*, making himself and his journal famous by his successful tilting against what, up to his appearance in the list, had been the invincible Tweed conspiracy. He edited the "Croker Papers," and wrote a "study" of Mr. Gladstone—a bitterly clever book, to which the Premier magnanimously referred in the generous tribute he took occasion to pay to the memory of the late member for Stockport.

Upon these two books Mr. Jennings's literary fame in this country chiefly rests. It

would stand much higher if there were wider knowledge of another couple of volumes he wrote just before he threw himself into the turmoil of Parliamentary life. One is called "Field Paths and Green Lanes"; the other "Rambles Among the Hills." Both were published by Mr. Murray, and are now, I believe, out of print. They are well worth reproducing, supplying some of the most charming writing I know, full of shrewd observation, humorous fancy, and a deep, abiding sympathy with all that is beautiful in Nature. I thought I knew Louis Jennings pretty intimately in Parliamentary and social life, but I found a new man hidden in these pages—a beautiful, sunny nature, obscured in the ordinary relations of life by a somewhat brusque manner, and in these last eighteen months soured and cramped by



MR. LOUIS JENNINGS.

a cruel disease. Jennings knew and loved the country as Gilbert White knew and loved Selborne. Now

His part in all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills  
Is, that his grave is green.

His Parliamentary career was checked, and, as it turned out, finally destroyed, by an untoward incident. After Lord Randolph Churchill threw up the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and assumed a position of independence on a back bench, he found an able lieutenant in his old friend Louis Jennings. At that time Lord Randolph was feared on the Treasury Bench as much as he was hated. For a Conservative member to associate himself with him was to be ostracised by the official Conservatives. A man of Mr. Jennings's position and Parliamentary ability was worth buying off, and it was brought to his



knowledge that he might have a good price if he would desert Lord Randolph. He was not a man of that kind, and the fact that the young statesman stood almost alone was sufficient to attract Mr. Jennings to his side.



AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Up to an early date of the Session of 1890 the companionship, political and private, of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Jennings was as intimate as had been any one of his lordship's personal connections with members of the Fourth Party. This alliance was ruptured under circumstances that took place publicly, but the undercurrent of which has never been fathomed. One Monday night, shortly after the opening of this Session of 1890, there appeared on the paper a resolution standing in the name of Mr. Jennings, framed in terms not calculated to smooth the path of the Conservative Government, just then particularly troubled. That Mr. Jennings had prepared it in consultation with Lord Randolph Churchill was an open secret. Indeed, Lord Randolph had undertaken to second it. Before the motion could be reached a

debate sprang up, in which Lord Randolph interposed, and delivered a speech which, in Mr. Jennings's view, entirely cut the ground from under his feet. He regarded this as more than an affront—as a breach of faith, a blow dealt by his own familiar friend. At that moment, in the House, he broke with Lord Randolph, tore up his amendment and the notes of his speech, and declined thereafter to hold any communion with his old friend.

No one, as I had opportunity of learning at the time, was more surprised than Lord Randolph Churchill at the view taken of the event by Mr. Jennings. He had not thought of his action being so construed, and had certainly been guiltless of the motive attributed to him. There was somewhere and somehow a misunderstanding. With Mr. Jennings it was strong and bitter enough to last through what remained of his life.

Whilst he did not act upon the first impulse communicated to one of his friends, and forthwith retire from public life, he with this incident lost all zest for it. Occasionally he spoke, choosing the level, unattractive field of the Civil Service Estimates. It was a high tribute to his power and capacity that on the few occasions when he spoke the House filled up, not only with the contingent attracted by the prospect of anything spicy, but by grave, financial authorities, Ministers and ex-Ministers, who listened attentively to his acute criticism. His

public speaking benefited by a rare combination of literary style and oratorical aptitude. There was no smell of the lamp about his polished, pungent sentences. But they had the unmistakable mark of literary style. Had his physical strength not failed, and his life not been embittered by the episode alluded to, Louis Jennings

would have risen to high position in the Parliamentary field.



PRESENT DAY.



## Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



AGE 4.  
From a Photo. by Levitsky, Paris.

### MRS. BROWN-POTTER.

**C**ORA URQUHART POTTER was born in Louisiana, her father being Scotch and her mother partly Mexican. She was educated by her mother, and taught to act and recite from baby-



AGE 18.  
From a Photo. by Elmer & Chickering, Boston.

hood, her mother making her play on all occasions such as birthdays and Christmas. Her first appearance before friends was at the age of five years. She was married at seventeen. She never spoke English until fourteen, speaking entirely French and Spanish. She

played all over the States as an amateur, and when the occasion came, and she was thrown on her own resources, she adopted the stage as a profession. She has played in every country



From a Photo. by]

AGE 24.

[Filk, Sydney.

and city where the English language is spoken. Mrs. Potter has, perhaps, the largest *répertoire* of any living actress.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Warneke, Glasgow.  
Vol. v.—51.

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



## H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BORN 1841.



AGE 17.  
From a Photo. by Mayall.

terest to the portraits of their Royal Highnesses at different ages. The accompanying portraits of the Prince represent him in his nursery; as an Oxford



HE article on the home life of the Prince and Princess of Wales which we have the privilege of publishing in this number lends additional in-



From a Painting by]

AGE 3.

[F. Winterhalter.



AGE 25.  
From a Photo. by  
W. & D. Downey.

undergraduate; in Highland costume; in the uniform of a Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues); and finally, in an excellent likeness, at the present day.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 40.

[W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY. [W. & D. Downey.

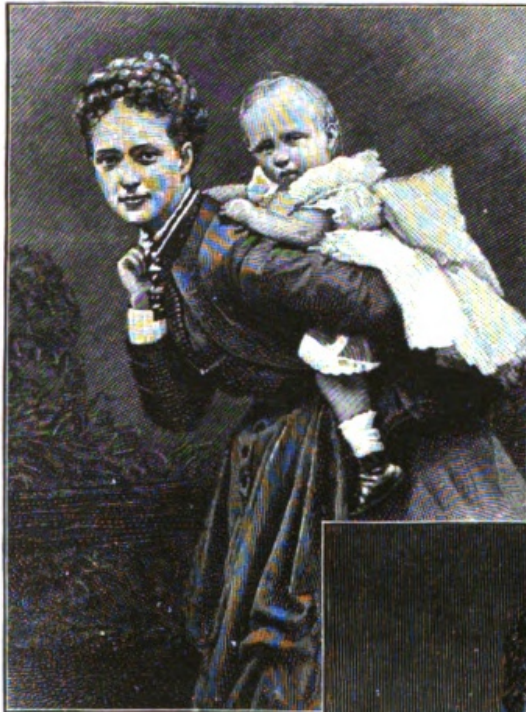




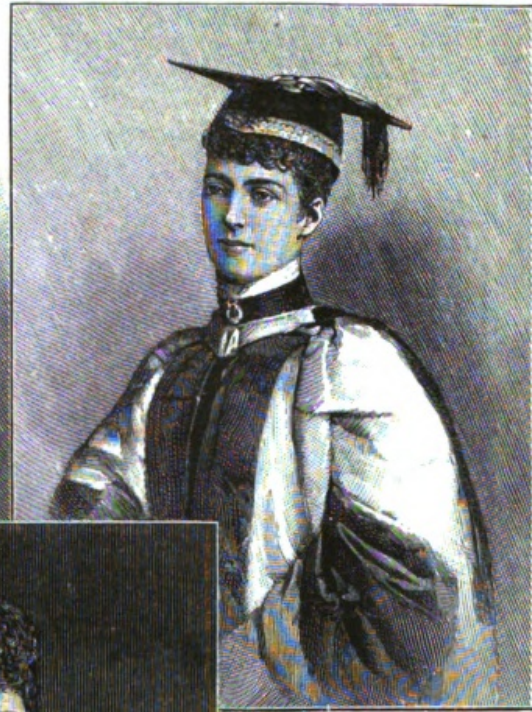
AGE 17.  
From a Photo. by Hansen, Copenhagen.



AGE 19.  
From a Photo. by Bingham, Paris.



AGE 22.  
(With the DUKE OF YORK  
as a Baby.)  
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



AGE 41.  
From a Photo. by Lafayette,  
Dublin.

## THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



OUR first portrait of the Princess of Wales was taken in her native city nearly two years before her arrival in England; the second was taken at the time of



PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

her marriage; the third when her second son, the present Duke of York, was about a year old; and the fourth in her robes as Doctor of Music of the Royal University of Ireland in 1885. The difference in the fashion of the dresses in these portraits is striking, but not more so than the beauty of the Princess.





AGE 5.  
From a Miniature.

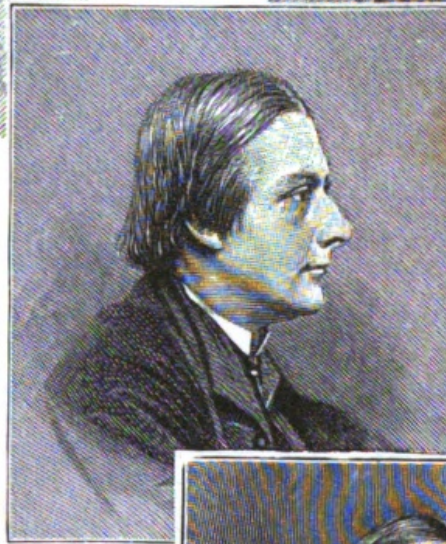
# THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

BORN 1834.

**T**HE REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, who has of late years won world-wide popularity as the writer of "Mehalah," "John Herring," and many other novels, was born at Exeter, and is the eldest son of Mr. Edward Baring-Gould, of Lew-Tren-



AGE 35.  
From a Photo. by Hall, Wakefield.

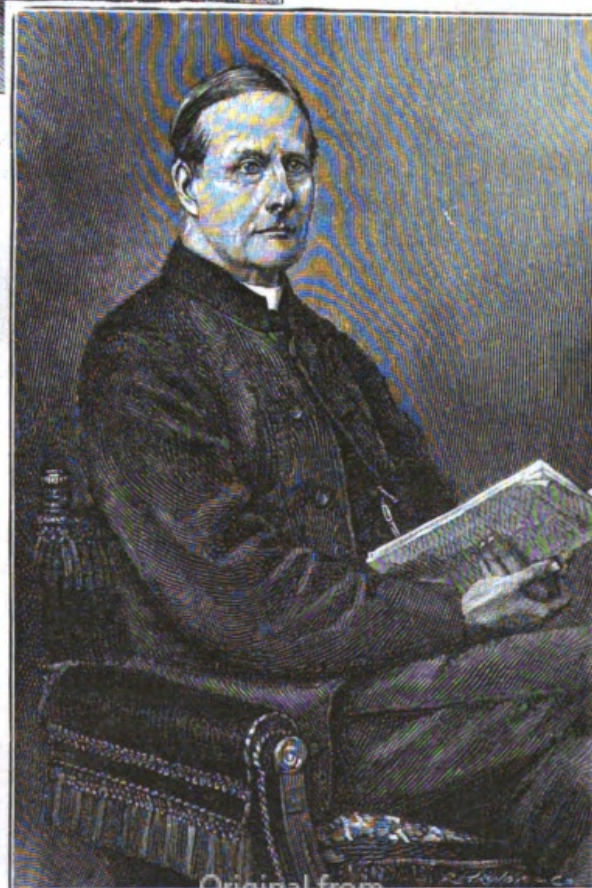


AGE 46.  
From a Photo. by Barnes, Colchester.

Peace for the County of Devon. He had written on various subjects of historical research before he took to novel-writing.



From a [Drawing]. AGE 16.



Original from  
PRESENT DAY  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

chard, Devon, where the family has resided for nearly 300 years, and of which place he is now the Rector. He is also Justice of the





From a [Photograph] AGE 14. [Photograph]

LORD CHARLES  
BERESFORD.

BORN 1846.



ORD CHARLES  
BERESFORD, son of  
the Marquis of Water-  
ford, entered the Royal  
Navy at thirteen, served  
on several warships, and accom-



From a [Photograph] AGE 20. [Photograph]

panied the Prince of Wales to  
India, in 1875, as Naval Aide-de-  
Camp. At the bombardment of



From a Photo. by] AGE 40. [Dickinson & Foster.

Alexandria he was in command of the gunboat *Condor*, and his gallant conduct in bearing down on the Marabout batteries and silencing guns immensely superior to his own was so conspicuous that the Admiral's ship signalled: "Well done, *Condor*!" In 1884 he assisted Lord Wolseley in the Nile Expedition.



From a Photo. by]

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
PRESENT DAY.

[Mertin, Athens.





From a]

AGE 2.

[Photograph.

## JOHN ROBERTS.

BORN 1847.

**J**OHN ROBERTS, the finest billiard player the world has ever seen, was born at Ardwick, Manchester. He commenced his career as a billiard player very early in life, for when only a child of eleven he assisted his father at the George Hotel, in Liverpool, his father at the time being univer-



From a]

AGE 16.

[Photograph.

sally considered the best in England, and, consequently, we find that he had in early life the very best model from which to study

the game. Some thirty years ago, when Roberts's father was champion, a break of over 200 was a rare event, whereas now it is



AGE 20

From a Photograph by Whitlock Birmingham

an everyday occurrence with third-rate players. Roberts's highest all-round break is 3,000. His superiority to those who rank next to him is unprecedented, as evinced by his recent victory over Peall, to whom he gave 9,000 in 24,000. Roberts's style is simply



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Ahrlé, Bombay.

perfect, and it is wonderful to watch the various strokes during a long break, consisting as they do of some requiring great execution and power of cue and others showing the utmost delicacy of touch.



# ZIGZAGS

OF THE

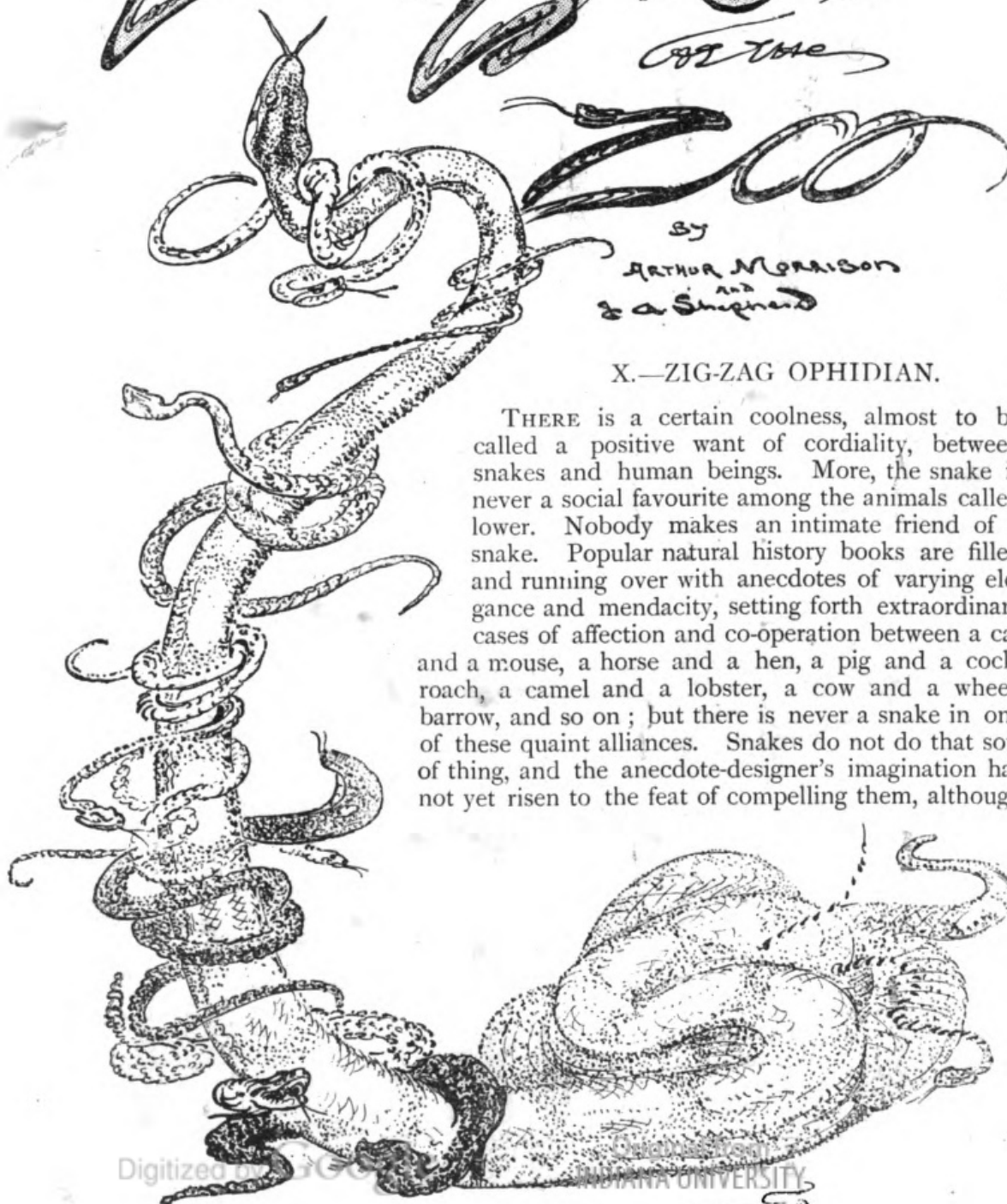


By

ARTHUR MORRISON  
and  
a Shepherd

## X.—ZIG-ZAG OPHIDIAN.

THERE is a certain coolness, almost to be called a positive want of cordiality, between snakes and human beings. More, the snake is never a social favourite among the animals called lower. Nobody makes an intimate friend of a snake. Popular natural history books are filled and running over with anecdotes of varying elegance and mendacity, setting forth extraordinary cases of affection and co-operation between a cat and a mouse, a horse and a hen, a pig and a cockroach, a camel and a lobster, a cow and a wheelbarrow, and so on; but there is never a snake in one of these quaint alliances. Snakes do not do that sort of thing, and the anecdote-designer's imagination has not yet risen to the feat of compelling them, although







LANDLORD.

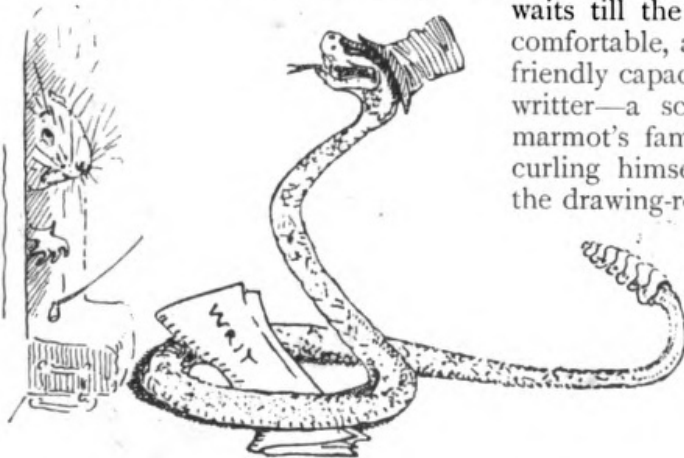
The prairie marmot takes a lot of trouble and builds a nice burrow, and then the owl, who is only a slovenly sort of architect himself, comes along and takes apartments. It has never been quite settled whether or not the lodger and the landlord agree pleasantly together, but in the absence of any positive evidence they may be given credit for perfect amiability; because nobody has found traces of owl in a dead marmot's interior, nor of marmot in an owl's. But the rattlesnake is another thing. He

the stimulus of competition may soon cause it. The case most nearly approaching one of friendship between man and snake known to me is the case of Tyrrell, the Zoo snake keeper, and his "laidly worms." But, then, the friendship is mostly on Tyrrell's side, and, moreover, Tyrrell is rather more than human, as anyone will admit who sees him hang boa constrictors round his neck. Of course one often hears of boys making pets of common English snakes, but a boy is not a human creature at all; he is a kind of harpy.

The prairie marmot and the burrowing owl come into neighbourly contact with the rattlesnake, but the acquaintance does not quite amount to friendship.



LODGER.

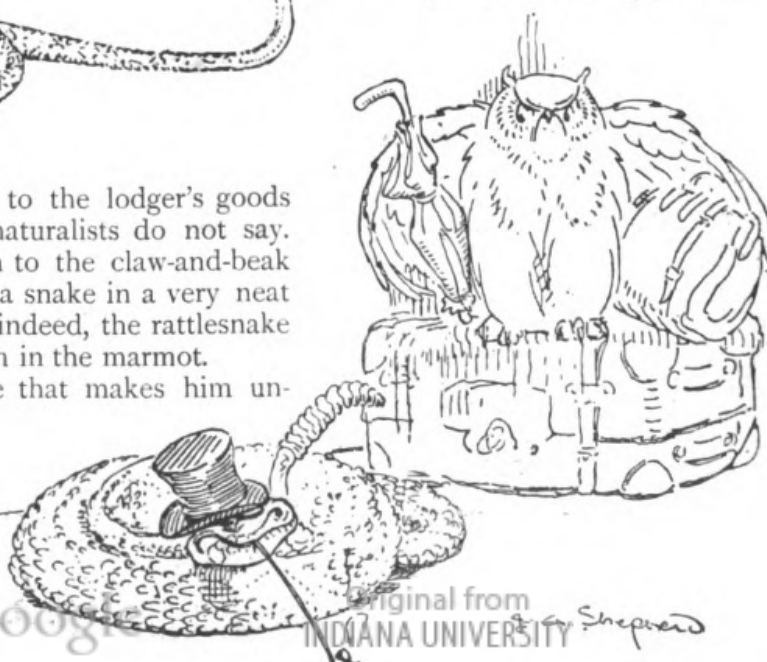


WRITTER.

waits till the residence has been made perfectly comfortable, and then comes in himself; not in the friendly capacity of a lodger, but as a sort of unholy writter—a scaly man-in-possession. He eats the marmot's family and perhaps the marmot himself; curling himself up comfortably in the best part of the drawing-room. The owl and his belongings he leaves severely alone; but whether from a doubt as to the legality of distraining upon the goods of a

lodger, or from a certainty as to the lodger's goods including claws and a beak, naturalists do not say. Personally, I incline very much to the claw-and-beak theory, having seen an owl kill a snake in a very neat and workmanlike manner; and, indeed, the rattlesnake sometimes catches a Tartar even in the marmot. It isn't terror of the snake that makes him unpopular; the most harmless snake never acquires the confidence of other creatures; and one hesitates to carry it in his hat. This general repugnance is something like backing a bill or paying a tailor—entirely a matter of form. Nothing

leaves severely alone; but whether from a doubt as to the legality of distraining upon the goods of a



IN POSSESSION.

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
Shepherd





AN EARLY WORM.

else has sympathy with the serpent's shape. When any other animal barter away his legs he buys either fins or wings with them; this is a generally-understood law, invariably respected. But the snake goes in for extravagance in ribs and vertebræ; an eccentric, rakish, and improper proceeding; part of an irregular and raffish life. Nothing can carry within it affection, or even respect, for an animal whose tail begins nowhere in particular, unless it is at the neck; even if any creature may esteem it an animal at all that is but a tail with a mouth and eyes at one end. Dignify the mouth and eyes into a head, and still you have nothing wherewith to refute those who shall call the snake tribe naught but heads and tails; a vulgar and raffish condition of life, of pot-house and Tommy-Dod suggestion.

And this is why nothing loves a snake. It is not because the snake is feared, but because it is incomprehensible. The talk of its upas-like influence, its deadly fascination, is chiefly picturesque humbug. Ducks will approach a snake curiously, inwardly debating the possibility of digesting so big a worm at one meal; the moving tail-tip they will peck at cheerfully. This was the sort of thing that one might have observed for himself years ago, here at the Zoo; at the time when the snakes lived in the old

house in blankets, because of the unsteadiness of the thermometer, and were fed in public. Now the snakes are fed in strict privacy lest the sight upset the morals of visitors; the killing of a bird, a rabbit, or a rat by a snake being almost a quarter as unpleasant to look upon as the killing of the same animal by a man in a farmyard or elsewhere. The abject terror inspired by the presence of a snake is such that an innocent rat will set to gnawing the snake's tail in default of more

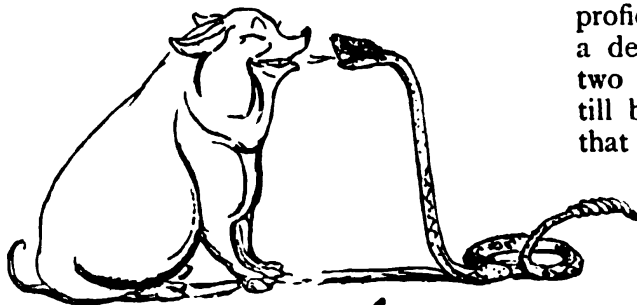
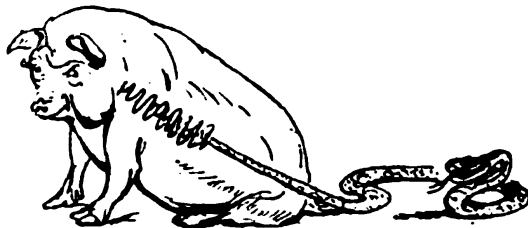


HOW'S THE GLASS?



THE FASCINATED RAT.





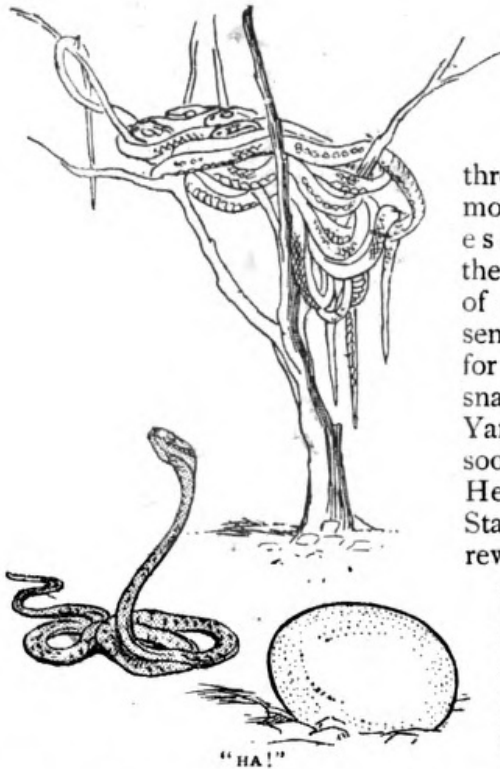
usual provender; while a rabbit placed with a snake near skin-shedding time will placidly nibble the loose rags of epidermis about the snake's sides.

The pig treats the snake with disrespect, not to say insolence; nothing, ophidian or otherwise, can fascinate a pig. If your back garden is infested with rattlesnakes you should keep pigs. The pig dances contemptuously on the rattlesnake, and eats him with much relish, rattles and all. The last emotion of the rattlesnake is intense astonishment; and astonishment is natural, in the circumstances. A respectable and experienced rattlesnake, many years established in business, has been accustomed to spread panic everywhere within ear and eye shot; everything capable of motion has started off at the faintest rustle of his rattles, and his view of animal life from those expressionless eyes has invariably been a back view, and a rapidly diminishing one. After a life-long experience of this sort, to be unceremoniously rushed upon by a common pig, to be jumped upon, to be flouted and snouted, to be treated as so much swill, and finally to be made a snack of—this causes a feeling of very natural and painful surprise in the rattlesnake. But a rattlesnake is only surprised in this way once, and he is said to improve the pork.

As a *tour de force* in the gentle art of lying, the snake-story is justly esteemed. All the records in this particular branch of sport are held in the United States of America, where proficiency at snakes is the first qualification of a descriptive reporter. The old story of the two snakes swallowing each other from the tail till both disappeared; the story of the snake that took its own tail in its mouth and trundled after its victim like a hoop; the story of the man who chopped a snake in half

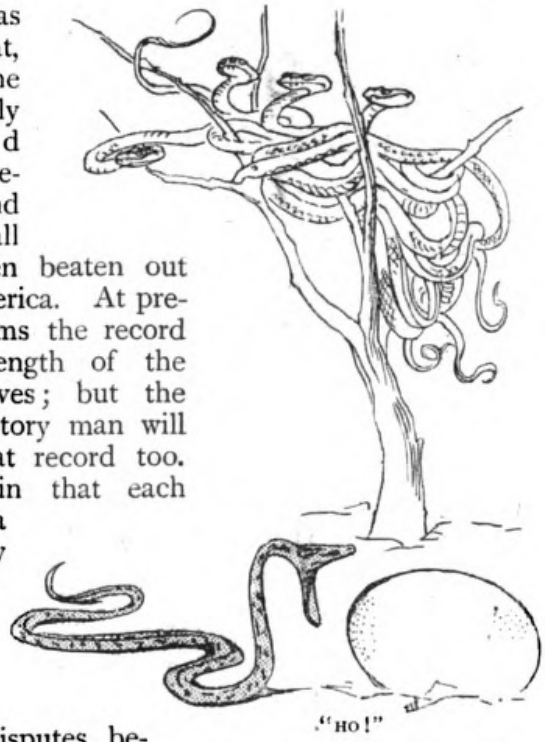






"HA!"

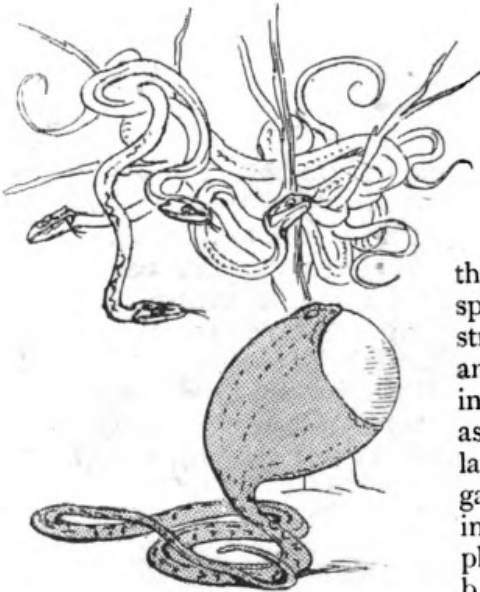
just as it was bolting a rat, so that the rat merely toddled through the foremost half and escaped — all these have been beaten out of sight in America. At present Brazil claims the record for absolute length of the snakes themselves; but the Yankee snake-story man will soon claim that record too. He will explain that each State pays a reward for every snake killed within its own limits; but that there are always disputes be-



"HO!"

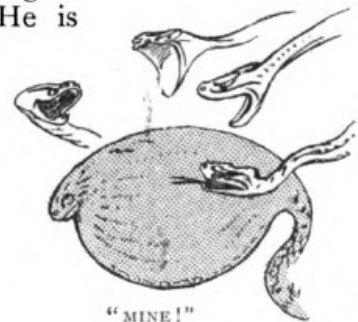
most of the snakes killed are rather large, crawling across several States at once.

Here, among a number of viperine snakes of about the same size, is a snake that lives on eggs. He is about as thick as a lead pencil, but that doesn't prevent his swallowing a large pigeon's egg whole, nor even a hen's egg at a pinch. It dislocates his jaw, but that is a part of his professional system, and when the business is over he calmly joints up his jaw again and goes to sleep. He is eccentric, even for a snake, and wears his teeth on his backbone, where they may break



"WHAT!"

the egg-shell so that he may spit it away. When he first stretched his head round an egg, the viperine snakes in the same case hastily assumed him to be a very large tadpole; and since tadpoles are regarded with gastronomical affection by viperine snakes, they began an instant chase, each prepared to swallow the entire phenomenon, because a snake never



"MINE!"

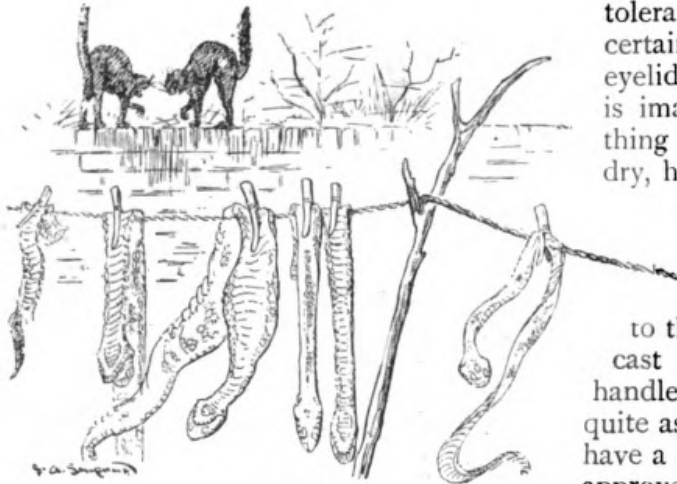
hesitates to swallow anything merely on account of its size. When finally the egg-swallower broke the egg, and presented to their gaze the crumpled shell, the perplexed viperines subsided, and retired to remote corners of the case to think the matter over and forget it—like the crowd dispersed by the circulating hat of the street-conjurer.

Familiarity with the snake breeds



"LAWKS!"





OLD CLO'.

very pleasant company. It is a pity that these snakes have no pet names. I would suggest The Pirate as a suitable name for any snake from Robben Island.

For anybody who has been bitten by a cobra, or a rattlesnake, or a puff-adder, there are many remedies, but few people who can recommend them from personal experience. It is to be feared that most of them unfortunately die before writing their testimonials. Perhaps they were too long deciding which thing to take. The most famous of these remedies, and probably the best, on the whole, is to get excessively drunk. It is

expensive to get drunk after a poisonous snake-bite, because something in the veins fortifies the head against the first bottle or two of whisky. Getting drunk before the bite won't do, although there would appear to be a very widely prevalent impression that it will, and a very common resolve to lay up a good store of cure against possible accidents in the future. This may be misdirected prudence, and nothing else, but there is often a difficulty in persuading a magistrate to think so.



DRUNK TOO SOON.



RESULT.

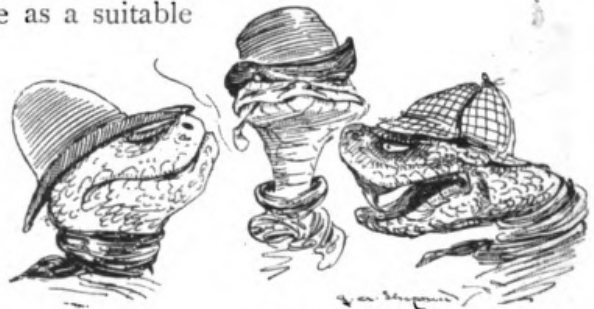
sort of white parchment or leather instead of shell. All the rest go further, and refuse to lay eggs at all.



FIRST THIS TIME, I THINK !

The snake insists on having his food fresh ; you must let him do his own killing. Many carry this sort of fastidiousness so far as to

toleration. He is a lawless sort of creature, certainly, with too many vertebræ and no eyelids ; but he is not always so horrible as he is imagined. A snake is rather a pleasant thing to handle than otherwise. Warm, firm, dry, hard and smooth on the scales, rather like ivory to the touch. He is also a deal heavier than you expect. When for good behaviour I have been admitted to Tyrrell's inner sanctum here, and to the corridors behind the lairs, where hang cast skins like stockings on a line, I have handled many of his pets. I have never got quite as far as rattlesnakes, because rattlesnakes have a blackguardly, welshing look that I don't approve. But there is a Robben Island snake, about five feet long, with no poison, who is



WELSHERS.

The snake *will* be eccentric, even in the matter of its eggs. Most snakes secure originality and independence in this matter by laying eggs like an elongated tennis-ball—eggs covered with a



LOR !

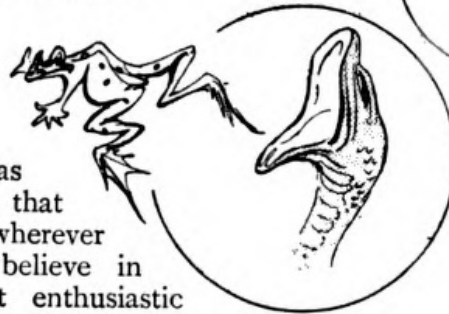
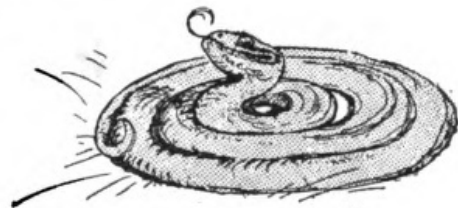
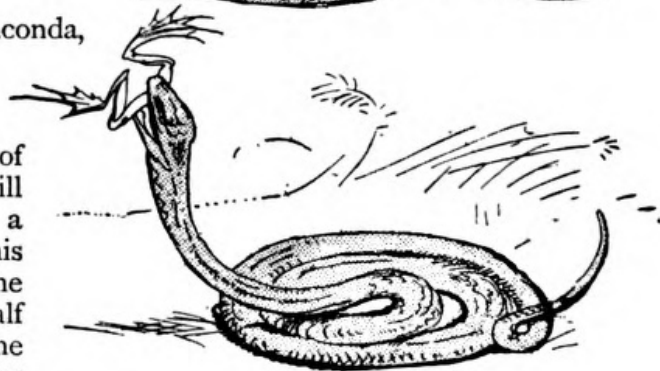
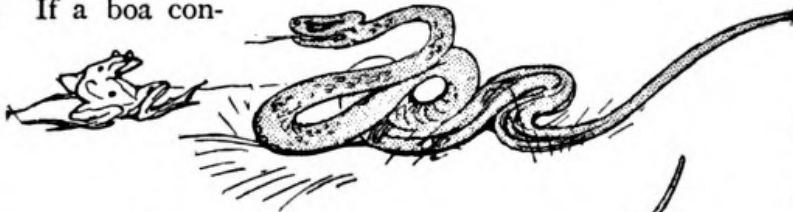
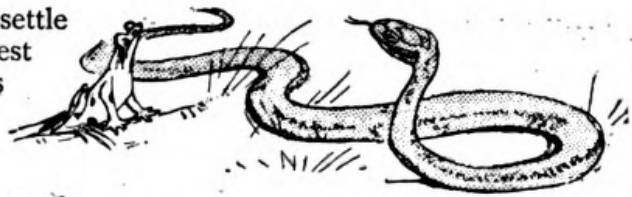


prefer taking it in alive, and leaving it to settle matters with the digestive machinery as best it may. A snake of this sort has lost his dinner before now by gaping too soon; a frog takes a deal of swallowing before he forgets how to jump.

It is well to remember what to do in case of attack by a formidable snake. If a boa constrictor or a python begin to curl himself about you, you should pinch him vigorously, and he will loosen his folds and get away from you.

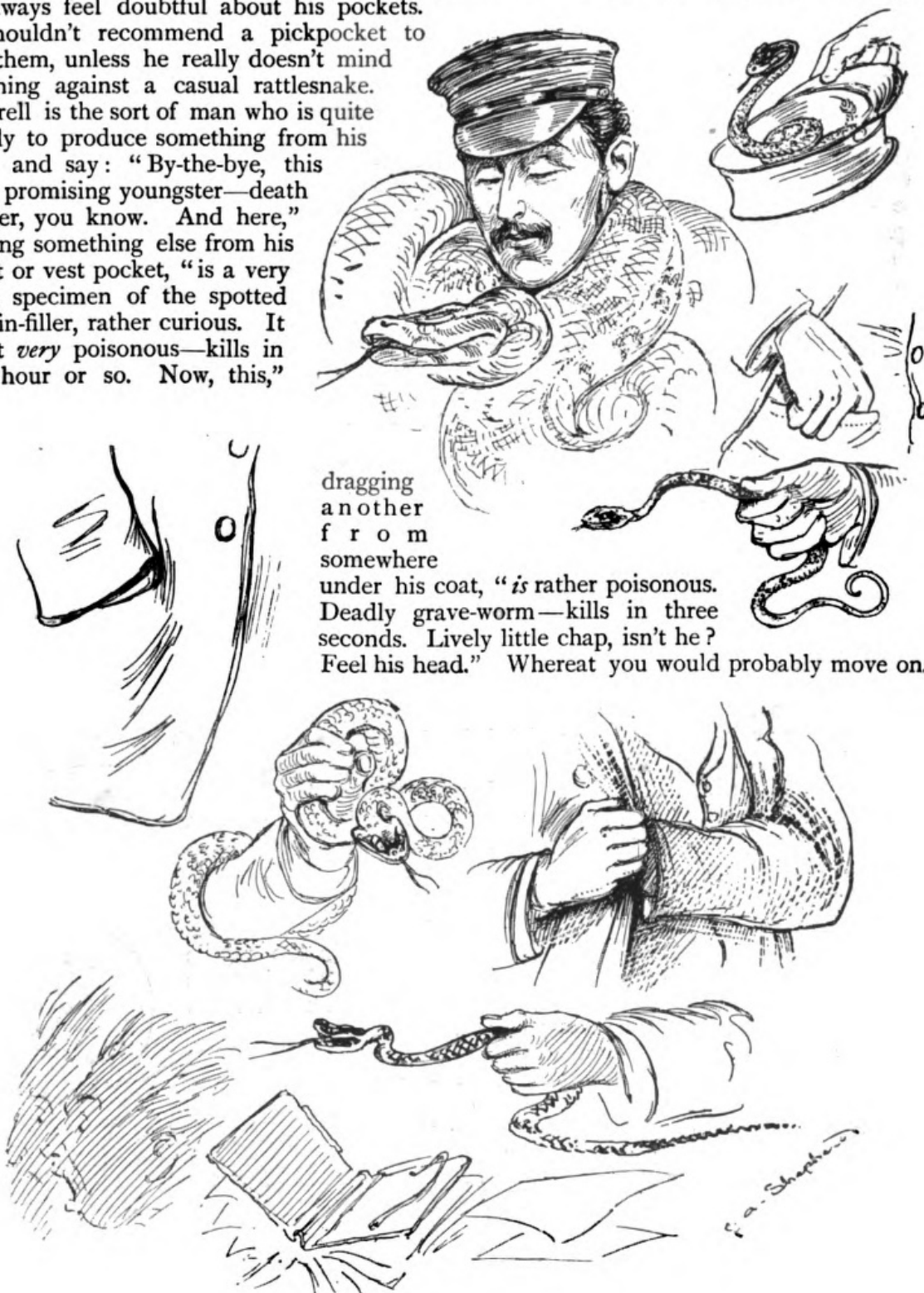
Some may prefer to blow his head off with a pistol, but it is largely a matter of taste, and one doesn't want to damage a good specimen. The anaconda, however, who is the biggest of the constrictors, won't let go for pinching; in this case the best thing is not to let him get hold of you at all. Tobacco-juice will kill a puff-adder. If you come across a puff-adder, you should open his mouth gently, remembering that the scratch of a fang means death in half an hour or so, and give him the tobacco-juice in a suitable dose; or you can run away as fast as possible, which is kinder to the snake and much healthier for yourself.

By far the biggest snake here is the python, in the case opposite the door; he is more than twenty feet long, and is seriously thinking of growing longer still. Tyrrell picks him up unceremoniously by the neck and shoves him head first into a tank of water, when he seems to need a little stir and amusement. I think, perhaps, after all, the most remarkable being exhibited in the reptile house is Tyrrell. I don't think much of the Indian snake-charmers now. See a cobra raise its head and flatten out its neck 'till it looks like a demoniac flounder set on end; keep in mind that a bite means death in a few minutes; presently you will feel yourself possessed with a certain respect for a snake-charmer who tootles on a flute while the thing crawls about him. But Tyrrell comes along, without a flute—without as much as a jew's-harp—and carelessly grabs that cobra by the neck and strolls off with it wherever he thinks it ought to go, and you believe in the European after all. He is a most enthusiastic





naturalist, is Tyrrell. He thinks nothing of festooning a boa constrictor about his neck and arms, and in his sanctum he keeps young crocodiles in sundry watering-pots, and other crawling things in unexpected places. You never quite know where the next surprise is coming from. I always feel doubtful about his pockets. I shouldn't recommend a pickpocket to try them, unless he really doesn't mind running against a casual rattlesnake. Tyrrell is the sort of man who is quite likely to produce something from his cap and say: "By-the-bye, this is a promising youngster—death adder, you know. And here," taking something else from his coat or vest pocket, "is a very fine specimen of the spotted coffin-filler, rather curious. It isn't *very* poisonous—kills in an hour or so. Now, this,"



dragging another from somewhere under his coat, "is rather poisonous. Deadly grave-worm—kills in three seconds. Lively little chap, isn't he? Feel his head." Whereat you would probably move on.



*Types of English Beauty.*

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX. BASSANO, 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.



Lady CHARLES BERESFORD



Miss ARCHER



Original from  
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Miss BRANSON

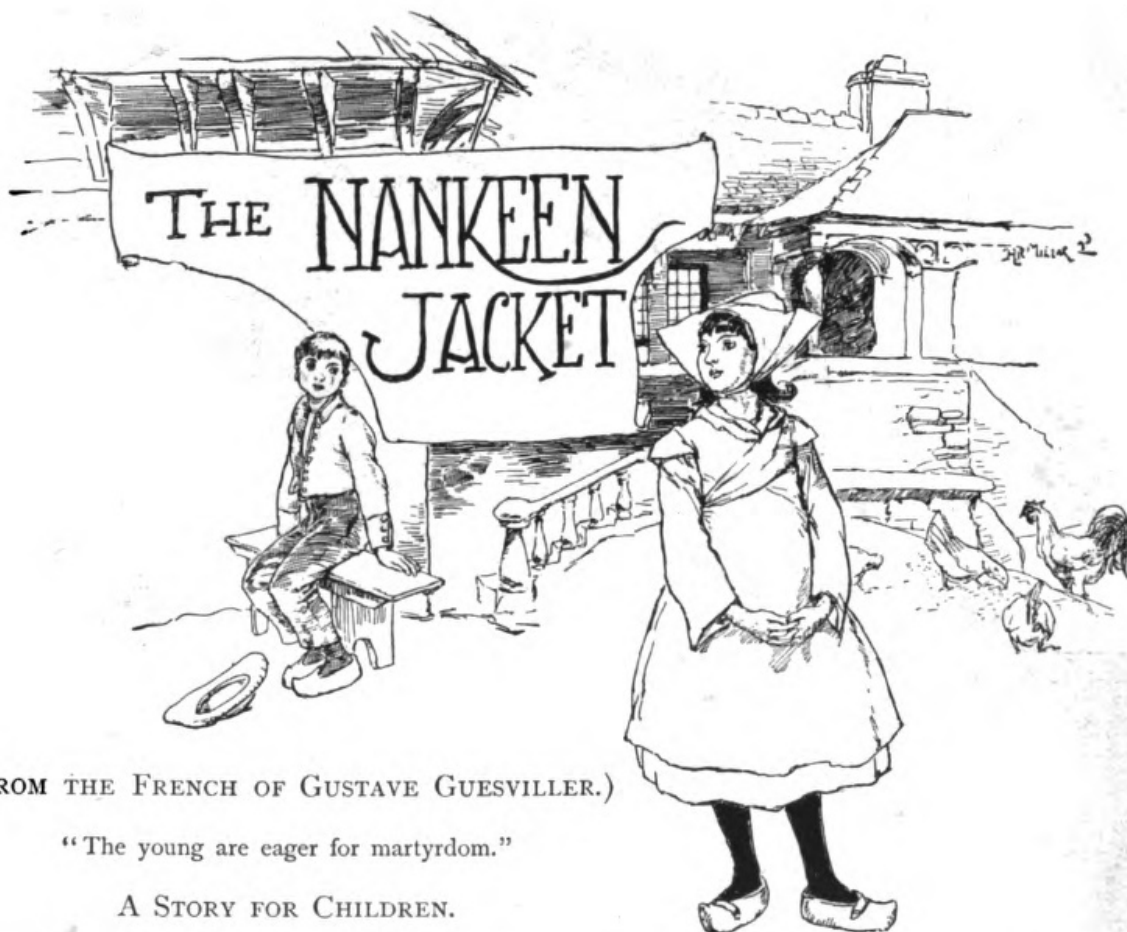












(FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE GUESVILLER.)

"The young are eager for martyrdom."

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

**M**Y friends make fun of my weakness for the colour of *yellow*.

I confess that I adore it, notwithstanding that I have good reason to detest it. Truly, human nature is a bundle of contradictions!

I love yellow because of a certain episode in my life which occurred when I was but eight years of age. I love nankeen above all on account of a jacket of that material, which played in that episode an important part.

Ah! that jacket of nankeen!

How came it about that I was smitten with the insane desire of possessing such a thing? The cause is not far to seek. It was *Love*!

Love in a child of eight? Why not? You will see presently that I speak without any exaggeration.

At that now distant time we resided at Auxerre.

I knew how to read, write, and count. For the further progress of my education I was sent to a small day-school, kept by two

maiden ladies—humble, gentle souls, who in affectionate care for their pupils satisfied in some degree their instinct of maternal tenderness.

Poor Demoiselles Dulorre!

Our school, which had been placed under the pious patronage of Saint Elisabeth, was a mixed one. That is to say, up to the age of ten years, boys and girls worked and played together. In spite of occasional quarrels, the system, on the whole, worked very well.

I had not been eight days at Saint Elisabeth's before I fell in love. Do not laugh! I loved with all the strength of my child-nature, with a love disinterested, simple, sincere.

It was Georgette whom I loved, but, alas! Georgette did not love me.

How much I suffered in consequence! I used to hide myself in corners, shedding many tears, and racking my brains to find some means of pleasing the obdurate fair one. Labour in vain, a thankless task, at eight years of age or at thirty.

To distinguish myself in my studies, to win



by my exemplary conduct the encomiums of the sisters Dulorre—all this made no impression upon cruel Georgette. She made no secret of her preference for a dull, idle, blustering fellow of nine years old, who won all the races, who could fling a ball farther than anyone else, carry two huge dictionaries under his arm, and administer terrible thumps.

This hero was rightly nicknamed *Met-à-Mort*.

I knew what his blows were like, having been the involuntary recipient of some of them. Some, do I say? I had received more than a dilatory donkey on the road to the fair!

And Georgette had only laughed!

Obviously, it was absurd to think of employing physical force against my redoubtable rival, and intellectual superiority in this



"MY REDOUBTABLE RIVAL."

case availed me nothing. I determined, therefore, to annihilate *Met-à-Mort* by my overpowering magnificence.

Naturally, our parents did not send us to school attired in our best clothes. On the contrary, most of us wore there our oldest and shabbiest garments. Consequently, I opined that it would be no difficult achievement to outshine all my schoolfellows.

I should have to coax my parents into loosening their purse-strings, and get them to buy me a beautiful new jacket.

It took me a very long time to decide what colour this jacket should be. I mentally reviewed all the colours of the rainbow. Red tempted me; but I doubted whether a jacket of that colour would be attainable. Should it be blue, green, indigo, violet? No! Not one of these colours was sufficiently striking.

I paused at yellow. That might do. It is a rich colour; there is something sumptuous and royal about it. Summer was approaching. I decided finally upon a jacket of nankeen.

Without delay, I set to work on my school garments. It was a work of destruction, for I wanted to make them appear as disreputable as possible. I slyly enlarged the holes, wrenched off the buttons, and decorated my person lavishly with spots and stains of all kinds. Day by day I watched, with a secret joy, the rapid progress of this work of dilapidation.

In what I judged to be an opportune moment, I timidly expressed my desire.

I had to do more—much more than that—before I could obtain my will. I begged, stormed, grumbled, sulked. I became almost ill with hope deferred. At length, for the sake of peace, my parents granted my eccentric wish.

It was a proud moment for me when, for the first time, I arrayed myself in that resplendent nankeen jacket, won at the cost of so many struggles and persevering efforts. Standing before the mirror, I surveyed myself admiringly for a full hour. I was grand! superb!

"Ah! my Lord *Met-à-Mort*! You will find yourself ousted at last! My shining jacket will soon snatch from you the *prestige* acquired by your stupid, brute force. Georgette, astonished, fascinated, dazzled, and delighted, will run towards me, for I shall now be the handsomest boy in the school. *Met-à-Mort* will weep for chagrin, as I have so often wept for jealousy and mortification."

Such were my complacent reflections as, with the stride of a conqueror, I entered the precincts of our school.

Alas for my rose-coloured anticipations! I was greeted with a broadside of laughter. Even our gentle mistress, Ermance Dulorre, could not repress a smile, and, above all other voices, I heard that of Georgette, who cried mirthfully:

"Oh! look at him! Look at him! He is a canary-bird!"



The word was caught up instantly. All the scholars shouted in chorus: "He is a canary! A canary!"

Words fail me to describe my bitter disappointment, my burning shame and chagrin. I saw my folly now. But it was too late—the awful deed was done! Worse than all, in order to obtain this now odious jacket, I had spoiled all my other jackets, and had nothing else to wear! When, on the evening of that most miserable day, I told my troubles to my father and mother, they were merely amused, and said to me:—

"It is entirely your own fault. You insisted upon having the jacket, and now you must put up with it!"

Thus was I condemned to the perpetual wearing of my yellow jacket, which entailed upon me no end of petty miseries.

Every day, at school, I was jeered at and insulted. Even the babies of three years—sweet, blue-eyed, golden-haired cherubs—pointed at me with their tiny fingers, and lisped, "Canary! Canary!"

How was I to extricate myself from this extremely unpleasant situation? One upper garment still remained to me—an old, thick, heavy, winter mantle. The idea occurred to me that I might utilize this to conceal my too gorgeous plumage. We were now in the month of June, and the weather was tropical. No matter! In class and playground, I appeared buttoned up in my big cloak, bathed in perspiration, but happy in having hidden my shame.

To Mademoiselle Ermance's expression of surprise, I answered that I had a cold. I did not deviate widely from the truth. Two days later, thanks to this over-heating, I had a very real one.

The device did not serve me long. My parents found me out, and promptly deprived me of my protecting shell, thus obliging me to attend school again in the costume of a canary. The former annoyances re-commenced.

Vacation time was at hand, and Georgette, of whom I was more enamoured than ever, remained still cold and indifferent.





One day we were playing the game of brigands and gendarmes. I was one of the gendarmes, who were invariably beaten.

*Met-à-Mort* had nominated himself captain of the brigands, and chose Georgette for his *vivandière*.

Presently, for a few minutes there was a suspension of hostilities. Brigands and gendarmes fraternized, as they quenched their thirst, and expatiated upon the joys of the fray. Suddenly Georgette, with her accustomed vivacity, broke in upon our little group. She bore in her hands a glass ink-bottle.

"See!" said her sweet voice. "Whoever will drink this ink shall, by-and-by, be my little husband!"

*Met-à-Mort* and the rest exploded with laughter.

When we resumed our game, I discovered that I had lost all interest in it. Georgette's words haunted me.

Cries of joy arose from our camp. The enemy's *vivandière* had been captured. I was told off to guard the prisoner; you may guess whether I was happy!

Georgette tried bribery.

"Oh! let me go! let me go! and I will give you ten pens."

Much I cared for her pens!

"Did you mean what you said just now, mademoiselle?" I timidly inquired.

"What?"

"That whoever would drink the ink should be your little husband?"

"Yes, stupid! But let me go—"

"Then it is true?"

"Of course it is. Let me go!"

She was growing impatient.

For a moment I hesitated; then I said:—

"Run away quickly! nobody can see us."

She did not need telling twice. As swiftly as her feet could carry her, she ran off to the enemy's camp.

I was a double-dyed traitor. After conniving at my captive's escape I deserted.

"Can it indeed be true?" I pondered. "Have I only to drain that phial of ink in order to become Georgette's husband some day? She said so, and she must know!"

I went to look for the ink-bottle, which the child had carried back into the school-room. There I stood contemplating the black, uninviting-looking liquid.

Not for a single moment did I dream of swallowing the loathsome stuff in the girl's presence. It did not occur to me that she ought to be a witness of my sacrifice, or that she had demanded it as a proof of love. My idea was rather that the beverage was a sort of love-philtre, such as I had read of in my book of fairy tales. She had said: "Whoever will drink the ink shall be my husband."

Faugh! the bottle was full to overflowing. How nasty it looked! Never mind! So much the better! I should have liked it to have been nastier still.

I closed my eyes, and raised the bottle to my lips.

"What are you about, you dirty little thing?" exclaimed a voice from behind me, at the same instant that I received a smart blow upon my uplifted arm.

Covered with confusion, I turned, and beheld Mademoiselle Ermance, who had surprised me in my singular occupation.

"What is the meaning of this nonsense?" said she, with unwonted severity.

I had no time to explain. Just at that moment

my schoolfellows came trooping in. Georgette seeing me standing there, ink-stained and disgraced, and already—the coquette!—forgetful of her promise, exclaimed, with a face of disgust:—



*Illustration*

"SHE WAS GROWING IMPATIENT."



"Oh, the dirty boy! The nasty, dirty boy!"

Everything, however, has its bright side. Mademoiselle Ermance's tap and my own

child? Does she ever think now of those old times? How often have I dreamed of her! I have forgiven her for the tears which she caused me to shed. Her charming face



"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS NONSENSE?"

start of surprise, had jerked the ink-bottle from my grasp; my yellow jacket was literally flooded! I was rid of it at last!

It was to Georgette that I owed this happy deliverance. I thank her for it to-day! What has become, I wonder, of that lovely

dwells always in my mind as a pure ray from the bygone light of youth. I am not her husband, and probably never shall be. I am resigned to my fate, which I richly deserve, because——

*I did not drink the ink!*



## The Queer Side of Things.



**I**T was all old Joe Wilkings's notion, every ounce of it: you see, there never was anybody anywhere to compare with old Joe for "go." He *was* goey, was old Joe—but I'll tell you.

Old Joe had been laid up with rheumatism and gout—ah! and asthma, that's more—for a matter of eleven weeks; pretty bad he'd been too, and everybody had said he would never pull through, being, you see, ninety-seven, and a wooden leg in, that he'd lost in the Crimean War; at least, not the wooden one, for he'd found that in the loft over the stable years ago and taken to it.

Well, old Joe was sunning himself in his wicker chair in the front garden, propped up with pillows and things; and he'd just finished his beef-tea, when he begins to chuckle so, in an internal kind of manner, that the last drop going down got startled and separated from the others on ahead, and tried to turn back, and got in a panic, so that it nearly choked old Joe, who got purple in the face, and had to be thumped.

He'd no sooner got right than he began to chuckle again, but luckily that last drop had got further down now, and wedged in among its comrades, so that it only heard the chuckles faintly, and kept quiet this time.

"Whatever *is* the matter, grandfather?" said Kate.

"Matter?" said old Joe. "Nothing's the matter. You don't understand the ways of young 'uns, nor their methods neither.

When youth chuckles, it's a sign of good spirits and healthy. If you *must* know, I was thinking we might have a picnic—just like we used to have sixty years back——"

"Ah! that *would* be nice," said Kate.

"Not *you*," said old Joe. "No young 'uns in it—they're too slow. No; I and Georgie Worble, and his aunt Susan, and her mother, and——"

"Why," said Kate, "Mr. Worble hasn't walked from one room to another without assistance for ——"

"I know—seven years," said old Joe, "and he's seventy-six; and his aunt Susan's seventy-one; and his aunt Susan's mother's ninety-two, and bedridden—but I tell you what: it's all fudge and the undue influence of imagination—that's the whole story. Georgie W. can get up if he likes; and his aunt Susan's bronchitis and paralytic strokes are all fudge; and as to her mother being bedridden—pooh!—we'll just see; and if she doesn't dance just as well as me ——"

"Dance!"

"Ah—we'll have a dance, of course—we *used* to have a dance always; finished up with a dance. I've been thinking—and I don't mind telling you—that this imagination and fudge is making us all old before our time; and I'm not going to stand any more of it, and that's all about it."

With that old Joe Wilkings waved his stick and jumped up—that's what he did; and he ninety-seven years and nine weeks! Talk about greyness—



Kate stared, and all the neighbours stared, and Mrs. Widdlcombe's pug next door stared so that its eyes nearly fell out, as old Joe trotted quickly out of the garden and down the street, and trotted up Mr. Worble's steps, and tapped at the door like a boy that means



"OLD JOE TROTTED QUICKLY OUT OF THE GARDEN."

to run away; and when they opened the door, up he ran to old Worble's room, and toddled in.

And now comes in old Joe Wilkings's other remarkable quality—his influence over others. It was all the outcome of his wonderful determination—the influence of mind over matter. He could bamboozle anyone, could Joe—it was for all the world like magic.

Old Worble was drooping over the fire in his big chair, into which he had been put hours before.

What did old Joe do but go right up and slap him on the back in that hearty way that old Worble went as near screaming as his weak state would let him!

"Get up, Georgie Worble," shouted old Joe, "and come round with me to Sam Waggs to arrange about that picnic!"

Old Worble crooned and doddered, and feebly repeated "Picnic?"

"Ah, picnic, young 'un; and you've just hit it. But GET UP, I say!"

And, if you'll believe it, the third time old Joe Wilkings shouted "Get up" in that voice of his, a-staring straight at Worble all the time, old Worble *did* slowly get up and stood, doddering, but without support.

"Don't you stand a-doddering at me like that as if you were a decrepit old idiot instead of a boy; but just reach down your hat and bustle along," said old Joe; and if Worble, after looking feebly and hopelessly up at the hat on the high peg—the hat he had not worn for years—didn't hop up on a wooden chair and fetch it down, and dash it on his head, and then toddle down-stairs and into the street arm-in-arm with old Joe!

If people had stared when old Joe came out of his garden, what did they do *now* when he and old Worble went dancing down the street arm-in-arm, both of 'em chuckling like mad and chattering like magpies?

At the corner they met old Peter Scrouts in a bath-chair. Peter had a paralyzed leg, and was so feeble that he could hardly wink his eye, and so deaf that it was all he could do to hear with an ear-trumpet as big as the cornucopia belonging to the wooden young lady over the provision stores.

"Just you step out and walk!" roared old Joe in the ear-trumpet. And the queer thing is that old Peter did begin to get out; and not only began, but went on; and stood on the pavement; and then took Joe's arm; and the three went careering down the street together!

The whole place came out to stare open-mouthed at those three old boys bouncing down the street together.

Half-way down old Joe Wilkings stopped with a jerk, and turned on old Peter.

"What, in the name of goodness, *do* you want with that trumpet machine?" he roared. "A young 'un like you! Look here—let's get rid of it." And Joe snatched the ear-trumpet out of his hand, and jerked it over a shed into the field behind. It was a good long jerk; and most of the young men of the place would have been proud to do it.

"Can hear just as well as I can; that's what *you* can do! Can't he, young George?"

Old Peter looked dazed; but old Joe stood nodding at him so decisively that old George took it up, and nodded decisively





"THE THREE WENT CAREERING DOWN THE STREET."

too; and they were so convincing about the matter that old Peter began to believe he *could* hear; and from that moment, if you'll believe me, he *did* hear quite comfortably!

Then the inhabitants collected in little knots, and talked the matter over; and decided that there must be something wrong, in the witchcraft line; and shook their heads doubtfully; but those three old boys trotted into the "Bun and Bottle" and ordered—ah! and drank off—a pint of beer apiece; a thing they had not done those ten years. Drank it off at a draught, if you'll believe me.

Well, then they went the round and beat up all the old folks of that place to bid them to the picnic. Those old people stared, and shook their heads, and scoffed; but old Joe Wilkins hadn't talked to them for five minutes before they were up on their feet and trotting about as if they were acrobats, though perhaps it's hard to believe.

"We'll have a row on the river," said old Joe; "and then we'll picnic on the bank, and see who can climb trees best; and then we'll have a room at an hotel, and finish up with a dance, and just show 'em how it ought to be done."

I tell you he had to busy himself, had old Joe, to keep them up to it; for as soon as he had been away from any one of them a few hours that one would begin to collapse again, and think he or she was as weak as ever: but Joe wouldn't allow this; all day long he was here and there among them applying the spur, bullying them into getting up and dancing, and roaring with indignation at the idea of their being old. He made them practise their steps, and while those who possessed crutches were doing it, he sneaked off with the crutches and concealed them.



"AUNT SUSAN'S MOTHER."



He wouldn't even allow them sticks, wouldn't old Joe—not he.

Old Worble's aunt Susan got quite young and skittish; and as for old Worble's aunt Susan's mother, who was bedridden, up she had to get on old Joe Wilkings's third visit, and had to toddle across the room. He drilled her—kept on at it; he was there twice a day; and every time she had to get out of bed and toddle across the room. Had to live in her dressing-gown, and could get no peace for the life of her; but, bless you, in ten days she had begun to believe that she had never been bedridden at all, and that it was all fancy! And all in consequence of that strange influence of old Joe Wilkings; that awful determination of his.

Then there were the provisions to prepare for that picnic; and old Joe would insist upon the old folks preparing them. He wouldn't have any young people in it—not he. He was here, there, and everywhere, compelling them to superintend the cooking of the joints and pies—for he was not going to have any beef-tea or arrow-root or pap at the picnic, but all good solid food for robust people.

Well, the eventful day came; and there were the old folks collected at the railway station with their hampers and bags. The whole population of younger folks had turned out to see them off; but not a single one of them was to go, for old Joe wouldn't have anyone under the age of sixty-five, as he said children were always a trouble at an outing. And, what's more, his word seemed to be law, and that was the long and the short of it.

The young people shook their heads forebodingly, and said they didn't know what on earth would come of it all, that they didn't; and they only hoped uncle and aunt and grandfather would come back all right!

But the train came in, and in hopped the old parties, and away they went.

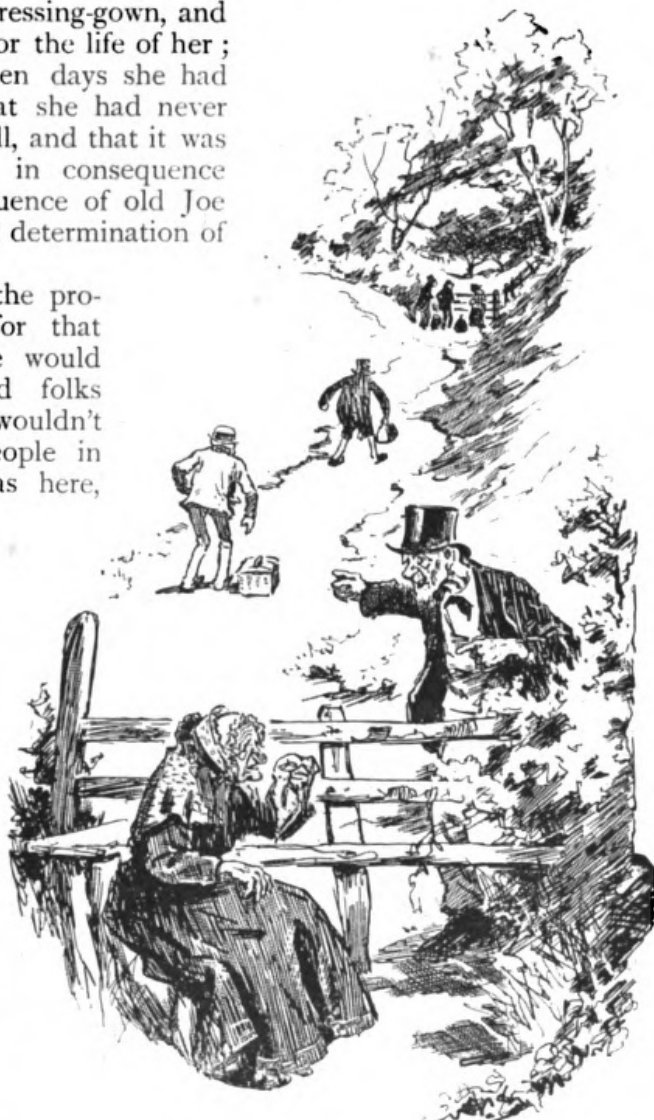
Old Joe Wilkings had his work cut out now, with a vengeance and all: for as soon as they had got away from the younger folks who usually took care of them, they began to think it was all over with them and to give way; but Joe Wilkings roared and shouted at them, and chuckled and threatened until he had brought them all round again. There wasn't to be a single bath-chair, or crutch, or even a stick.

Then they got out at the station they had settled on; and old Joe insisted on their carrying the hampers among them down to the river: and, what's more, he chose a way across the fields where there were a lot of stiles to get over; and he made 'em do it, if you'll credit it. Old George Worble's aunt Susan's mother pretended she couldn't, and sat down and wept: but Joe Wilkings had her on her feet again in a twinkling; and over she had to go somehow.

Then old Peter Scrouths began to give way and grizzle for his bath-chair and ear-trumpet, but when old Joe

threatened to fight him if he went on about that nonsense, why, he just had to behave himself.

Our doctor had made up his mind that something dreadful was bound to come of the whole thing, and sneaked after them by the next train; but when Joe caught him following them, he was so angry and furious about it, that the doctor was afraid he would have an apopleptic fit unless he went away as Joe commanded him to. So he retired; and



"OVER SHE HAD TO GO SOMEHOW."



subsequently dressed himself as a rustic, and smeared his face so that he might not be recognised, and hung about the party, offer-

good jorum of brandy-and-water apiece, why, in half an hour they were as right as trivets, if you'll believe me!

The cold collation was a great success; and then the old boys had a smoke, and were all as jolly as sand-boys. But, suddenly, one of 'em looked round and said, "Why, where's old Joe Wilkings?" And after ten minutes, when old Joe did not turn up, all those old folks began to shake their heads doubtfully and dismally, and the old boys dropped their pipes, and the old ladies began to weep and whinnick.

For old Joe Wilkings, being wild-like with merriment, had gone in pretty heavily for the champagne and stuff, and had got a bit mixed, as you might say, and he had gone off a little way to get some dry wood to make a fire to boil the kettle over, and then he hadn't seemed to be able to recollect which was his way back; and had wandered and wandered off in quite the wrong direction; and at last he had got drowsy and fallen asleep in a dry ditch with his wooden leg on the lower rail of a fence; and then a local policeman



"VERY NEARLY DROWNED."

ing to carry things, and so on. But if old Joe Wilkings did not spot him after all; and got in such a rage that the doctor thought it best to retreat while he had a whole skin, and get back safely home.

So you see old Joe was a terrible fellow, and that determined it's awful to think about.

Well, they went on the river, and they rowed little races among themselves; and old Ben Jumper and old Tobias Budd upset their boat, skylarking—both of 'em being just turned eighty—and went in, and were very nearly drowned. However, they were hauled out and made to run about, and taken into a cottage, and rubbed down, and dressed up in borrowed clothes; and with a



"OLD JOE WILKINGS—AFTER LUNCH."



who didn't know him had taken charge of him and trotted him off to Winklechurch, which was the nearest village.

And those old people at the picnic got more and more depressed and feeble and helpless; and some of 'em broke down completely, and wept and doddered; for you see the influence of old Joe Wilkings's determination was rapidly giving out. And at last, after the doctor had waited anxiously at the railway station for them, and hour after hour went by without any signs of them, he decided to look them up at any cost; and at eleven that night he found them all sitting there on the bank of the river that depressed and helpless you can't imagine. Not a single one of them all had had the courage to move, and their fright and despair were perfectly fearful. And a nice trouble he had to get them home—had to send for flies, and bath-chairs, and litters, and goodness alone knows what all!

Well, then they had to find old Joe Wilkings, and mighty anxious they were about him; and a nice tramp they had up hill and down dale before they discovered him; and when they did, they found him rolled up in a shawl on the policeman's hearthrug, for, of course, Mr. Podder, the policeman, was not going to lock up the likes of an old boy of his age. Joe Wilkings had recovered a bit now, and he was that pugnacious he wanted to fight Mr. Podder and all those that had come to find him; and what should he do but put his back against Mr. Podder's parlour-wall (smashing the glass of the chromo of "Little Red Riding-Hood" that was hanging up), and invite the lot to "Come on."

However, they quieted him down and got him home at last; and when he'd got home he was that dismal and depressed from the reaction that he sat in his arm-chair all day and did nothing but grumble and

burst into tears, for, you see, he'd overdone it, and it was bound to tell upon him. But after that all his natural pluck and determination got hold of him again, and if he wasn't mad to have that dance that they had been balked of!

Out he went to beat up all the old folks again; but most of 'em were ill in bed—none the better for that picnic, I can tell you, though, luckily, it had been a lovely day and night, as warm as toast, so that they hadn't come to much harm beyond the exhaustion.

The younger people of the houses where he called met him with black looks enough, you may be sure, but old Joe Wilkings wasn't the sort to be daunted by that sort of thing; and bless me if he didn't succeed in getting at most of those old parties again, and even getting some of them out of bed and putting them through their paces as before.

It was really getting serious, so Mr. Sarme, the vicar, and Mr. Weazle, the curate, and Doctor Pillikin (who lived in the house with the brown shutters then, before he moved next door to the stores) went and tried to get him out of the houses and make him keep quiet; but old Joe roared at them that way that they were glad to get away home again in despair.

Ah, he *was* a plucky one, was old Joe!

Well, he persevered and kept at it until he had persuaded all those old parties to get



DR. PILLIKIN.

MR. SARME.

MR. WEAZLE.



up a dance in the schoolroom ; they were to have printed programmes, and champagne, and everything in style—for Joe had a bit of money, and was as free as you like with it, and meant to stand a good deal more than his share of the expenses.

Then the vicar and Doctor Pillikin consulted with the squire—the squire and the vicar being justices of the peace—whether they hadn't better give old Joe in charge and lock him up out of harm's way ; for he was getting a regular firebrand, don't you see ; and they were afraid he'd be the death of those old folks. But, after they'd consulted, they couldn't hit on any legal excuse for charging him—(not that that little obstacle mostly stands in the way of justices of the peace)—and they had to give that up.

When the day arrived for the ball—for they called it a "ball" now, bless you—all the young people agreed together to lock the old parties in their rooms to prevent them going ; but bless me if old Peter Scrouths and old George Worble, and one or two other desperate characters didn't manage to get out somehow, being so under the influence of Joe ; and when the hour came for the dance, there they were at the schoolroom !

And they—about nine of them—be-

gan dancing too, and a regular strange kind of a hobble it was, as ever was seen : but at last the squire and the vicar and Doctor Pillikin went down with the sergeant and a constable and pretended that a new Act had been passed making it illegal to dance after nine o'clock, and cleared the hall, with Joe dinging away at 'em the whole time, and made the old folks go home.

Next day Joe Wilkings was going to do all manner of things—going up to London to consult a solicitor in Lincoln's Inn, and appeal to the High Courts, and give the squire and the rest of 'em penal servitude at Botany Bay, and all manner ; but he'd caught such a cold at that ball that he had to take to his bed again, in spite of all his determination ; and when he got up again after three weeks he had lost the use of his one leg, and was so weak he hadn't the heart to do anything. He was in a bad way for a long time, but they say he's getting better again now ; and I've heard tell that the squire and that lot are beginning to get nervous again, as there's no knowing when he'll break out.

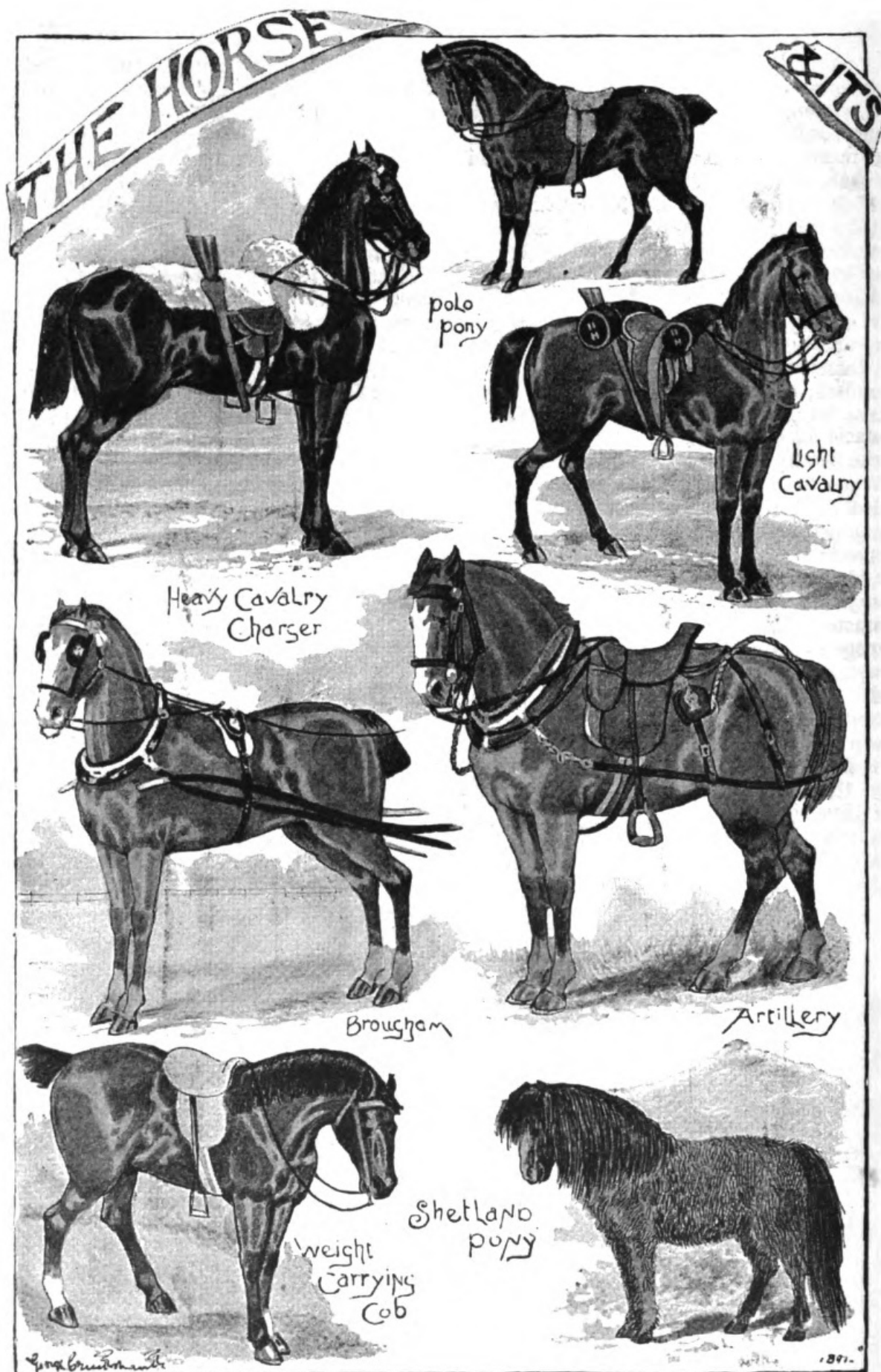
He's a tough one, is old Joe Wilkings, and, if you'll believe me, he'll make it hot for 'em yet !

J. F. SULLIVAN.

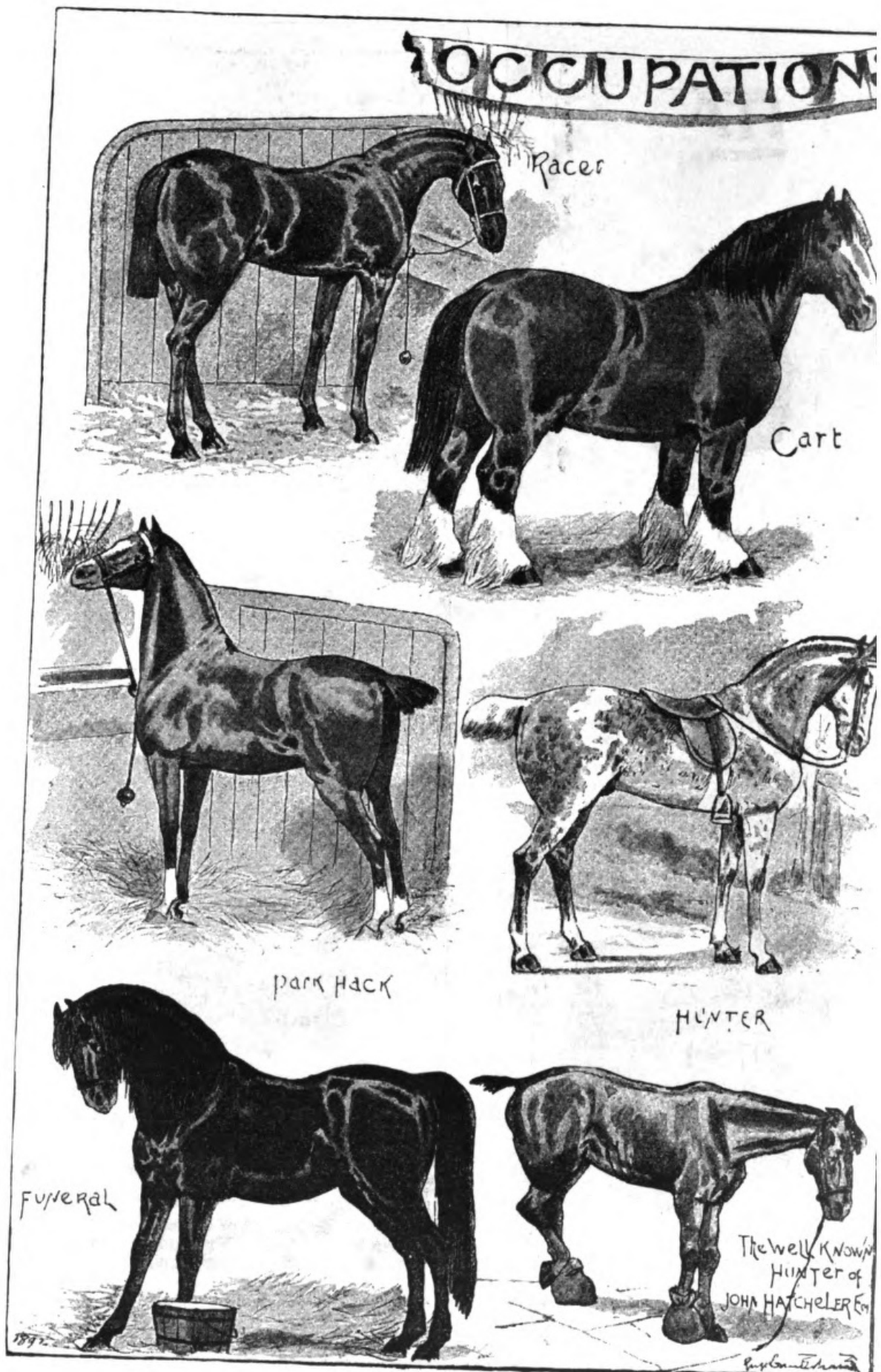


"GETTING BETTER AGAIN."

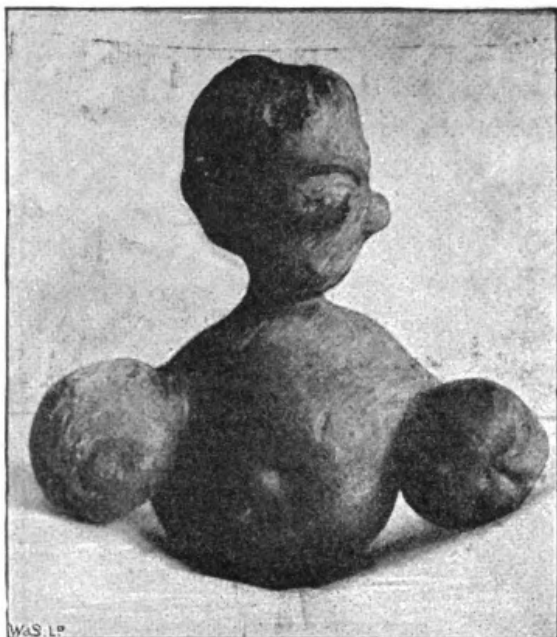












TWO PROFILE VIEWS OF A REMARKABLE POTATO.



A POTATO MASHER.

Found at Preston, and Photographed by Mr. Luke Berry, of Chorley.



*Photograph of —  
A Potatoe dug up in the  
Garden of Mr Fox in  
Lutterworth*

The above Photograph of a curious potato was taken by the late Mr. Fox, and sent to us by Mr. J. S. Clarke, of New Wandsworth.

# VEGETABLE ODDITIES.









"EXCUSE OUR INTRUSION, MADAM."

*(In the Shadow of the Sierras.)*

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# IN THE SHADOW of THE



# SIERRAS

BY IZA DUFFUS HARDY.

**B**ARBARA THORNE sat leaning her head on her hand, looking at a photograph that lay on the table beneath her eyes. She had not intended to look for *that* when she pulled out a dusty drawer full of old letters, papers, and account-books to arrange and set in order. But when in the course of her rummaging and tidying she found that picture in her hand, she paused in her task. The neglected drawer stood open, with its dusty packets and rolls of faded papers. Barbara had forgotten it and all else around her.

She sat there lost in memory, her eyes fixed upon the "counterfeit presentment" of the face that once had been all the world to her. She did not often think of Oliver Desmond now; to think of him meant only pain—pain of outraged pride and wounded love. She had outgrown the time when she could not tear her thoughts from him, when his face was in her "mind's eye" by night and day, and yet she shrank with a shuddering revolt of anguish from those pictures of the past which she could not banish. For the memory that was the locked-up skeleton of her life—that rattled its dead bones to-day as Oliver Desmond's pictured eyes smiled into hers—was a cruel memory indeed, of grief and wrong and bitter humiliation, of broken troth and shattered faith, insulted

love, and crushed and martyred pride. The blow that had rankled like iron in her heart for years was base and cowardly as a stab in the back from the hand that should have shielded and cherished her.

How strange it seemed to her to-day to think she had outlived it all—the love, the anguish, the bitterness, which once had seemed undying! There was nothing to disturb her reverie; she was alone, had been alone all day, and yet not lonely, albeit this solitary Californian ranch, in a secluded valley amongst the foot-hills of the Sierras, was a lonesome-looking place enough. But Barbara had been too busy all day to sit down and realize the loneliness. She lived on the Saucel Ranch with her married brother and his wife, she and her sister-in-law doing all the housework between them—servants or "helps" being unattainable luxuries in those parts. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne had gone out for all the day and all the night; a nervous woman might well have shrunk from being thus left alone and unprotected in such a place; but if Barbara had ever been troubled with the nineteenth century malady of "nerves," she had lived it down since she had taken up her abode on the Saucel Ranch. Her hands were always full. Even now, her day's task done, she had set herself to "improve the shining hour" by "tidying-up" the bureau drawer, in which she



had come across the photograph of Oliver Desmond.

It was rarely indeed that Barbara Thorne indulged in reverie by day; the night was her time for silence and thought; but now she was so lost in the train of memories aroused by the sight of his portrait—memories which had lost their sharpest sting, and only hurt her now with a dull ache—she had even forgotten that an hour ago she had been looking out for somebody—somebody **who** would never allow the long, lonely day to pass without coming to see her!

Through the open window a flood of sunlight poured in and turned Barbara's fair hair to gold. Far off, above and beyond the sombre masses of the evergreen pine forests, a jagged range of mountain peaks, like tossing billows frozen at their height, shone in snowy silhouette against a sky of deep and vivid, cloudless blue.

The scene was fair, but Barbara's eyes were not lifted to dwell on its beauty; they were brooding on the face of the man she had loved, and—had she ever hated him? Did she hate him now? She did not hear a sound or a step, till a shadow fell across the sunlight, and a man stood on the threshold of the long French window, which was open down to the ground.

Barbara turned with a start, and made a hasty, involuntary movement to push the photograph aside as she sprang up—a movement that, slight, swift, and momentary as it was, yet did not pass unnoticed by the visitor's eye. What, indeed, was ever known to escape the eagle eye of Rick Jeffreys—better known in the neighbourhood of Eden City (which was the flattering appellation bestowed by its builders on the nearest settlement) as "Colonel Jeff"?

He was a tall man, of massive and powerful build, with somewhat harsh features, black hair and beard just touched with grey, and a sallow complexion sunburnt as brown as a berry. According to the prevalent fashion in those latitudes, he wore truculent-looking boots up to his knees, and a big sombrero hat slouched over his brow. There was a stern, hard expression about his face, except when he smiled or looked at Barbara Thorne. He did not look stern now, as she came quickly to meet him, and welcomed him with a smile that was perhaps less bright, a blush that was certainly deeper than usual. He spoke no word of greeting at first, only looked at her as if her face were a magnet that drew and held his eyes, then put his arm gently round her waist and bent his dark head to

her fair one, and kissed her with infinite tenderness.

Barbara yielded to his caress with the soft yielding of a woman who loves. She did not belong to the class of those who, deceived by one, distrust all thenceforth—who hate all men for one false one's sake. And the time had come which she had never thought to see, when she—even she, Barbara Thorne, the deserted, slighted, jilted, held up to the insult of the world's pity—yet trusted, *loved* again. For this man's devotion had been balm to her bruised spirit—a healing balsam poured into the still smarting wounds of her once crushed and outraged pride.

"All alone, my little lady?" he said, softly.

"Yes; Tom and Hatty went off this morning."

"Been lonesome?"

"Oh, no; I've had plenty to keep me brisk and busy."

Colonel Jeff cast a glance at the table, at the photograph which lay there face upwards. "And who have you there?" he inquired, but not suspiciously. Barbara conquered a foolish impulse to put out her hand to intercept his as he went to pick up the portrait.

He glanced at it, first easily, then keenly, and his dark brows lowered ominously. Colonel Jeff did not look like a person to offend—if one had the choice.

"You are thinking of that blackguard still?" he said; and in his tone anger and pain struggled equally matched.

"I found that photograph by chance while I was looking over a drawer full of old papers," she replied, answering the spirit rather than the letter of his words.

"And you were looking at it as if—as if—it was all the world to you!" he retorted.

"My looks belied me, then. It is a memory only—and a painful one," she said, with the slightest shade of a tremor in her sweet voice.

"Only a memory?" fixing the stern questioning of his piercing eyes upon her.

"If it were more, should I be what I am to you?" she replied, meeting his look frankly.

"What are you to me?" he demanded. The words might have sounded brutal had the tone been different, but though they were harshly spoken, they bore no suggestion of denial or rebuff, no faintest hint of insulting disclaimer. "You know," he continued, "we both know, that you're the one woman in the world to me—but what more? What beyond that? Are you the woman who *cares* for me?"





"HE GLANCED AT IT."

"For you more than for all the world beside."

"More than for —?" He cast a frowning glance at the photograph.

"Immeasurably more," she answered steadily, and the unconquerable truth in her forced her to add the word, "to-day!"

"To-day?" he echoed, with mingled anger and reluctant admiration. "Barbara, you are too honest to deny——" He paused with a quick indrawing of the breath and setting of the teeth.

"To deny the past?" her soft voice interposed as he paused. "Yes! I could never deny it! You know, Rick, you always knew, that I could not give you my yesterdays!"

"Barbara, I am jealous of those yesterdays," he said, after a silence.

"Why begrudge the yesterdays," she pleaded, "when all the to-morrows are yours?"

His dark eyes kindled with a deep and tender glow.

"All? All? None to share with me, or rob me? All mine?" He framed her delicate fair face between his big brown hands, and held it thus gently upturned to his as he gazed intently into it. "Barbara," he added,

"do you know it would be a bad thing for any man who came between me and you?"

"No one could," she assured him earnestly.

Colonel Jeff clasped her in his strong arms.

"Is that so, indeed, my darling? my Barbara! my own one love," he whispered, pressing her to his heart.

"You must not be jealous of the past, dear Rick," she murmured.

"Forgive me my blundering roughness," he entreated her. "I ought not to have spoken so to you. Forgive me if I have hurt you, Barbara!"

"It did hurt me a little," she admitted. "Let us leave the dead bones to rest in their grave."

"I will never dig them up again," he promised her. "But put that away," he added, pushing

the portrait aside. "It's very like him, and I hate to see it near you!"

Colonel Jeff had known Oliver Desmond, at least by sight and passing acquaintance, and he knew—as who did not?—Barbara Thorne's story; who had not heard the story of the bride deserted at the very altar, waiting in her bridal dress amongst the assembled party of her own and his friends—waiting for the bridegroom who never came?

Sometimes even now, when the memory of that horrible day came over Barbara, she shivered and turned sick and cold at heart. Only since she had known Rick Jeffreys loved her she had thought of it less; the scar of the old wound had ceased to throb.

At first she had thought Oliver Desmond was dead; felt sure that nothing but death could have kept him from her at that hour! But afterwards she and all the world—their world—learnt that he had left her for another; the one palliation of the cruel wrong and insult he had inflicted on his innocent and trusting betrothed being that it was no new love, but the resurrection of an old, supposed-to-be-dead passion that had lured him from her. Then they heard now and again rumours of Oliver Desmond's



career. It seemed to be a downward one. They heard of his drinking and gambling, sinking from bad to worse; of losses, of utter ruin. Now for years they had heard nothing of him at all; he had sunk out of knowledge, gone down under the storm of not unmerited misfortune; and his world knew him no more.

Their little differences made up, Rick Jeffreys spent a happy hour with Barbara, stayed until the golden haze of sunset was stealing soft and slow over the shadows of the sombre pine forest and the azure radiance of the sky; then he had an appointment to meet an old comrade in Eden City, and he tore himself reluctantly away from the Saucel Ranch—ready at the last moment to throw over his engagement and stay, if Barbara had urged him.

The shades of evening had closed when Barbara, having watched her stalwart lover out of sight, went into the kitchen, on domestic cares intent. It was very dark there, and she set the outer-door, which led into the court-yard, wide open to let in such light as there was, while she put a fresh log on the low wood fire, and prepared to light the lamp and make herself some tea. She was thus engaged when she heard a step outside the open door—not the quick, confident step of a friendly visitor, but a hurried yet hesitating tread—a tread that suggested skulking and hanging about.

It was a late hour for tramps, and Barbara, brave woman though she was, looked round a little anxiously, to see who the stranger might be. She had but just caught a glimpse of an evidently tired and travel-worn wayfarer—a haggard, dishevelled figure—when he spoke, raising his hat as he did so, with the courteous gesture of a gentleman. "Excuse me, madam, but can you give me a cup of water and a piece of bread, and shelter for an hour?"

As he spoke, Barbara glanced up with a start. That voice, it struck upon her ear like an echo from the past. And even in the deepening twilight there seemed to be something familiar in the outlines of face and form.

"Who—who are you?" she faltered.

It was his turn to start as he heard her voice, and gazed with sudden searching into her pale face in the gloaming. Then she knew him—knew, and yet could hardly believe her eyes, her ears, her instincts—could not realize that in this rough, disordered, unkempt figure, with the torn clothes and the dark stains on his ragged sleeve, she saw the handsome, graceful, debonair lover of her

girlhood, the recreant bridegroom who had left her on the very threshold of the altar!

"Oliver!" she said, in a low and trembling tone.

And as the last faint glimmer of the dying day rested on her face he knew her too.

"Barbara!" he ejaculated, as if with a gasp, fairly staggered by the recognition. "Is it—can it be—Barbara?"

"Am I so changed?" she rejoined, with a touch of bitterness in her tone.

"I—I didn't know—in this light," he stammered. "If—if I had known——"

He seemed for the moment more agitated than she. She stood stunned, silent, gazing at him as if in a dream. "I won't intrude on you, Barbara," he said, in a low, unsteady voice. "I didn't know you lived here. It isn't to *you* that I should have come."

"Oliver!" she exclaimed suddenly, waking up as he made a movement to turn away. "Stay! Did you ask for food and shelter?"

"I ask nothing from you," he replied, painfully.

"Come in," she said, firmly, no longer faltering or tremulous, but with an almost imperious gesture motioning him to enter. "You are tired?" as she noticed his stiff and dragging step. "Sit down while I get a light." She struck a match and lit the lamp. In its yellowish glare she saw that the stains upon his sleeve were red. "What is the matter? You have had some accident," she said, with a scrutinizing but not ungentle glance.

"Only a scratch," he answered, in a mechanical way, as if thinking of something else. "But my coat was nearly torn off my back scrambling through the chaparral yonder." He had not taken the chair she pointed out to him, but stood—leaning with the heaviness of fatigue against the shelf that served as a table—looking at her in the lamp-light. She saw how pale and haggard and half-famished-looking he was, and turned promptly to set out the supper.

"Wait, Barbara," he said, abruptly, and evidently with an effort. "Don't be doing anything for me till you know what you're doing. Those d— hounds of the Vigilance Committee are after me; they're on my track now. They'll string me up to the nearest tree if they catch me; it's my life that's in your hands at this minute. I know too well I don't deserve of you that you should save it. And on the whole, Barbara," he added, with a touch of the light and half-mocking coolness she remembered of old, yet with more of bitterness now, "I don't know that it's worth saving."





"HAGGARD AND HALF FAMISHED."

Barbara turned even paler than she had been as she listened to his words. "What is it you have done?" she asked.

"Oh, I've not killed anyone. Better for me if I had! One may shoot a man, but to take a horse is a hanging matter here."

"Tell me about it, Oliver," she said, preserving her self-possession, for she was no fragile flower to wilt and droop before the first breath of danger—no, nor the last.

"It's soon told," he answered. "I had bad luck—I was cleaned out, not a red cent in my pockets—and so I hired out to a farmer away in Pine Valley. We had words one day, and he refused to pay me my wages—so I took a horse out of his stables and rode off."

"It was madness, Oliver," she said; for she knew as well as he did that for the horse-stealer, in those parts and at that time, there was scant mercy and short shift: it was danger to be accused, death to be detected.

"The horse was worth no more than my fair wages," he rejoined. "I was warned that they were after me, but I thought I'd got a good start of them. They were too

sharp for me, though—they cut across by Devil's Ford, and were after me in full chase. They sent a hail of bullets after me; I sent all I had back—I winged one of them—I fancy he was the leader, and while they picked him up I got ahead; but, unluckily, before I was out of shot-range my horse was shot under me. I got clear of the saddle and bolted into the scrub. I gave them the slip for the time. I've been crawling like a dog through the chaparral—but you know as well as I do, those fellows are like blood-hounds on the scent. I was pretty nearly dead-beat when I caught sight of this place. I little thought it was *you* that I should find here."

"What is to be done?" she said, not helplessly wondering, but actively thinking. "First of all, you must eat and drink. Then—we must see what is the safest thing for you."

She set bread and meat and milk on the table; and Desmond fell to the simple meal as if half famished.

"My brother's horse is in the stable," said Barbara, thoughtfully.

"He's fast, is old Sultan, and might take you safe—if we only knew from which quarter they'd be coming; and I'd take the risk with Tom."

"You must risk nothing for me," he rejoined. "I see, Barbara, you are what you always were—the salt of the earth! I deserve of you that you should shut your door on me now—that when they come this way after me you should send them on my trail. But—you won't do it?"

"No," she replied, slowly. "I will not do it."

He leant forward, resting his arm on the table, and looked at her. The oil-lamp that stood between them shed a circle of light in which he saw her face, unshrinking, steadfast, wrought up to high resolve.

"You were always too good for me, Barbara," he said. "Are you such an angel as to have forgiven me?"

"What has that to do with it?" she rejoined, coldly. "Enough that if I can help you now, I will."

She was looking at him as intently as he at her. She saw how changed was the



face of the idol of her girlhood—poor shattered idol with the feet of clay—base metal she had taken for pure gold! It was not only that he was older—he had aged more than she—but a subtler change had passed over him; he was hardened, embittered, coarsened, undefinably deteriorated. She saw the colour mount in his haggard cheek at her calm words.

"Coals of fire," he said, with a touch of bitter mockery that disguised pain. "Well, if it's a comfort to you to know it, Barbara, *they burn*."

"Which way are they most likely to come?" she asked, putting personal questions determinedly aside.

"They'd probably skirt the wood; but yet there's no knowing but what they might make their way down the gulch and round by the creek yonder."

"Whichever way you go," she said, in deep consideration, "you might run right into the jaws of danger. And if they found you with another horse, and that horse discovered not to be yours, it might be worse for you—if they refused to believe it had been freely lent to you."

"They'd not be likely to waste much time on inquiries," he observed, drily. "It's not their way to make allowance for priest or prayer. Perhaps I had better lie low for a time until the heat of the chase is over. Who is here with you, Barbara?"

"No one to-day. My brother and his wife are out until to-morrow."

"You are alone?" he said, with a softening of tender respect in his tone. "Forgive my intrusion. You must not risk the least trouble for me. I'll feel like a king after this rest and refreshment here, and be ready to go on my way."

They were still discussing the best course to be adopted when a faint sound in the distance struck on their ears—a sound so faint and far that, had it not been for the wonderful clearness and stillness of the dry, crisp, dewless air, it could not have reached them.

"Hark! What is that?" said Desmond, holding his breath.

"We can see the road better from the upstairs windows—come!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet. She hastily closed the outer door into the courtyard, which still stood open, and ran upstairs, followed by Desmond. From the highest window of the house—a sort of landing or look-out at the top of the stairs—they had a view of the windings

of the white road between wood and hillside.

The night had fallen like a dark mantle over the land; but the sky was clear; the moon had risen; and in the dusk they could just distinguish the pale, dim line of the road between the shadows of the trees—could even discern upon it, though some distance off as yet, what looked at first like a dark, blurred, swift moving spot, then resolved itself into a group of mounted men riding straight for the Saucel Ranch.

"There they are," said Oliver Desmond in a low voice; but he was suddenly and strangely calm now the danger was at his door. "They're coming here. There's a handy tree I see over yonder, just outside your gates," he added, with the frequent tendency of men who are used to carry their lives in their hands to "jest upon the axe which kills them." Barbara clasped and wrung her hands.

"Too late to fly!" she said. "Before we could get Sultan out of the stable and saddle him they'll be here! There's no time for escape. You must *hide*!"

"If they've got dogs, I'm a dead man," he rejoined, staring at the fast nearing horsemen; "and I shall be dangling from that tree before an hour has passed!"

Barbara flew to the nearest door and opened it, then the next, and the next, glancing in wild and eager haste into each room to see in which any hiding-place might be found—although she knew too well the simple arrangements of the ranch offered no facilities for concealment. No secret chambers, no sliding panels, no dark recesses nor trap-doors in this plain wooden "frame" house. The outhouses? No, they would probably be the first places searched; the natural idea of the pursuers would be that he might have sought refuge there unknown to the inmates of the house. There were no cellars, no possible safe hiding-places on the lower floor; on the upper floor there were but three rooms—Mr. and Mrs. Thorne's room, Barbara's room, and the "guest-room." All were plainly furnished with bare necessities: no "old oak chests," no tapestries nor hanging draperies, no curtained recesses, no place to hide a good-sized dog, much less a full-grown man. Barbara's was the only one of the bedrooms that could boast of a cupboard—a long, narrow cupboard which she used as a wardrobe, and kept her dresses there hung on pegs. This was the only place.

There was not a moment to lose in talk.



Barbara had hardly time to go downstairs, look round the kitchen, and assure herself that there were no traces of Desmond's presence to be detected there, when the trampling of horses sounded close at hand. She heard some of the party ride to the front, some to the back, and she knew they were surrounding the house, before there was a sharp, imperative knock on the front door. Barbara opened it. She stood there—a candle she had just lighted in her hand—a graceful, composed figure, with a placid, inquiring look.

The men who were gathered on the threshold looked somewhat taken aback by the appearance of a lady then and there.

"Excuse our intrusion, madam," said the foremost; "but we have called to inquire if there is anyone in this house but the members of your own family?"

"No one," she replied; and the feeble flicker of the candle showed the look of innocent, yet naturally somewhat anxious and surprised, inquiry on her serene, fair face.

"Has any stranger been here?"

"No."

"Miss Thorne," said another of the group—in whom she recognised a prominent citizen of Eden, with whom she had, however, but a very slight acquaintance, and who now came forward, doffing his hat with a deferential bow—"perhaps we had better speak to your brother."

"My brother is out. I represent the family at present, and can answer any question you may wish to ask. I presume, gentlemen, you come on business?"

"On business, lady, with which we would not trouble you, if it were not that we must ascertain whether the person of whom we are in search is here. We have ordered a search of the outhouses, where a tramp might take shelter. Meanwhile, with your permission, we will look over the house. A man might enter by one of the upper windows without your suspecting it."

"Indeed, I trust not," said Barbara.

"We have reason to believe that the man we want came this way, and he would be likely to try to gain entrance and get refuge here."

"I hope he will not. But you are most welcome to look round."

Barbara, gracious and self-possessed, accompanied them, in hostess-wise, from room to room on the ground floor. The kitchen looked cheerful with the lighted lamp and stove, the kettle singing merrily on the fire; one cup, saucer, and plate were

set out upon the table, with a cake. Evidently Miss Thorne had been busy preparing her modest tea when their arrival interrupted her. The whole party were crossing the hall to the parlour when they heard the clatter of galloping horses' hoofs, and two horsemen dashed into the courtyard, hastily dismounted, and entered the house. And one of these was no other than Colonel Jeff! He and his companion were evidently expected by the "Vigilance" party, who received them quietly, as a matter of course, and indeed an awaited addition to their ranks, one of the men from Eden City observing as he nodded a greeting, "Guessed you wouldn't keep us waiting long."

The Colonel looked at Barbara; she paled a little as she met his gaze, albeit there was no shadow of suspicion in it, only a tender and respectful solicitude lest she should be alarmed or agitated by this invasion. But she compelled herself to return his look calmly and gently, and he was reassured by her tranquillity.

"Any traces?" he demanded, turning to the one who was apparently the leader of the committee.





"Not yet. We're going through the house."

"Upstairs?" added Colonel Jeff, inquiringly, briefly glancing at Barbara, and indicating the staircase at the end of the long hall.

"Are merely three sleeping-rooms," she replied—"my brother's, my own, and our guest-room."

"I perceive that anyone might gain access to your upper rooms by the roof of the lean-to or by the balcony," observed the leader. "By your leave, madam, we will go up and look round. It will be to your advantage also to be assured that there is no one lurking about."

Barbara's heart sank, but she saw it would be fatal to offer any objection. "Certainly," she said, and led the way towards the staircase. The gentleman from Eden City, to whom all the Thornes were known, although not intimately, here put in a suggestion that perhaps it would be more agreeable to the lady's feelings if they were to depute one, or say two gentlemen, to accompany her upstairs. The suggestion was accepted; two searchers were by unanimous vote regarded as sufficient; and Colonel Jeff and his friend were deputed to go up with Miss Thorne and examine the bedrooms.

Barbara was cold and sick with terror, but she kept her self-possession, and tried to cling to one frail straw of hope—that they might by some providential chance overlook the door of the cupboard (which was papered like the walls of the room) and pass it by. She trembled lest Oliver, hearing the tramp of his enemies' steps approaching, should attempt to make his escape by the windows, in which case he would fall straight into the hands of the detachment who were surrounding the house and searching the grounds. Yet—if they should detect and open the cupboard, and she should see him caught like a rat in a trap, dragged out to his death! There was no time for thought; the moment was imminent; in another minute the die of Oliver Desmond's fate would be cast for life or death. Yet a moment to breathe was hers. She turned to Mr. Thorne's room first.

"Allow me," said Colonel Jeff, taking the candle from her hand as she threw open the door and drew back. He stepped in past her and held up the light. His eagle eye swept the room—searched every corner; he saw there was no hiding-place there. His comrade stood back respectfully on the threshold, apparently considerate of the lady's

feelings, deeming it sufficient for one to enter the room, and regarding Colonel Jeff as competent to conduct the search alone.

They came next to the spare-room, and again the Colonel was the one to enter and look carefully round. Was it not partly in his liege lady's own interests, and for *her* sake, he was assuring himself that no dangerous intruder lurked in her home and she might sleep in peace?

Then was the turn of Barbara's own room—the sacred temple that enshrined his treasure!

This time he had kept the candle in his hand. Barbara had made no offer to take it back; she feared the trembling of her hand might betray her. Wrought up to a pitch of suspense at which every nerve quivered like a tense chord, she yet by a desperate effort controlled her features and steadied her step, but she felt she could not keep her fingers from trembling. Colonel Jeff's comrade remained as before, standing in the open doorway, while the Colonel, accompanied by Barbara, stepped into the room.

As he strode forward she kept near him; it seemed that she could not let him move an arm's length from her. It took all her self-command to refrain from flinging herself between him and the cupboard door. Wild thoughts of appealing to his mercy shot like lightning through her brain. If only his comrade on the threshold had not been there watching! With that man looking on, the frail, frail hope would be lost if she betrayed any sign of fear or agitation.

Colonel Jeff stood casting his keen glance around. Barbara stood like a statue, all her life in her strained eyes, as she followed his glance.

Colonel Jeff's eye fell on the cupboard door. He moved towards it. As he did so, he chanced to turn his look on Barbara's face and met her eyes. A swift and sudden change passed for a moment over his own rough-hewn features; his dark eyes blazed upon her with an instant's startled, piercing scrutiny; he set his hand on the cupboard door. And still Barbara stood paralyzed, rooted to the ground as if the unveiled horror of the Gorgon's stare had struck her to stone.

Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. In the whirl of thought that dazed her she remembered that she did not know, she had never asked, if Desmond was armed! A desperate man turns at bay, and sells his life dearly. What if Oliver had a knife or pistol clutched *now*, this moment, in his hand?



What if he shot or stabbed Rick Jeffreys before the Colonel could draw his own weapon? There would be a moment's horror—and Rick, her own true, loyal lover, stricken down at her feet, and Oliver, whom she once had loved—was it a century ago?—dragged out and murdered before her eyes!

She felt the springs of life stop at her heart as Rick Jeffreys opened the cupboard door. He raised the flickering candle. For one terrible moment, in which Barbara tasted the bitterness of death, he stood looking in.

Then he deliberately drew back, closed the door, turned and crossed the room to his waiting comrade on the threshold. He did not cast even an instant's glance at Barbara as he passed her.

"Is there any loft?" he demanded, in his usual deep, harsh tone, looking around the passage as if to complete the search.

Barbara heard a voice, that seemed to her not her own, issue from her parted lips, saying, "No, there is no loft."

They saw there was not, and proceeded downstairs. She followed them with trembling limbs. She was almost fainting, but followed because she dared not stay behind. The ominous silence in which Rick Jeffreys had passed her seemed fraught with something worse than even the horror she had dreaded.

The Vigilance Committee did not waste their time, but being assured that the fugitive they sought was not lurking in or about the ranch, they promptly went on their way—the leader, before they departed, however, pausing to express his regret for any inconvenience they might have occasioned the lady by their unexpected inroad.

Colonel Jeff was the last to speak.

"I will make my apologies later," he said, as he took his leave. Barbara caught the sinister gleam of his eye as he spoke, and she knew that "later" time would be soon.

Barely an hour had passed since the tramp of the horses of the departing Vigilantes had died away into the silence of the wind-

less night, when another knock summoned Barbara to the front door.

"I knew you would come back," she said, as the big, powerful form of Colonel Jeff towered upon the threshold, tall and dark against the background of the darkness.

"You knew me well enough for that?" he rejoined, grimly.

She closed the door, and turned towards the parlour.

"In here," she said, quietly.

He looked at her with a kind of fierce astonishment. Into his dark eyes, that seemed to burn black with smouldering fury, there leapt a flash of reluctant admiration, that shook and thrilled him with a passion more of bitter wrath than of love. Instead

of being crushed with shame and humiliation, drooping in fear and beseeching, this woman faced him like a queen.

"It is not with *you* that I have come to speak," he said, his deep voice a trifle huskier than usual. "I have saved you from open shame and public scandal. That's enough between you and me. I've nothing more to do with you, but I've an account to settle with your lover. I deal with him first, and alone. Where is he?"

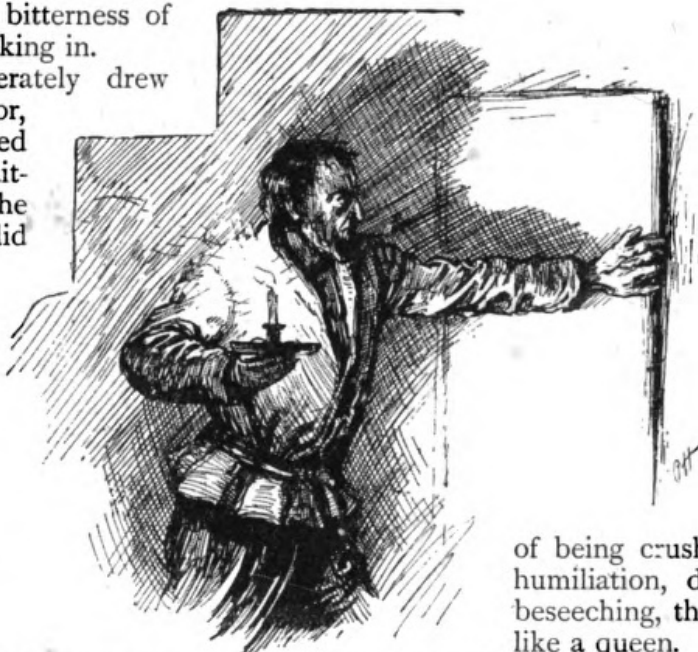
"Wait," she said, as he made a movement to turn to the door. "He is no lover of mine."

"You will tell me, I suppose," he retorted, "that he was hidden *there*"—he ground his teeth upon the word as if he would crush it—"without your knowledge and consent?"

"I shall not tell you that."

"No, you dare not. I saw your face. I read it in your eyes before I opened that door. You dare not tell me you did not know of his presence?"

"No, I dare tell you the truth—that I did!" she replied, meeting the fiery glance of his sombre eyes fearlessly. In the midst of his concentrated rage—and Colonel Jeff in wrath was well known to be dangerous—he could not help admiring this frail, fair,



"RICK JEFFREYS OPENED THE CUPBOARD DOOR."



delicate woman's dauntless courage. "I had no chance of speaking to you alone," she continued, "or I would have told you—explained to you——"

"I want no explanation," he said, harshly, bitterly; "I know enough."

"Stay!" she exclaimed, lifting her fair head with a royal gesture. "That man, the



"'STAY!' SHE EXCLAIMED."

man whom I helped to a hiding-place to save his life—for you know they would have killed him, they came here for his death——"

"And if they did," he interposed, "what is his life or death to you?"

"That man," she continued, waving his interruption aside, "did me a cruel wrong—you know it well. He killed my love for him. Love once dead rises no more. I have no grain of love left for the man who insulted, wronged, deserted me. But I tell you now that *he* wronged me less than *you* do if you say to me that you 'know enough!' You do *not* know enough. You must know all. Rick, you have said you loved me. You have made me love you. You shall hear me now!" She spoke not pleadingly, but with passionate resolution.

"What have you to say?" he rejoined, sternly still, but less bitterly.

"That if you love me you must trust me! If you love me you must respect me! The woman who could turn a helpless, hunted fugitive—even a stranger—from her doors would be unworthy of love or respect."

"This man was no stranger!"

"He came to me as one, not dreaming that I lived here. Would you ask me, *because* he was not a stranger, to revenge myself for a wrong of years ago by refusing to him the help I would have given to any stranger? You could not think that I would stoop to so base a revenge as to hand him over to death when I would have given up no other man who stood in his place? I would not turn a *dog* away that came to me for help and shelter. He came here, not knowing whose house this was—came to ask for food and help because he was exhausted, famishing. It was as much a surprise to him to find me here as it was to me to see who the man was who asked me for shelter. And I promised it to him, and I kept my word. He told me what he had done, and that the Vigilance Committee were on his track. I've lived here long enough to know what that means! I would not see the man who appealed to me to save him lawlessly murdered. He has done wrong; he deserves punishment; but he does *not* deserve the fate they would have dealt to him."

"They'd have strung him up on that big tree outside your gate," said Colonel Jeff, grim still, but relenting, "and serve him right!"

"I did not think he deserved death," rejoined Barbara, firmly; "I risked—more than my life"—her voice quivered for the first time—"to save him."

"You did," he said; "you risked having your good name dragged in the gutter, for the sake of that worthless scamp."

"I risked more than that," she returned in a lower tone.

"More than that?" He shot a keen, questioning glance at her from under his dark, heavy brows.

"Yes—I risked—and have I lost?—*your faith?*"

He paused a moment before he answered: "Barbara, when a man loves as I do, he loves to the end of life—and after!"

A light kindled in her steadfast, questioning eyes.

"Then I have not lost your love, Rick?"

"I love you always."

"But—your faith?" she urged. "One is worthless to me without the other."

"Do you say that my love is worthless, Barbara?"

"If it is given without your trust, it is the



setting without the jewel. *Trust me, Rick—or, leave me!*"

"I trust you, my love," he replied, catching her hands and holding them fast and close in his strong clasp. "Who could look in those eyes of yours and doubt that you're true and pure as truth itself? But, my darling, you've been foolish—with a woman's noble folly! Rash and

Hatty, too. The worst they can do is to turn me out of the house. And if they do——"

"You'll come to *mine*! Be mistress of all I have—queen of my home—my *wife*!"

As the first pale pearly streak of dawn was stealing over the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras, Oliver Desmond bowed his head—



"HE RAISED HER HAND TO HIS LIPS."

reckless—with an angel's courage! You have ventured too much—in such a cause. These matters are not for women. Our Vigilante justice may be rough and ready, but it fits the time and place. Anyhow, we keep the neighbourhood so that the worst class of characters give it a wide berth. You should not have crossed its path, my Barbara. It was not safe for you; and for all that you have hazarded, he is not safe; they'll get him yet."

"No, they will not; you will not betray him?"

"No. To betray him would be betraying you! Not for his sake, but for yours, I'll hold my tongue. But what will he do? He cannot stay here."

"He need not. He can have my brother's horse, my brother's overcoat and hat. He can take the trail up the gully under cover of the night, or with the first streak of dawn."

"But your brother? Tom Thorne's a pretty hard citizen; what will he say?"

"I don't know. And, Rick, I don't care! I've taken this on myself, and I'll see it through. I know Tom may be hard—and

as he had never bent it to mortal man—before the woman who had risked so much for his safety, and raised her hand to his lips, as if it were the hand of a shrined saint. And Colonel Jeff stood by, grim and silent. For good or ill, Rick Jeffreys was thorough. He had promised, and he would keep his word.

"You are the best and bravest of women," Desmond said. "Forget that I have ever crossed your path. I shall cross it no more. But I shall never forget."

Barbara is Colonel Jeff's happy and idolized wife to-day; and between her and her husband there is no forbidden subject—not even that of Oliver Desmond. For the faith between them is perfect; Rick knows that—whoever may have ruled her yesterdays—he and he only holds Barbara's heart to-day, and the shadow of Oliver Desmond has passed from off her life for ever. It was long after that eventful night that they heard how his ill-starred career had come to an untimely close; but his last words to Barbara were true; he crossed *her* path no more—and I for my part think that he never forgot.



## The Royal Humane Society.

### II.

#### CAPTAIN BRYAN MILMAN.



THE following is a narrative of an escape from peril, and the rescue of five lives by individual gallantry, rarely equalled, and never exceeded, in the records of high and noble daring. It is from the pen of Captain Bryan Milman (now General Milman), of the 5th Fusiliers, in a

letter addressed to his father, Major-General Milman, late of the Coldstream Guards :

"Mahebourg, Island of Mauritius,

"June 30, 1848.

"The following account of an almost miraculous escape that I and five other officers have had from drowning will interest you all, I have no doubt. The names of the others are Colquitt, Bellew, Fitzgerald, Home (all of the 5th Fusiliers), and Palmer, a commissariat officer, in whose boat we were at the time of the accident. Colquitt and Fitzgerald are in the first battalion, and had come down here to stay with me and Bellew. On the 25th we made a boating party, for them to visit one of our detachments about fifteen miles from hence, at Grand River, south-east. We left this about eleven a.m., and after reaching our destination all safe, left it about three o'clock p.m. for home, the weather then looking anything but promising. When about four miles from home and from the shore, we were overset by a squall. It came upon us so suddenly that we had no time to do anything; torrents of rain fell at the same

time, and there we were, drifting along on the side of the boat (which luckily did not sink) without a chance of assistance, and the night setting in. This happened about half-past five o'clock, and at this season it is dark at six. We drifted in this way for about two hours, and at last grounded, in about seven feet of water. It was very nearly dark, and all that we could see were

the tops of the mountains in the horizon. We supposed we were about two miles from shore. All of us but myself had stripped on being upset, as I knew, if we came to a swim, that I could take my clothes off in a moment. As it turned out, I think I was lucky in this, for they perhaps, though wet, kept me a little warmer than my companions. Nothing seemed to give us a chance of being saved, except holding on till daylight, and as it was terribly cold, this seemed next to impossible. At last it struck me I might be able to swim ashore to procure assistance, and I got permission from the others to do so. Our boatman, a Creole, who also said



GENERAL BRYAN MILMAN.  
*From a Photograph by Maull & Foz.*

he would go, started with me to make the attempt. I left them with a hearty 'God bless you!' from all. After swimming some time, I lost sight of the boatman, and was left to myself. I swam back a little, shouting as loud as I could; but getting no answer, and feeling for my own sake that I must push on, I turned my head towards the mountain tops (my only guides), and struck out my best. I must have been



swimming for more than an hour when I landed. I found myself a little tired, and very much benumbed, barefooted, *en chemise*, and not able to see ten yards before me, it was so dark. My first impulse was to fall on my knees and thank Providence; after which, curious to say, my military schooling came to my aid in the 'extension motions,' which brought some little feeling into my limbs, and enabled me to continue my work. After feeling my way for about half an hour along the shore, shouting all the time, I came to a cottage, where I was hospitably received. They told me that they had heard my cries some time, but fancied I was some drunken man returning home, or else they would have come out to my assistance. The poor black gave me some dry clothes, and made me a cup of tea, and then conducted me to the proprietor of the estate, who lived close by, and had the nearest pirogue (a small boat like a canoe, dug out of a solid trunk of a large tree) in the neighbourhood. M. Chiron, the name of the proprietor, a man of colour, as soon as I explained my situation and my want of a boat to go and assist the others, immediately offered to go himself, and his son also insisted on going with him. I jumped at the offer, of course, and we immediately walked down to where his pirogue was moored, and started, myself at the bottom to serve as guide. By the blessing of Providence, after about an hour's search, we heard the cries from the wreck. I think I never felt so happy or so light-hearted in my life as I did at this moment; for there were so many chances against us finding it. We could not see many yards from our own boat. It was then about eleven o'clock, so that my companions had been exposed on the boat for upwards of five hours. Luckily, with great care, we got them safely into the pirogue, without capsizing her; and by twelve o'clock we were safely housed under M. Chiron's hospitable roof, who fed, clothed, and lodged us for the night. In the morning, the unfortunate Creole boatman was found dead, from cold and cramp,

about half a mile from the place he was supposed to have landed at. The kindness, hospitality, and truly courageous assistance afforded us by M. Chiron, at the risk of his own life and that of his son, are deserving of all praise. It was a service of danger to go out even at all in a pirogue on such a rough night: much more to go and seek for five drowning men three miles at sea. He wished his son not to go; but the latter would not allow his father to go without him. Constantly during our long search, when the son was getting tired of pulling the boat, the father would cry out and encourage him, saying 'Courage, mon fils.'

(Signed) "BRYAN MILMAN,  
"Capt. 5th Fusiliers."



GENERAL FRASER.  
From a Photo. by Chancellor, Dublin.

GENERAL SIR CHARLES  
CRAUFURD FRASER,  
K.C.B., V.C.

"The Army List makes no allusion to the gallant way in which Major Charles Craufurd Fraser, of the 7th Hussars, won the Victoria Cross—that coveted and hardly-won decoration which, to the honour of England, graces not a few of the breasts of humble privates as well as generals. The London *Gazette*, however, tells us that the Victoria Cross was awarded to Charles Craufurd Fraser 'for conspicuous and cool gallantry on the 31st December, 1858, in having volunteered, at great

personal risk, and under a sharp fire of musketry, to swim to the rescue of Captain Stisted and some men of the 7th Hussars, who were in imminent danger of being drowned in the River Raptée, while in pursuit of the rebels. Major Fraser succeeded in this gallant service, although at the time partially disabled, not having recovered from a severe wound received while leading a squadron in a charge against some fanatics in the action of Nawabgunge on the 13th of June, 1858.'"

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, R.N.

"Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., on September 18th, 1883, at Liverpool, saved Mr. Richardson, who accidentally fell into the Mersey. Lord Charles jumped overboard and sup-





LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.  
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

ported him in the water until assistance came. It may be mentioned that a strong tide was running at the time. Lord Charles is also the holder of the Bronze Clasp, for saving, in conjunction with John Harry, ship's corporal of H.M.S. *Galatea*, a marine named W. James, at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, October 6th, 1868. Lord Charles jumped overboard with heavy shooting clothes and pockets filled with gun and cartridges. Harry assisted Lord Charles to support the man until a boat arrived."



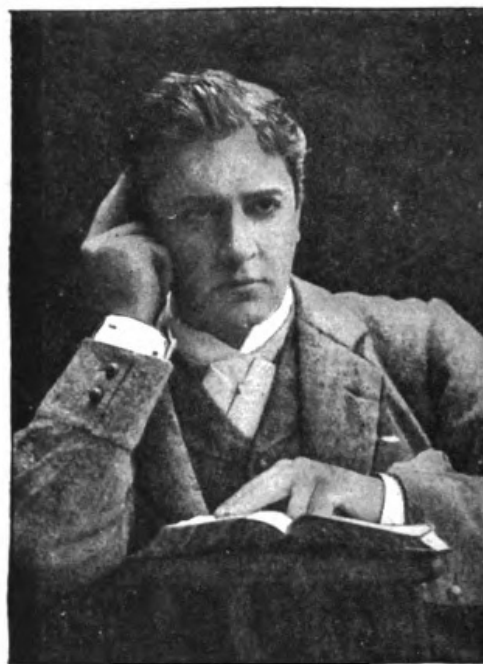
MR. BRAM STOKER.  
From a Photo. by Walery.

#### BRAM STOKER, M.A.

"On September 14th, 1882, a man jumped overboard from a steamboat, and after being seized hold of by Mr. Stoker he persistently kept his face under water. Mr. Stoker then divested himself of some of his clothing and jumped in after him, and sustained the man until a boat came to them. The man was insensible. Mr. Stoker, a surgeon, brother to Mr. Bram Stoker, did his utmost to try and restore the man, but unfortunately failed."

#### WILLIAM TERRISS.

"On August 16th, 1885, Mr. William Terriss saved a boy off the North Foreland, off Deal. Three lads were bathing near the shore, and



MR. WILLIAM TERRISS.  
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

one of them was seized with cramp. Mr. Terriss jumped overboard from a boat, with all his clothes on, and saved the boy. He was presented with the Royal Humane Society's Medal by H. Irving, Esq., in the presence of the whole of the Lyceum employees."

#### MISS MARY COLLIER.

"On the afternoon of Wednesday, August 19th, 1891, Miss Mary Collier, daughter of Mr. Simon Collier, shoe manufacturer, of Northampton, was out bathing with her sister and some friends. The party had been amusing themselves with a life-buoy, and one of them called attention to the distance two children, aged respectively eleven and fifteen, were out. Miss Collier exclaimed: 'Why, they are drowning,' and at once took



the buoy and went out to them. She succeeded in reaching them just as they were going down for the third time, locked in each other's arms. They seized hold of the buoy, and Miss Collier attempted to swim back to the shore; but the tide was going out, and the current too strong, and they were observed to be drifting farther away. At length the cries of her companions reached the ears of those on the beach, and the machine attendant on horseback dashed off to the rescue. After swimming his horse a considerable distance he reached the scene of danger. Miss Collier at once seized on a chain attached to the collar, and the horse's head being with difficulty set towards the shore, the whole party were dragged through the water, the two children holding on to the buoy, through which Miss Collier had thrust her spare arm. After going some distance, the rider called to them that his horse's feet touched the bottom, and soon they were dragged ashore, amid intense excitement



MISS MARY COLLIER.  
From a Photo. by Draycott, Birmingham.

among the large crowd who had assembled and witnessed the rescue. A sum of money was collected on the spot to reward the plucky rider for his conduct, and we are glad to say Miss Collier was none the worse for the excitement and exertion."

#### JAMES WILLOUGHBY JARDINE.

"A boy, R. H. Anderson, ten years of age, was trying to swim, but the current took him out of his depth, when he lost presence



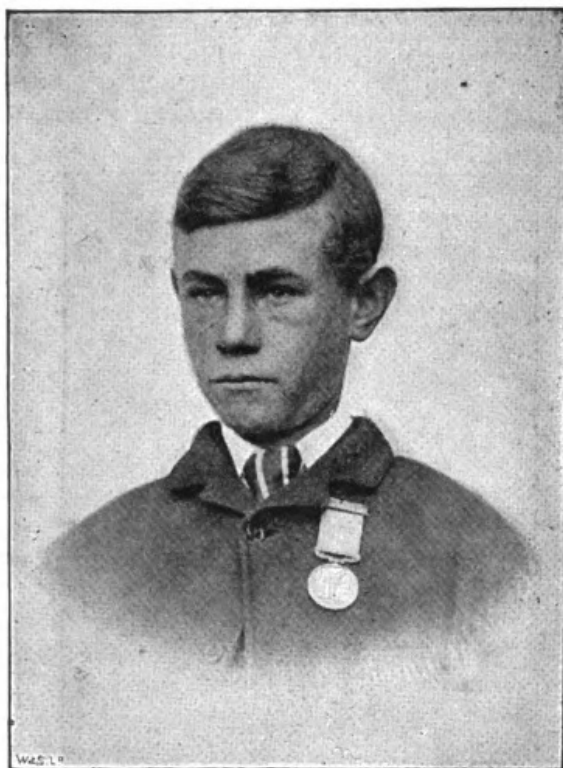
JAMES WILLOUGHBY JARDINE.  
From a Photo. by Puddicombe, Bideford.

of mind and began to sink. Jardine pluckily swam to the drowning boy, reached him and held him up as best he could, but the current carried them towards the opposite point, and finally a boat picked them up."

#### ALBERT ERNEST DEACON, Aged 14.

"Albert Ernest Deacon, of 25, Canterbury Road, a youth only fourteen years of age, gallantly rescued two other boys from drowning on Thursday, July 16th, 1891. It appears that on the day named Deacon and some of his companions had been bathing, and had just come ashore and commenced to dress, when their attention was called to two boys struggling in the water. The other boys on the beach, regarding him as the best swimmer, shouted out, 'Go for them.' He immediately divested himself of the only garment he had on, and, plunging into the water, succeeded in bringing Walter Marsh within reach of Albert Nicholls, who was walking out waist deep to meet him. He then at once swam off to the rescue of the other





ALBERT ERNEST DEACON.  
From a Photo. by Castle, Whitstable.

boy, George Hook, who had sunk twice, and brought him ashore also. Both boys were greatly exhausted, more especially Hook, and fears were at first entertained for his recovery. However, Dr. Wheeler, who was sent for and



WALTER MARSH AND GEORGE HOOK,  
SAVED BY A. E. DEACON.  
From a Photo. by Castle, Whitstable.

promptly attended, put into exercise the remedies usual in such cases, which happily had the desired effect. The conduct of Albert Ernest Deacon in such an emergency was highly praiseworthy. Bronze Medal awarded to Deacon; Vellum Testimonial to Nicholls."

#### SYDNEY GRAVES.

"Mr. Sydney Graves is the grandson of the late Henry Graves, the famous art publisher, of Pall Mall. It was whilst at Ventnor on August 28th, 1888, that he distinguished himself and made good his claim to the Bronze Medal of the Royal Humane Society by rendering material assistance, with others, in saving life at sea. He was bathing and had returned to his machine. The sea was very rough. An exclamation from a little boy on the shore told him that somebody



SYDNEY GRAVES.  
From a Photo. by Hellis & Sons.

was drowning. He saw two men about fifty yards away struggling in the water, and he at once swam out, carrying with him a rope which was thrown to him. The rope he gave to one of the men—a boatman; the other swimmer was already under water. Mr. Graves got him up and helped both men ashore. The Medal was presented at the annual festival of the Otter Swimming Club, of which—at that time—Mr. Graves was the youngest member. He was under fifteen years of age when he won the Medal."

#### CHARLES WICKENDEN, Aged 10.

"On Tuesday, the 14th July, 1891, some boys were bathing in a place called the 'Salts' on the 'Brook,' Snodland, Kent, when William





CHARLES WICKENDEN.  
From a Photo. by Hicks, Eccles.

Hodges, aged eleven years, got out of his depth. It being evident that the boy was drowning, one of the party ran for assistance, and fortunately soon met Charles Wickenden, a lad ten years of age. Wickenden, without the slightest hesitation, plunged into the water, and after a severe struggle, during which he was pulled under twice, suc-



WILLIAM HODGES.  
From a Photo. by Hicks, Eccles, Aylesford.

ceeded in bringing the unfortunate boy to land. He was unconscious, but the other boys held him head downwards to get rid of the water and rubbed him, and fortunately succeeded in bringing him back to consciousness again. He was afterwards taken to Dr. Palmer, who gave it as his opinion that the boy had had a narrow escape. The conduct of Wickenden, who bravely, at great peril to himself, attempted successfully to save the life of a playmate, cannot be too highly commended."

#### HARRY FOOTE.

"Harry Foote, a schoolboy, aged thirteen, saved W. Saxon, five years old, on August 10th, 1891. The boy fell off the quay whilst playing. Harry Foote ran to the place and jumped off the quay with all his clothes on, and succeeded in bringing him to a landing place, a distance of twelve yards. There were ten feet of water and the tide was running swiftly."

#### MISS ANNIE E. MACAULAY.

"John Martin, a child five years of age, was bathing with other boys much older than



HARRY FOOTE AND W. SAXON.  
From a Photo. by Hill & Wakeling, Plymouth.



MISS ANNIE E. MACAULAY.  
From a Photo. by T. Patterson, Irvine.



himself, when he was carried out of his depth and they could render him no assistance. Miss Macaulay went to the rescue and, with some difficulty, got the boy safely out. She received the Vellum Testimonial from the Society."

#### FRANK LINES.

"Frank Lines, a little boy aged eight, saved James Cochrane on the 28th December, 1891, in Broadwater, Brocket Park, Hatfield. Cochrane ran after a ball on the ice, and when forty-five yards from the bank the ice broke. He managed, however, to cling to the edge for some time. The other boys who were present ran away, but Frank Lines crawled to the hole, and with the aid of a stick got Cochrane out. The ice again gave way and Cochrane fell in once more; but still his little rescuer made another attempt, and finally saved him."

#### "PRINCE."

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose, with pleasure, the photo. of my dog 'Prince.' I need hardly say how proud I feel to think that it will be inserted in the well-known STRAND MAGAZINE. I am sorry that I could not send it before; but, as I had to have his photo. taken, I have been forced to wait. 'Prince' is a thoroughbred (absolutely pure) black retriever, and is nearly three years old. His photo. is taken



FRANK LINES.  
From a Photo. by Heltie & Sons, Regent Street, W.

in the act of 'Toeing the line,' a trick that I have taught him. He retrieves perfectly, and is a remarkably rapid swimmer. Three weeks ago he jumped from a height of 30ft., with 14ft. to clear, into one of the dry docks, which had about 6ft. to 8ft. of water in it. In saving the lives of the men he was of great assistance to me by diving under the water and lifting the feet of the second officer out of the quicksand. Throughout the whole affair he displayed great intelligence. I forgot to mention that the collar he is wearing was presented by the brother of the captain who, unfortunately, was drowned; and on the plate are engraved these words: 'Presented to "Prince" for his gallant behaviour, October 22nd, 1892, by J. J. W.'

"Yours truly,

"FRANK DAVID PENGELLY."



From a Photo. by

"PRINCE."

[C. Malfait, Dunkirk.



## *Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.*

### XI.—IN QUEST OF THE LOST GALLEON.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.  
“**H**ASSAN,” I said to our guide as he rested before us in the shade of the tent, “what was it those coolies lying under the trees yonder told you about Formosa?”

“The sahib shall hear,” replied the Arab. “They wish to persuade the Englishmen to hire their junk to visit the island, for they learnt from me that we have met with many strange experiences during our wanderings. They declare that what may be seen in one part of it is almost beyond belief.”

“Never mind what they say,” I expostulated, “go on and tell us about the island. There ought to be some story concerning it to interest us, considering that the Spaniards, the Dutch, and the Chinese have all possessed it in turn. It is quite notorious for the shipwrecks on its coast, not to mention the pirates who have held it at different times, and the savage tribes said to inhabit its wildest parts.”

“Ye shall hear the story, strange indeed as it is,” responded the Arab; “and, besides, it partly concerns a Feringhee sailor.”

“Well, go on with your yarn, Hassan,” said Denviers. “What a nigger you are for trying to excite our interest before you really tell us anything.”

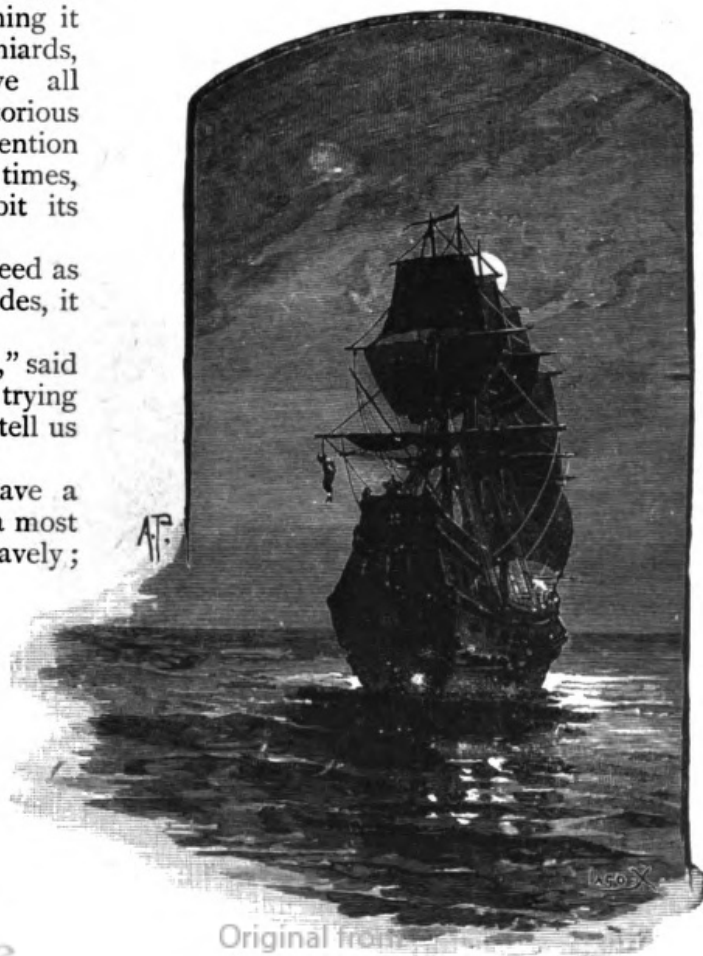
“The sahib does not give his slave a chance to continue, but makes always a most indifferent listener,” replied the Arab gravely; “and yet the great Mahomet has said that he who is impatient——”

“The story!” I interposed. “Go on, Hassan, you can tell us about Mahomet some other day.” Thus abjured, the Arab, after being silent for a few minutes, related to us the strange events which followed the quest of the lost galleon.

Soon after our adventure with the Hunted Tribe of Three Hundred Peaks we left Siam, and sailing through the China Sea made for

Hong Kong. Thence we set out to traverse a part of the coast of China, and at this time our tent was pitched not far from Swatow. There Hassan held a conversation with some coolies, when, from the various excited exclamations and gestures both of them and the Arab, my interest was roused sufficiently to question our guide, as narrated. As it afterwards transpired, the coolies had moved away a little only to await our decision, and were resting patiently meanwhile under the shade of a huge umbrella in addition to that afforded by the pine clump.

“Many years ago,” began Hassan, “when the far-off people of Spain ruled a great



Original from  
"THE SPANISH GALLEON"

INDIANA UNIVERSITY



continent, a galleon laden heavily with treasure wrung from the natives set out to return with its great store under the command of Don Luego, a grandee, whose name was a terror to all those who came under the Spaniard's sway. The riches which the vessel carried were almost incredible, yet Don Luego had no word of praise or thanks for the sailors who toiled to convey it home across the stormy seas.

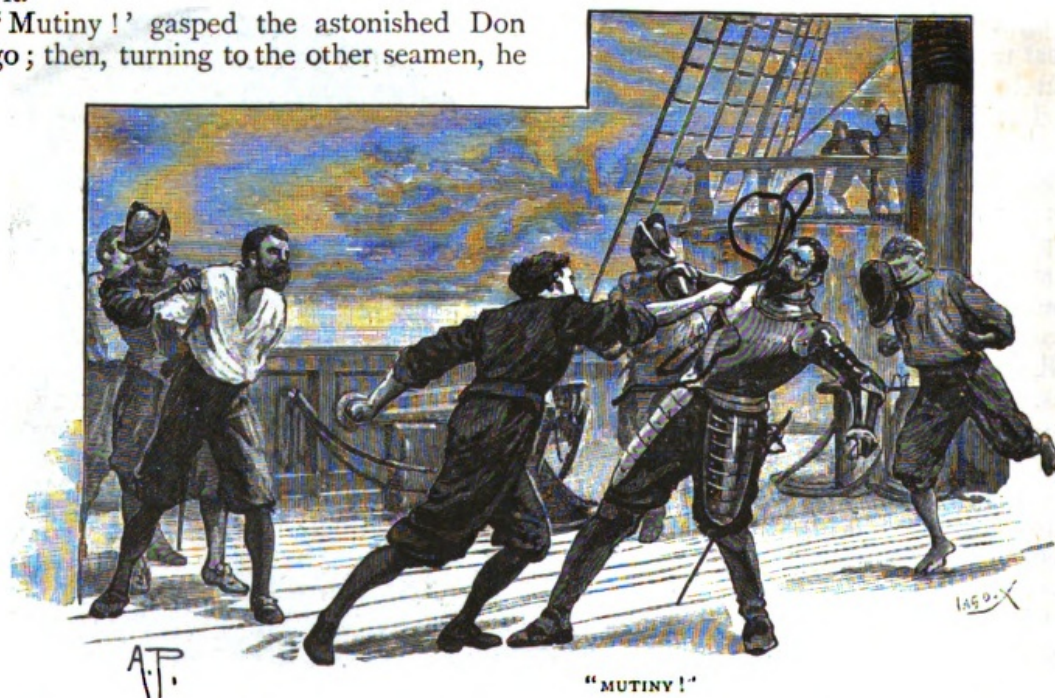
"More than one brave sailor was hung at the yard-arm for venturing to utter incautious expressions against the Spaniard's despotic rule, but at last some of the crew grew strangely silent, and took to watching Luego and conspiring together under the hatches. Among these men was one who had been put in chains several times, and whom the constant fear of death nerved on to lead his disaffected comrades against the commander.

"One morning all hands were piped on deck to witness the execution of a seaman, and José, the leader of the discontented part of the crew, was told off to assist. With a stern-set countenance he stepped forward, pulled the rope from his comrade's neck, and struck the fell Spaniard full in the face with it.

"'Mutiny!' gasped the astonished Don Luego; then, turning to the other seamen, he

forward with a fierce cry, while the mutineers fought hand-to-hand with the other seamen. It was a desperate fray, for the men who had revolted knew their fate if once they became overpowered. On the mutineers pressed over the slippery decks, until at last their disheartened opponents ceased fighting and surrendered.

"Deserted by his men, Don Luego stood alone with his blood-red sword still gripped in his hand, for he expected no mercy from the sailors whom he had driven into rebellion. The chief mutineers gathered in a group and eagerly discussed the fate to be awarded to their defeated commander. Most of them were in favour of putting him to death in the same manner in which he had doomed his seamen; but José, who now headed them, proposed another plan, which eventually was agreed upon. A quantity of provisions and water were got ready, and then Don Luego was seized and disarmed in spite of his struggles. The seamen lowered him in a boat over the side of the galleon, and then, cutting the ropes, cast the fierce commander adrift at the mercy of wind and wave. They watched him as the boat was seen to rise at



"MUTINY!"

cried, 'Seize him and swing the two together from the yard-arm!'

"A number of the sailors ran forward, eager to gain favour with their commander by obeying his orders, while the rest hurriedly gathered round the doomed men, and, drawing their keen knives, prepared to defend them. Don Luego unsheathed his sword and rushed

times on the crest of a huge wave, and saw that he shook at them threateningly his disarmed hand. At last they lost sight of him, and gathered together once more to consider their own plans and what to do with the treasure of the galleon.

"José, who seemed to be above the lust for gold which sprang up in the hearts of the



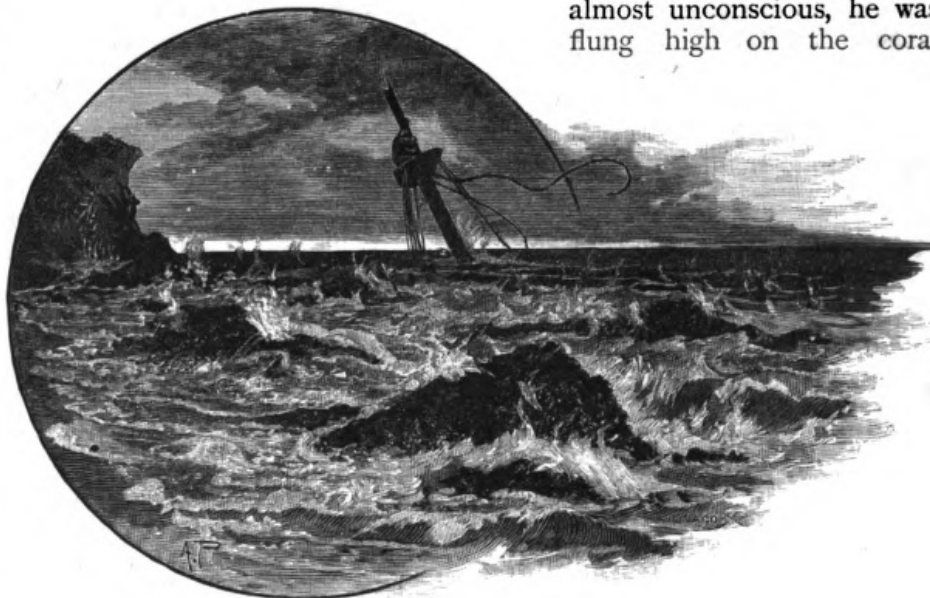
other sailors, assumed the command, and bade the men prepare to return to Spain. He thought it best to throw himself and his crew on the mercy of the King, and, delivering up the treasure, to tell of the cruelties of Don Luego. With some reluctance the seamen agreed, and so they took their course homeward. Three days afterwards a sailor on the look-out descried several Spanish caracks to leeward, to which they signalled, and having joined company sailed on together. All the vessels carried bombards and cannons, yet within a week the whole of them, save one, had struck their colours, and nailed to the mast of each was the flag of the capturing enemy, who belonged to the sahibs' nation. The single vessel not taken was the galleon which José commanded, and after it, as it fled through the waves with every stitch of canvas spread, went one of the Feringhee ships.

"It was a long stern chase, for the enemy was determined to capture the galleon, yet so well were the vessels matched in speed that they swept on without any perceptible difference being made in the distance which separated them. Through all their course nothing seemed to hinder the relentless pursuit of the treasure-ship. Many times José cried out to his men to turn the vessel about to grapple with the other for the mastery, but they would not obey, for the Spaniards knew too well how the Feringhees could fight. A violent storm came on in which both ships were partly disabled, but still they went on as best they could before a driving wind, until they were carried from west to east and then driven north into a sea which none of them had seen before.

"Then the Spanish galleon began to slacken and the English ship to draw nearer and nearer by degrees, until one stormy evening the towering crests of the volcanic range which runs through Formosa were visible, although the sailors knew not what the land was named.

José called upon his men to run the vessel towards it, and as the pursuers drew still closer in the gloom he determined to be revenged, even at the cost of every Spaniard's life, for the dogged way in which the enemy had hunted him down. He chose, as well as he could distinguish it, that part of the coast which seemed the most rock-bound, and then, slackening his vessel's speed, lured on the other for a time, then suddenly sped ahead as though making for a known harbour. Deceived by this, the ship which chased him followed on, and before even José himself was aware of the outlying reefs of coral, they struck almost together. The next minute Spaniard and Feringhee were struggling for their lives, while tremendous seas were sweeping over the two ill-fated vessels.

"The English ship went down, leaving only part of her mast to be seen, to which for a time a few seamen clung until one by one the waves swept them off, and out of the entire crew only a solitary sailor was left there. The Spanish galleon struck nearer to the coast, and at low water its hull could long afterwards be seen, but not a man aboard was saved. The Feringhee sailor clung to the mast all through that dreary night. Next morning, seizing a floating spar, he struck out for the shore and battled with the seething waters until, almost unconscious, he was flung high on the coral



"ONLY A SOLITARY SAILOR WAS LEFT."

beach. Towards sunset the seaman rose, and struggling forward to the entrance of one of the caves before him, he flung himself down to sleep.

"The coolies say that the sailor after-



wards explored a part of the coast and then set about making his presence known to any vessel which might chance to pass the island. Getting possession of part of the broken mast of one of the ships, he raised it on the beach, and hoisted to the top of it the tattered flag of the English vessel, which chanced to be flung up by the waves. For weeks and months his signal passed unnoticed ; and meanwhile the sailor made a raft, and at low water reached the hulk of the Spanish ship several times, from which by degrees he carried away the treasure. This he hid in the cave which he occupied, hoping that one day he would be rescued. He found arms and ammunition in the galleon in abundance, and well it was for him that he secured them and made them serviceable in case of need.

"Lying before the cave one day he saw the dusky forms of several savages appear, at which the sailor immediately seized the nearest Spanish musket and prepared to defend himself. In a moment they discovered him and cast a shower of spears towards the entrance of the cave. The Feringhee shouldered his loaded muskets in turn and picked the savages off one at a time in quick succession, and despite their onsets he managed for a time to keep them at bay. At last they gathered together and made a desperate attack upon the cave, while the undaunted sailor clubbed them with the butt of a musket as fast as they came upon him. Then they withdrew and left him to pass the night watching and waiting for the assault to be renewed, but this was not attempted. Next day one of the savages appeared alone and unarmed, making signs which indicated that the tribe desired peace.

"Not only was this goodwill maintained, but the chief of the fierce islanders, full of admiration for the sailor's bravery, treated him with marked respect, and when more than a year had passed, during which no vessel apparently sighted the fluttering flag at the top of the broken mast, the seaman became almost reconciled to his strange fate, and took the chief's daughter as his wife. Watching from the beach one day, long after this, the sailor saw a vessel, and climbing up the mast seized the flag and raised frantic cries for rescue ; for on seeing a ship once more his old longing to leave the island at once returned. Anxiously he watched, and then saw a flag run up to the mast of the ship, which told him that his signal had been observed—then the dull roar of cannon rang out over the waters. The vessel tacked and

soon bore down towards the island, the sailor madly waving the tattered flag and uttering exclamations of delight, for he was almost beside himself at the near prospect of rescue.

"The vessel was brought to at some little distance from the island and a boat sent out, which was carefully steered through the breakers. Forgetting the treasure which he had concealed in the cave, and the friendly treatment which he had so long received from the tribe who knew of its whereabouts, the sailor rushed into the surf, and throwing himself into the boat bade the men pull back to the ship. When he was standing on the deck of the latter he recognised fully his own position. Above him floated the Spanish flag, fierce glances of hatred from all the crew were turned upon him, and to complete his discomfiture the commander who came forward to meet him was none other than Don Luego, of whom every Feringhee sailor had heard.

"Cast adrift by the crew of the galleon which he had commanded, Don Luego had been rescued and carried to Spain by a trading vessel, by which he chanced to be observed after suffering terrible privations at sea. He made his way into the King's presence, told his own tale of the mutiny of his sailors, and persuaded the monarch to put him in command of a fast vessel with which to return and, hunting them down, to restore the great treasure to the Spanish coffers. Strange rumours were heard by him when again in the southern seas of the galleon having been seen flying before the wind with another vessel pursuing it. After cruising about for a considerable time he had quite unknowingly come within sight of the island where the English vessel and the Spanish galleon had both been wrecked.

"Pretending that hostilities had long ceased between the two nations, Don Luego endeavoured to get the rescued man to relate the story of his shipwreck ; but the seaman, conscious of his danger, gave evasive answers, and asked to be landed upon the island once more. The Spaniard's suspicions were aroused, and he determined to keep the sailor on board as his prisoner while a number of men were sent ashore to see if anything could be discovered. They soon come back and reported that upon the beach they had seen portions of wreckage which had evidently formed part of a Spanish galleon. The Feringhee seaman was strictly questioned by the commander, but at first would say nothing. Stung at length by Don Luego's taunts, he pointed towards the tattered flag which still



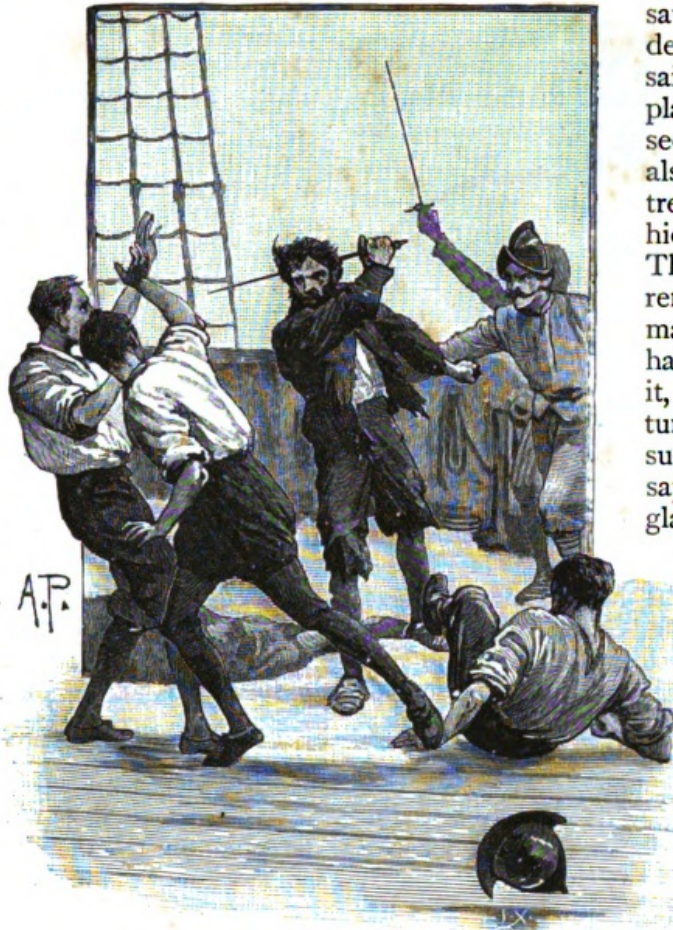
floated from the broken mast, and declared that it waved over a treasure belonging no longer to Spain but to him.

"Don Luego responded by threatening the hardy sailor with death unless he pointed out where the contents of the lost galleon were concealed. The seaman suddenly sprang forward, wrenched the sword from his interrogator's hand, and, cutting a way through the surprised Spaniards, flung himself headlong from the vessel's side, and struck out for the shore.

"Shoot him, men!" cried Don Luego, as the sailor's head emerged for a minute from the water, and instantly a volley from a hundred muskets whistled round the swimmer's head. He dived at once and swam under water, only coming up to take breath occasionally. A second and a third time the muskets were discharged, and then the savages—who had meanwhile gathered in a threatening band at the water's edge, on hearing the strange reports ring out—saw the sailor flung upon the coral beach. They bent over him, then raised a wild cry for vengeance, for the waves had cast at their feet the blood-stained body of the lifeless seaman.

"Landing from their boats, the Spaniards tried to force the natives from the shore, but were driven back time after time at the point of the savages' spears, till disheartened they leapt into their boats again and made for the vessel. Foremost among the wild horde which fought so desperately to avenge the murdered sailor was the daughter of the chief—for among this tribe the women fight in battle no less than the men. Her spear it was which pierced the traitorous Don Luego through as he led on the Spaniards.

"Soon after the ship sailed away the



"CUTTING HIS WAY THROUGH THE SPANIARDS."

savages took up their dead, and carrying the sailor's body away they placed it in some secret spot, whither also they conveyed the treasure which he had hidden near the shore. There it is said to remain still, for though many daring explorers have set out to find it, none have ever returned to speak of their success, so the coolies say. Yet they would gladly convey the sahibs to the island and help them to overcome the savage tribe still living there, for they are bold seamen, and do not fear fighting whatever enemies may appear."

"I daresay," commented Denviers, with a glance of amuse-

ment at the coolies still shading themselves with the umbrella, "they would willingly go with us until the first savage appeared, then they would jump into the junk and make off, leaving us to defend ourselves as best we knew how. I have not the slightest objection to setting out for Formosa, but we will see to the craft ourselves and not trust to them. What is your opinion, Harold?"

"Let us go, by all means," I answered. "Between us we can manage the junk very well, and if we act cautiously we may come across this strangely hidden treasure; at all events, we might try."

Hassan was accordingly dispatched to the coolies to tell them what course we had decided to follow, and after some bargaining the junk was placed at our disposal. Before many hours had passed we were on our way to Formosa, little knowing what a strange adventure was in store for us, or how perilous a task we had so lightly undertaken. Before commencing our journey we carefully questioned the coolies as to where it was rumoured the treasure had been secreted, and, learning this, provided ourselves with everything we thought necessary for the enterprise. Our



tent and possessions were left in charge of a wealthy mandarin, whom we fortunately met at Swatow, while we looked to the state of our weapons, for we fully expected to need them in the adventure before us.

## II.

"I THINK these Formosans are altogether too friendly, Harold," said Denviers, as we eventually reached the rough coast to which we had been directed, and our boat was being dragged through the blinding surf by a dozen fierce-looking savages.

"The sahibs need not fear," interposed Hassan, as he overheard this remark; "it is necessary that we should be led by them, for not otherwise could we see Wimpai, who is their head-man, so the coolies told me."

"I expect we could have managed very well without seeing him," I replied. "Would it not have been possible to have found the sailor's treasure, wherever it is hidden, without landing at a spot where these savages were evidently on the look-out?"

"Not so, by Mahomet!" answered the Arab. "The sahibs would certainly be slain if they attempted to do so without Wimpai permitted them."

"Well, come on then," said Denviers, as he made his way through the wreckage and huge fragments of coral lying on the beach: "I daresay we shall get out of this adventure as safely as we have others. Our new acquaintances are certainly making themselves quite at home with our possessions, before being invited even," he added, as four of them placed on their heads some pieces of cloth and a native basket filled with handsome beads, which Hassan had advised us to bring in order to propitiate Wimpai.

"They seem to consider us their prisoners," I remarked, as the savages marched on the right and left of us, while we strode on with our rifles shouldered.

"I don't relish the look of their knives," commented Denviers; "they are likely to do us far more harm with them than with the clumsy matchlocks which they now carry instead of spears. What a splendid set of fellows they are!"

The savages who inhabited this part of Formosa, so much avoided on account of its dangerous coral reefs, wore only a blue loin-cloth. Their hair was adorned with a number of brightly-coloured feathers, while across the shoulder of each passed a strip of scarlet cloth, reaching to the waist, supporting a plaited loop, into which was thrust the long-bladed knife which my companion mentioned.

For some time the tangled pathway which we traversed wound up the steep side of a mountain spur, running almost down to the edge of the raised coral beach. Forcing our way through the screw-pine, which obstructed us, we were soon passing under the shade of some bamboos and banyans, when Denviers motioned to some trees a little way ahead, and suddenly exclaimed:—

"Look out, Harold! These savage niggers mean mischief!"

I glanced carefully to where my companion directed me, and saw a number of matchlocks pointed at us, while the heads of those who held them peered cautiously forth. We raised our rifles to defend ourselves, for we were completely covered by the shining barrels of the enemy, and for a moment fully expected that the lighted port-fires would be applied to their old-fashioned weapons. Seeing that we were closely guarded by the others from any attempt to escape, the savages came out from their lurking-places and advanced to meet us.

"It looks as if Hassan's incredible yarn is going to turn out true after all," said Denviers to me, aside; "at all events, there are several women carrying arms among those in front."

Upon getting close to us the savages passed on one side, and giving a fierce yell of triumph as they did so, turned and followed behind, while our guides or captors still inclosed us, except one of them who led the way. The burden-bearers soon after this disappeared, and we saw no more of the presents which we had brought.

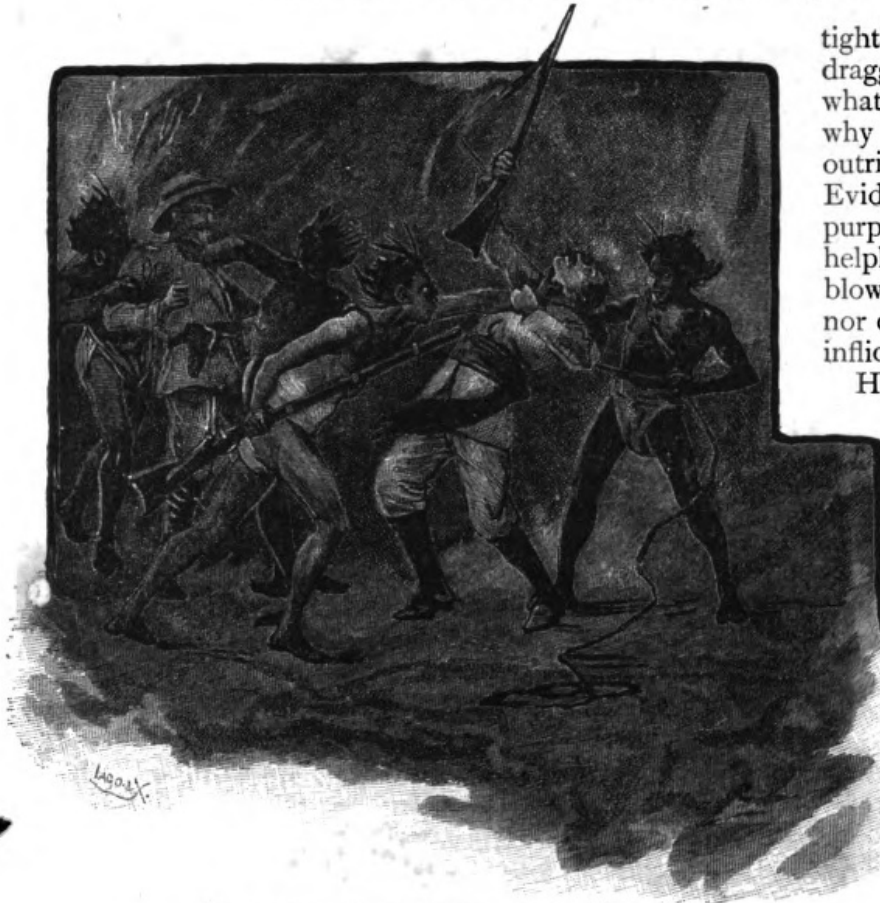
"I expect we are in for it," said Denviers, as the savage led us towards a narrow gap in the heart of the mountain up which we had been toiling. Through this a number of the men passed in single file, and we were bidden to follow them. We halted irresolutely and turned round, only to see the wild horde pressing on behind, impatient at our delay.

"We must go on," said Denviers, "for we are completely surrounded."

The Arab pressed forward, anxious to be the first to test whatever danger confronted us, but my companion prevented this, and Hassan was compelled to take second place, while I followed him. We were absolutely in the dark before we had proceeded a dozen yards through the cleft in the mountain side, and then our worst fears were realized.

I heard a warning cry from Denviers, followed by Hassan's fierce answer, as the savages gathered closely about us where the passage or cave must have widened out, and





"I FELT THE GRIP OF A HAND UPON MY THROAT."

then I felt the grip of a hand upon my throat and saw even in the gloom the fierce glitter of my enemy's eyes. With a thud I brought my rifle down, and the blow evidently told, for my throat was released, while the one who had attacked me fell heavily to the ground.

Of all the adventures which we had met with, that one, during those few minutes of desperate fighting for our lives in the blackness about us, seemed the most weird and exciting. Once I heard the ring of the Arab's sword as it struck against the side of the rocky excavation, and a call to Mahomet for help came from his lips, while through it all Denviers was cheering us madly on in the blind conflict with our foes. I felt my rifle wrenched at last from my hands, and drawing a pistol from my belt thrust it between the glaring eyes of a savage and fired, sending him down at my feet. In a second that weapon too was snatched from me, and feeling hastily for the other I found it gone! Still another savage faced me, and I struck blindly at him with my fist, dealing a stunning blow which sent him spinning and laid my knuckles bare. With all my might I struggled to keep off the rope or thong which I felt was being bound about me, but the odds were too great, and with my arms lashed

tightly to my sides I was dragged forward, wondering what fate was in store and why the savages did not kill us outright with their knives. Evidently that was not their purpose, for as soon as I was helplessly bound no more blows were rained upon me, nor did my captors attempt to inflict further injuries.

How long I was hauled through the gloomy passage in the mountain would be difficult to conjecture, but eventually a stifling heat seemed to penetrate to where I was being hurried along, and a dull red glow appeared ahead which lit up the scene, showing what had happened and where we were. Denviers and Hassan were both bound, the latter having one of his arms left loose, from which circum-

stance I concluded that it was broken, and this was subsequently found to be true.

The glowing mass ahead increased in its intensity, and cast strange shadows of the savages upon the jagged walls of rock which inclosed us on each side and rose to a height of more than twenty feet at the point we had then reached. We drew near to each other as we emerged into the lighter part of the mountain passage, and the savages ceased to drag us along, since they could watch our movements.

"We ought to be glad these niggers didn't try conclusions with their knives in that fight in the dark," said Denviers, as I got close to him and the Arab. Then, observing the latter's injured arm, he added: "You seem to have got the worst of the encounter with one of them, Hassan——"

"Not so, by the Koran!" answered the Arab, promptly. "He who dealt that blow felt the edge of my sword, and lived but a second after he did it."

"Where are we being taken to, do you think, Hassan?" I asked, looking in surprise at the changing colours of the walls of the passage, which just there were tinted a bluish-grey, then crimsoned a little further on, until the long cave seemed to terminate in an enormous



hollow surrounded by blood-red rocks which rose precipitously upwards.

"The sahib will soon see for himself," answered the Arab. "The savage tribe has chosen a safe retreat where none would expect to find living people, for, see! before us is the jagged side of a crater!"

We emerged from the cave to observe in front of us the cause of the intense heat which had been so oppressive while we were in it. A white cloud of smoke rose from the funnel-like hollow, and occasionally flickering red flames shot up and turned this to the same hue, while at times the cloud wore a blue colour, matching the changing tints of the lake of fire below. Round the interior of the great crater in which we were ran a rugged path of broken masses of rock, between which streams of lava lay, and over them we had to pass. Even as we went along, scarcely able to breathe, we saw a huge fragment of rock crash down into the depths below. This was followed by a grinding sound and a rumble like thunder; then high above us shot a shower of red-hot lava and stones, while we crouched under a projecting shelf of black basalt, and forgot that we were prisoners in the midst of such an impressive scene. When the stream of fire which darted upwards had somewhat subsided, our captives urged us forward, and on we went, tumbling and slipping over the dangerous rocks, which threatened every instant to give way beneath our feet. Even the savages became exceedingly cautious as we wound our way around the crater, and seemed to be getting nearer and nearer still to the molten fire below.

As he turned round for a moment to see if we were following, the foremost of our captors missed his footing, and, bound as we were, none of us could make an attempt to save him. Uttering an appalling cry of horror, he fell head first into the roaring furnace! We flung ourselves upon our faces and tried to shut out that weird scream of terror; then Denviers, prone as he was, worked his body forward

upon a loose, overhanging rock, and stared down into the red sea of fire below.

"The sahib is mad! Come back, come back!" cried Hassan, excitedly; whereupon the savages, looking more like demons than men, as their faces were lighted up by the glow of the lambent flames, seized hold of my companion and dragged him from threatening death.

"He has not fallen right in," said Denviers to me, calmly, as though his own danger had been a mere nothing; "the man is clinging to a projecting crag just above the flames. Hassan," he cried to our guide, "tell these savages if they will unbind me I think I can save him."

Half stupefied with fear and horror, our captors unbound the long rope which held my companion's arms to his sides, and at once he made a loop at one end of it and advanced again upon the projecting rock. Quickly the rope was lowered and, leaning right over, Denviers managed to reach the almost senseless man, for we saw him hauling the rope slowly in, and finally the head of the savage appeared before us, while the loose rock which upheld rescuer and rescued

swayed ominously upon the solid mass which supported it. Scarcely were the two of them dragged back from the rock when over it went, and again a fierce shower of fire shot up, from which with much difficulty we protected ourselves.

The savage lay scorched and motionless for several minutes, then, struggling to his feet, he took one of the knives which another proffered and cut Hassan's bonds as well as my own. Again we moved forward and, conscious that this unexpected rescue of their companion had won for us the goodwill of



"HE FELL HEAD FIRST."

Original from  
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all, we passed on, hoping that when we faced Wimpai, their chief, it would be turned to good account. Freed from our bonds so unexpectedly, we went on with more confidence than before, and at last saw another huge cavern facing us, upon entering which we found ourselves in the presence of the savage chief.

### III.

WE were not able to observe what the entire number of the savages was, since the cave into which we went led to several others where we caught glimpses of many of the wild tribe. We estimated that those among whom we were amounted to about five hundred, more than a half of whom were female warriors. Our appearance was the signal for the savages to raise excited cries, which continued till we stood before Wimpai, who was partly surrounded by a number of his armed women. The chief of our captors, who had received several severe burns and injuries through his fall, pressed forward, and telling first of our fight in the rocky passage, afterwards spoke of his own rescue by Denviers, so we learnt from Hassan. Wimpai rose and leant upon his spear when the savage had concluded his account, and was evidently perplexed as to what course to pursue.

Hassan managed to explain our purpose in visiting the chief, and with an immobile countenance asked for us to be shown the hidden treasure, a request which brought forth a shrill laugh from those around. We could not understand what passed between Wimpai and the Arab, but the latter succeeded in producing a favourable effect by his persuasive words, for he turned to us eventually, saying:—

"Wimpai declares that between his tribe and those who carry the dragon banner to war there has been of late much fighting, which is the reason his people have sought this strange shelter."

"I should have thought these niggers could tell the difference between us and Chinamen," interposed Denviers.

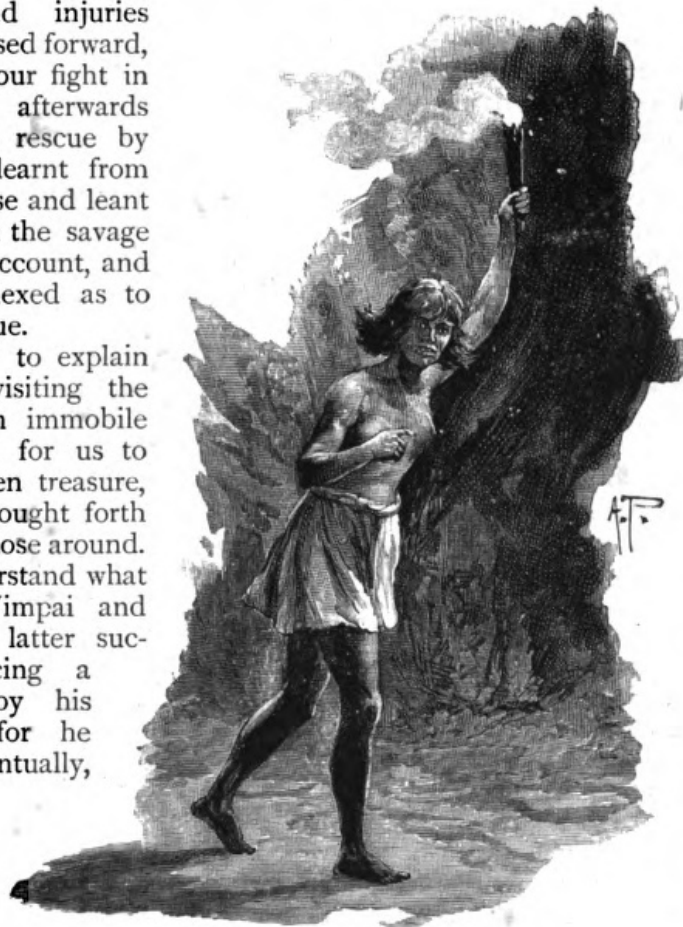
"That is so," responded the Arab; "but the sahib forgets that in the memory of every wild tribe those who have injured them are never forgotten. Finding that we were not like the people with whom they have recently been fighting, those who took us prisoners thought we were the descendants of the fell Spaniards whom their traditions recall. I have told Wimpai that ye are of the same nation as the Feringhee sailor who married the daughter of one of their chiefs so long ago, and he promises that we shall see the treasure, and may take as much of it as we can bear away. Even now a boat is being got ready for us to enter, and a warrior woman is to accompany us down the strange stream which leads to the place where the contents of the galleon have long been hidden."

As the Arab finished speaking, we saw a woman approach, bearing a torch. Obedient

to Wimpai's command, she moved towards one of the rocky passages, and motioned to us to follow. We advanced in single file behind our strange guide, and soon found ourselves in another of the great fissures, which seemed to traverse the heart of the volcano in all directions. Before us, by the light of the flaring torch, we saw a wide stream flowing between lava walls, the lofty top of these meeting far above our heads, and supporting long crystal prisms of a yellowish hue, which hung down in thousands.

The woman who was appointed to guide us

pointed to where the native boat had been placed, and into it we leapt, eager to see the treasure taken from the lost galleon. Although there were two pairs of oars of peeled wood ready to hand, we had no occa-



"WE SAW A WOMAN APPROACH."



sion to use them, for the underground river carried us along with its steady current. We each held aloft a blazing torch, which the female warrior had thrust into our hands before she took her seat in the prow of the boat, where she sat facing us.

For more than an hour we passed on, watching the shifting lights of that wonderful scene, and the grey mist that stole upwards from the hot spring down which our little craft was floating fast.

At last we saw several narrow channels into which the stream was divided by its rocky bed, and down one of these we passed in devious turns until our new-found guide rose again in the boat and pointed to a jagged fissure which faced us. Denviers seized a pair of the rude oars and pulled the boat towards it, then leaping out he secured our frail conveyance, after which the woman handed to him a fresh torch, and we all advanced into the cave before us, vaguely wondering what treasure would be revealed to us.

All doubts as to the truth of the wreck of the richly-laden galleon off the coast about which Hassan had told us vanished as soon as ever we entered there. The various things which had formed the cargo of the vessel lay strewn in confused heaps about us. There were wedges of gold and bars of silver, discoloured by the fumes from the crater and the mists from the hot stream, while Spanish muskets, strange-looking pistols, and swords with richly-chased handles, and rust-incrusted barrels and blades lay about in piles. Among these weapons I observed a pair of pistols with gems studding their handles, and thrust them into my sash, besides a splendid sword, which proved very serviceable when polished up, especially as my own defensive arms had been taken away.

Hassan and Denviers followed my example, and then the latter remarked :—

"We may as well make the most of Wimpai's permission to enrich ourselves," and he raised several wedges of gold, which he proceeded to carry towards the entrance of the cave. Hassan and I assisted to load the boat, then we threw in a few more weapons which we thought might prove useful to us, and with a look of regret at the wealth we were forced to leave behind us we turned to leave the place. Just then Hassan moved away from us to another part of the cave, and a moment afterwards he called out to us. Going over to him, we found the Arab and the tribeswoman both looking intently at something lying upon the rocky floor.

"Every word of Hassan's singular story is undoubtedly true," I said to Denviers, in sheer amazement, as we stooped over the object and observed it in the torch-light. The wild tribe had carried and placed the slain sailor by the spoils of the galleon which he had claimed for his own in the very face of Don Luego, the Spanish commander.

There, before our eyes, was stretched the outline of a human form, above which was spread all that remained of the tattered flag that once had fluttered from the masthead of the ship which chased the Spanish galleon, and went down with it on the coral reefs of the Formosan shore !

Slowly we moved away from the spot towards where our boat was, and re-entered it. The task which we had undertaken, however—that of pulling against the stream, with such a weight of treasure as we had obtained—proved a most difficult one. Indeed, Denviers and I exerted ourselves to little purpose for some time, then found that the boat was slowly making headway. We reached the spot where the underground stream divided into its several channels, and then, by an unlucky accident, the prow of our craft was dashed against one of the many rocks which lay between. For a minute we entirely lost control of it, and back it drifted down one of the other channels. At this the female warrior rose, and thrusting the head of her long spear against the rock tried to assist us to get the boat back into the main stream before us. Our efforts were made in vain, for the bed of the narrow channel into which we had got sloped rapidly down, and its waters hurried us along at a speed which defied all our attempts to force the boat back. The woman had dropped her torch when she came to our assistance, and in the light of the solitary one still flaring, as Hassan held it, I saw a look upon her face which startled me. She pointed before us, uttering a wild, despairing cry, which was drowned a moment after in a dull roar which struck upon our ears.

"Pull, sahibs ; in Allah's name, pull !" cried Hassan, who was looking ahead at the danger which we faced. "If the boat cannot be stopped from drifting on before a few more hundred yards are gone over, we are lost !"

We gripped the rude oars again, and strained till our arms ached, but still the relentless current bore us on. I gave another glance at the danger ahead, then Hassan wildly exclaimed :—

"Allah and Mahomet help us ! We are on the verge of a cataract !"





"ON THE VERGE OF A CATARACT!"

"Throw the treasure overboard!" cried Denviers, and each of us worked desperately to free the boat of what we had been so eager to obtain. Into the stream we cast the wedges of gold and Spanish arms, and scarcely had our purpose been accomplished, when the boat, lightened of its heavy cargo, was caught up by the rushing stream, swirled round, and then borne madly forward at a rate which brought another despairing cry from the woman's lips.

"Pull with all your might with the stream, Harold!" said Denviers to me, as we drew close to where the roaring waters were leaping down. "Pull, pull, it is our last chance!"

We both knew that if we failed to shoot the rapid ahead we should be sucked down and drowned. We tugged at the oars together, then amid a cloud of blinding spray our boat seemed to hover for a moment over the tumbling waters, then shot forward and left the danger behind.

"We are saved, thank Allah!" cried Hassan, and as we ventured to look round we saw the wonderful escape which had been ours. Swiftly we were carried along by the stream, which began to widen out as it passed between the precipitous sides of a vast ravine.

"Daylight at last!" I exclaimed, with a feeling of relief. "I wonder where we are now being hurried towards."

For a considerable time the stream kept on its rapid course, then grew less violent, and we floated down it gently at last, until we were carried to where we saw the river

flowing into the sea, when we at once sprang out upon the rough coral beach.

The Formosan woman hastened away along the shore, making for the distant cave by which we first entered into the strange haunt of her tribe, while we followed slowly after her, having drawn the rude boat high up on the beach.

"Well!" said Denviers, when at last we found our junk, after walking several miles along the coast, and prepared to launch it into the sea in order to leave the island. "We lost the treasure after all, but still we have something left to recall this strange adventure at times," and he drew from his sash the Spanish sword which he had thrust there. After examining it I passed to him the arms which I had taken from the cave. The pistols, although proving useless, were fine specimens of workmanship, and as richly chased as the jewel-studded hilt of the sword which I had also obtained.

"Mahomet has well rewarded the sahibs with such treasures," interposed Hassan, gravely, "and has not forgotten their slave." We glanced towards his waist as he spoke, and saw that the Arab had certainly taken care to arm himself well from the treasures of the lost galleon, for he bristled with swords and poniards like a small armoury.

"Come on, Hassan," said Denviers, with an amused smile at the Arab's weapons, "Mahomet evidently looks with high favour upon you."

We pushed the junk through the surf, then entering it, put out for the distant coast of the mainland, which we reached in safety.



# ZIGZAGS

AT THE

# ZOO

By  
ARTHUR MORRISON  
AND  
J. A. SHEPHERD

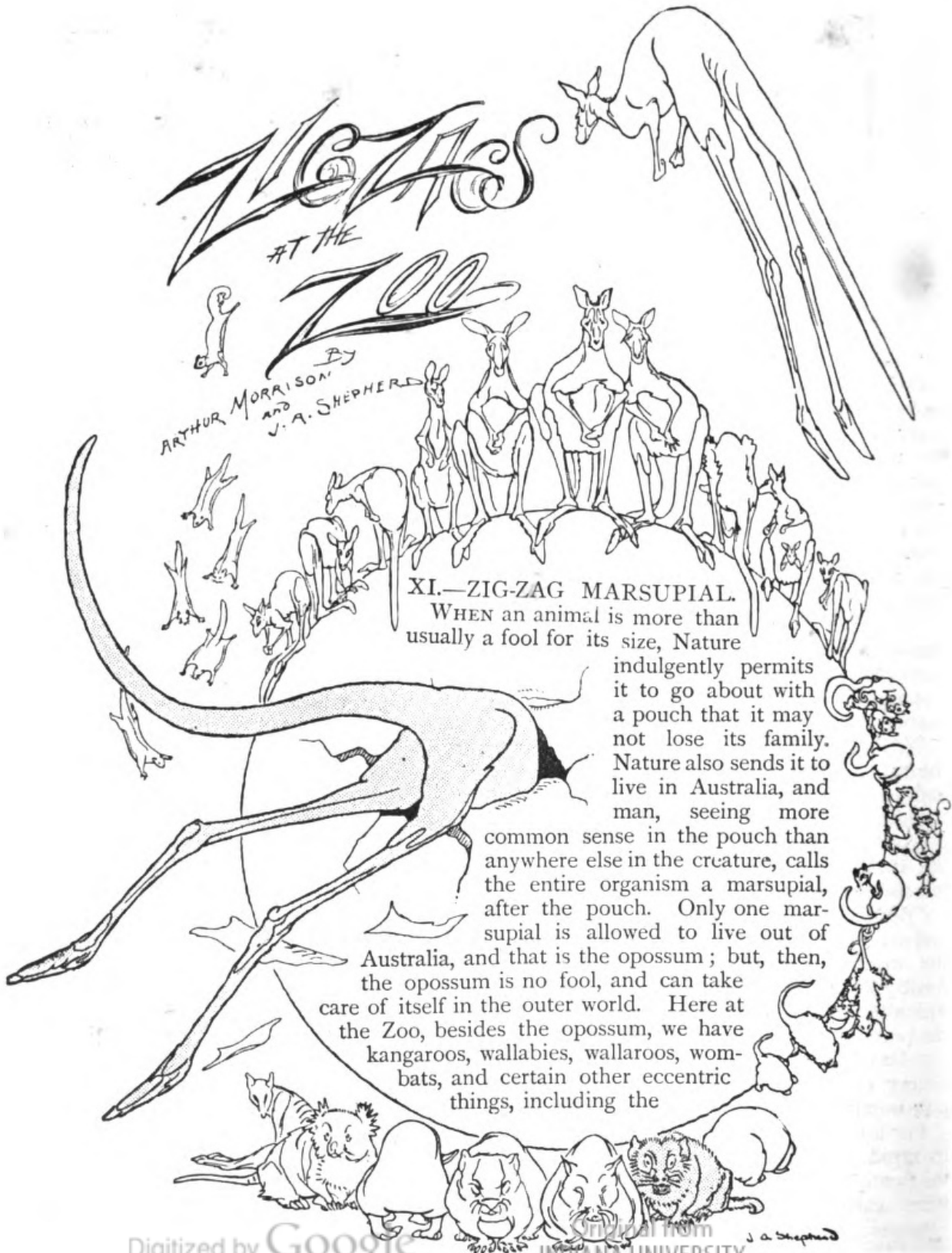
## XI.—ZIG-ZAG MARSUPIAL.

WHEN an animal is more than usually a fool for its size, Nature

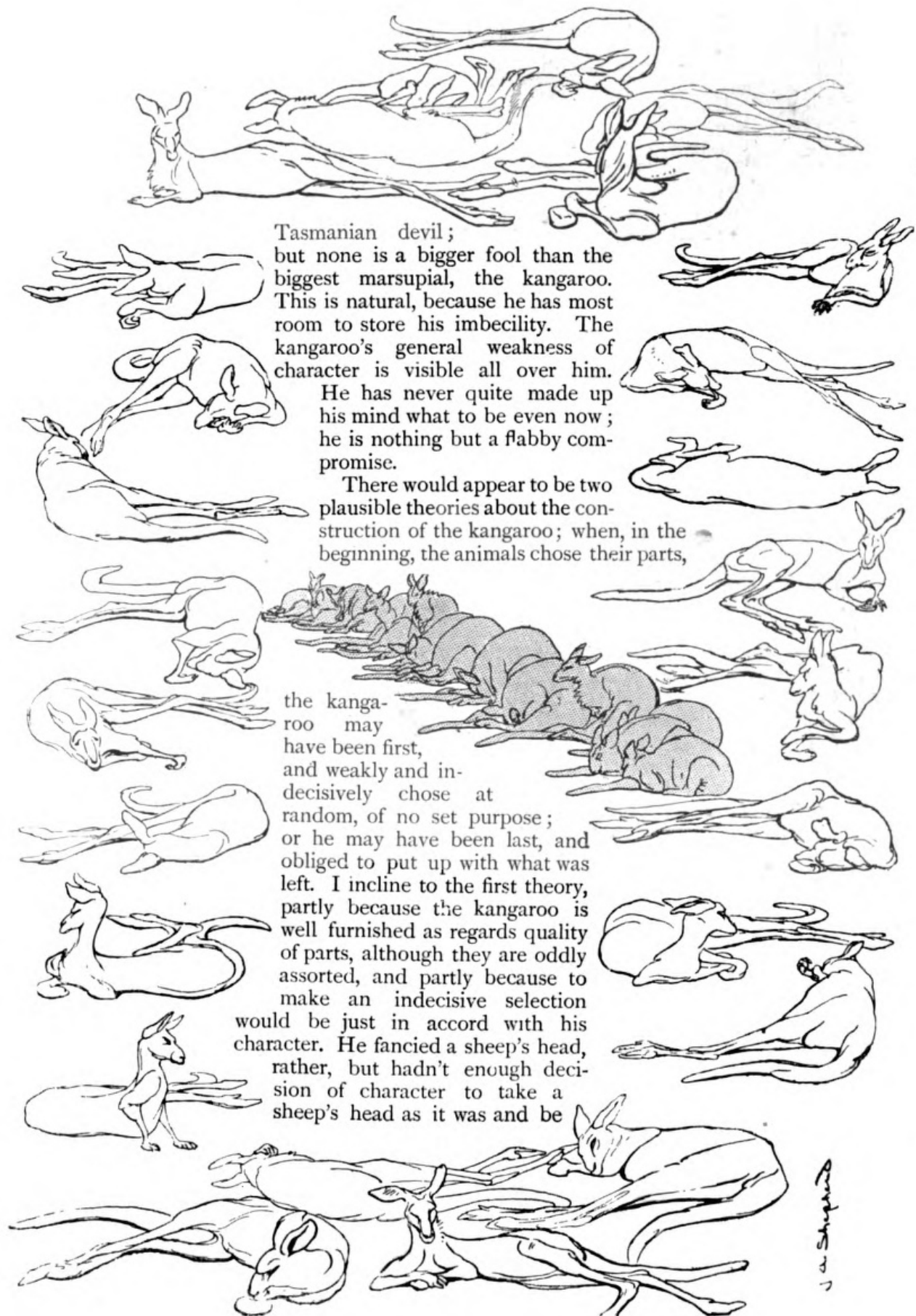
indulgently permits it to go about with a pouch that it may not lose its family. Nature also sends it to live in Australia, and man, seeing more

common sense in the pouch than anywhere else in the creature, calls the entire organism a marsupial, after the pouch. Only one marsupial is allowed to live out of

Australia, and that is the opossum; but, then, the opossum is no fool, and can take care of itself in the outer world. Here at the Zoo, besides the opossum, we have kangaroos, wallabies, wallaroos, wombats, and certain other eccentric things, including the







Tasmanian devil; but none is a bigger fool than the biggest marsupial, the kangaroo. This is natural, because he has most room to store his imbecility. The kangaroo's general weakness of character is visible all over him.

He has never quite made up his mind what to be even now; he is nothing but a flabby compromise.

There would appear to be two plausible theories about the construction of the kangaroo; when, in the beginning, the animals chose their parts,

the kangaroo may have been first, and weakly and indecisively chose at random, of no set purpose; or he may have been last, and obliged to put up with what was left. I incline to the first theory, partly because the kangaroo is well furnished as regards quality of parts, although they are oddly assorted, and partly because to make an indecisive selection would be just in accord with his character. He fancied a sheep's head, rather, but hadn't enough decision of character to take a sheep's head as it was and be

J. A. Shepherd

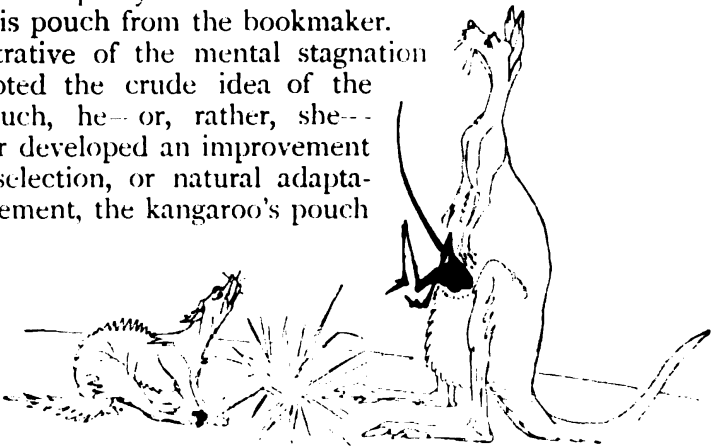




THE WICKED DINGO DOG; OR,

thankful for it. He preferred a donkey's ears to the sheep's, so had them substituted. Even then, some mistrust of the boldness of the design intimidated him, and he cautiously compromised by having them small. The only part of a kangaroo or wallaby that has the least independence about it is the tail; and the wallabies are so proud of the individuality, that they sit with their tails extended before them all day: and the colonist acknowledges the merit of the kangaroo's tail by making soup of it. Let us grant the kangaroo his tail, since it is the only thing that is unmistakably his own. Abashed at his own temerity in venturing to take an independent tail, all the kangaroo's other selections became hopelessly demoralized. He took a grasshopper's hind legs, and plagiarized a rat's fore-paws. Obviously, he got the design of his coat partly from the rabbit and partly from the rat, and the idea of his pouch from the bookmaker.

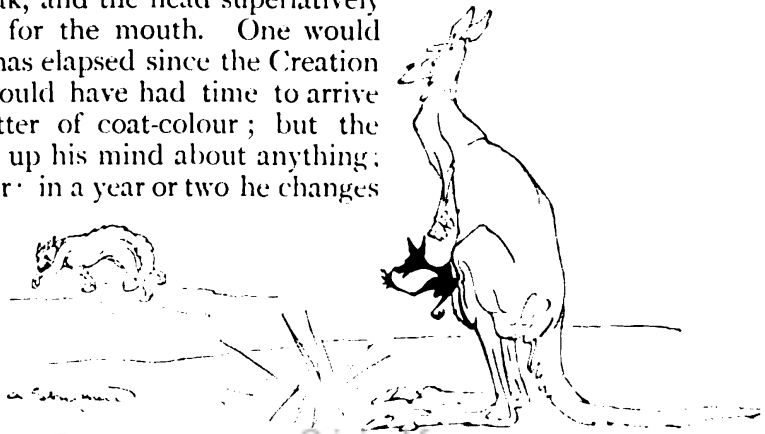
Now, it is a noticeable thing, illustrative of the mental stagnation of the kangaroo, that, having adopted the crude idea of the bookmaker's or 'bus-conductor's pouch, he—or, rather, she—through all the generations, has never developed an improvement on that pouch, either by evolution, selection, or natural adaptation. Even in these days of improvement, the kangaroo's pouch has no separate compartment for silver. Of course it is mainly used to carry the family in, but in any really intelligent and enterprising class of animals that pouch would long ago have improved and developed, through the countless ages, into a convenient perambulator, with rubber tires and a leather hood.



INNOCENCE

As it is, the kangaroo has not so much as added a patent clasp.

Still, in its merely primitive form, the pouch is found useful by the small kangaroo. It is an ever-ready refuge from the prowling dingo dog, and any little kangaroo who breaks a window has always a capital hiding-place handy. Indeed, the young kangaroo would fare ill without this retreat, because any other cradle the mother, being a kangaroo, would probably forget all about, and lose. It is only because the pouch hangs under her very nose that she remembers she has a family at all. All the kangaroo's strength seems to have settled down into the hind legs and the tail, leaving the other parts comparatively weak, and the head superlatively useless, except as an attachment for the mouth. One would imagine that in the period which has elapsed since the Creation the feeblest-minded of animals would have had time to arrive at some final choice in the matter of coat-colour; but the kangaroo hasn't. He never makes up his mind about anything; he begins life in a pale-grey colour: in a year or two he changes his mind and turns very dark—darker than either his father or his mother. The originality pleases him for a little while, and then he gets doubtful of his choice, and makes a wretched compromise—the kangaroo is a compromise all over—settling







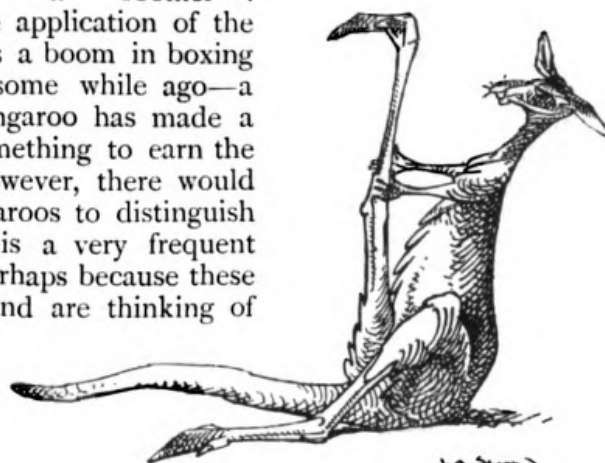
WRESTLING PRACTICE.

down for the rest of his life to a tint midway between the light and the dark. If he lived a little longer he would probably experiment in blue. As it is, he sometimes makes an attempt in pink—with powder. Only the male kangaroo uses this cosmetic, and where he finds it and how he keeps it is a mystery; he doesn't put it on his face—he devotes it entirely to the complexion of his chest and stomach.

Australians call a full-grown male kangaroo a "boomer":

why, I don't know. I could understand the application of the term in this country, where such a thing as a boom in boxing kangaroos has been heard of, and—this some while ago—a "white kangaroo" boom. The boxing kangaroo has made a very loud boom indeed, and has done something to earn the title of "boomer." Here, at the Zoo, however, there would seem to be little ambition among the kangaroos to distinguish themselves as boxing boomers; but there is a very frequent attitude suggestive of wrestling practice—perhaps because these would-be boomers have muddled things, and are thinking of the wrestling lion. Personally, I am not anxious either to box or to wrestle with a kangaroo; for the beast has a plaguey unpleasant hind foot, armed with a claw like a marline-spike, and a most respectable ability to kick a hole in a stranger with it. It is a kind of weapon that ordinary boxing and wrestling systems don't allow for, and not at all an amusing sort of thing to have lashing about among one's internal machinery. I don't wish to attribute any unsportsmanlike proceedings to the kangaroo now before the public, but to point out that the indiscriminate election of kangaroos into boxing clubs should be discouraged; especially of raw young kangaroos, ready to put on the gloves with anybody and to lose their tempers. Beware of kangaroo uppercuts. Indeed, the boxing kangaroo should properly wear two pairs of gloves, and the bigger and softer pair should go upon his hind feet. For his is a form of *la savate* which admits neither of duck, guard, nor counter; and leaves its signature in a form long to be remembered and hard to stitch up.

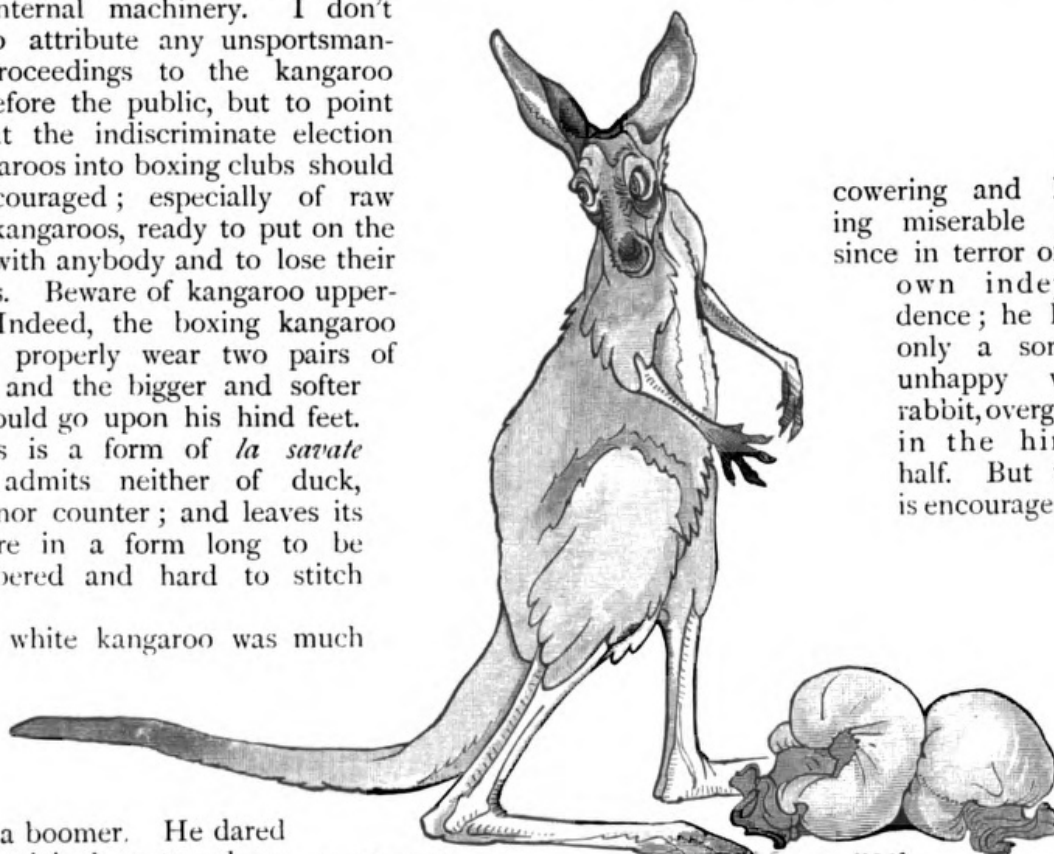
The white kangaroo was much



A NASTY WEAPON.

cowering and looking miserable ever since in terror of his own independence; he looks only a sort of unhappy white rabbit, overgrown in the hinder half. But there is encouragement

less of a boomer. He dared to be original as to colour, and has been shivering and





to be got from the case of the boxing boomer. The kangaroo will never become clever of himself, but perhaps the showman may teach him. There are many comic opportunities in the kangaroo—particularly in the pouch. Let the showman see to it.

The most entirely objectionable of all the marsupials is the Tasmanian devil. It is only a little devil, a couple of feet or so long, but its savagery is beyond measuring by anything like a two-foot rule. No reasonable devils could wish to be treated with more indulgence than the Zoological Society extends to these. A rolling blind is provided to keep the sun out of their eyes, and they are politely labelled "Ursine Dasyures," for fear of offending them. They ill deserve either attention, and at any rate I should like to see the label changed. The function of the Tasmanian devil in the economy of Nature is to bite, scratch, tear and mangle whatever other work of



AN OLD MAID.

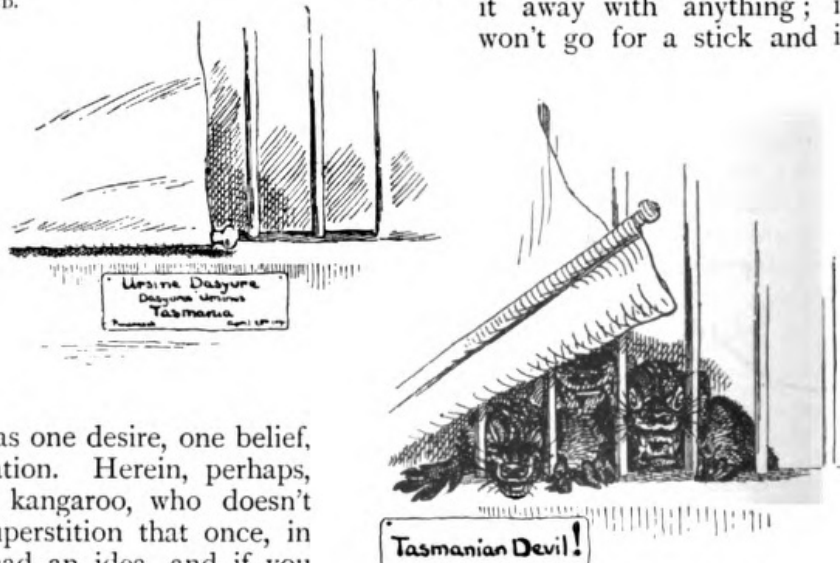
won't go for a gun; nevertheless it will go for you, like three hundred wild cats.

The Tasmanian method of taming it is to blow it into space with a heavy charge of buckshot; and this seems to be the only way of rendering it quite harmless. In life the Tasmanian devil has one desire, one belief, one idea—general devastation. Herein, perhaps, he is the superior of the kangaroo, who doesn't have ideas. There is a superstition that once, in distant ages, a kangaroo had an idea, and if you closely observe a kangaroo who is left to himself,



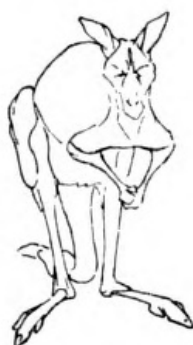
"PLEASE, CAN TOMMY COME OUT?"

Nature happens to be within reach. It is touching to observe the preference exhibited by the Tasmanian devil for its keeper, who feeds it; it tries to bite him much oftener and more savagely than anybody else. Thus you observe that kindness has some effect, even with the Tasmanian devil. Of course, by its nature, it resents kindness more than anything else, but it will also attack anybody for cruelty, or indifference, or admiration, or curiosity, or for looking at it, or for not looking at it, or any other injury. You can't drive it away with anything; it won't go for a stick and it

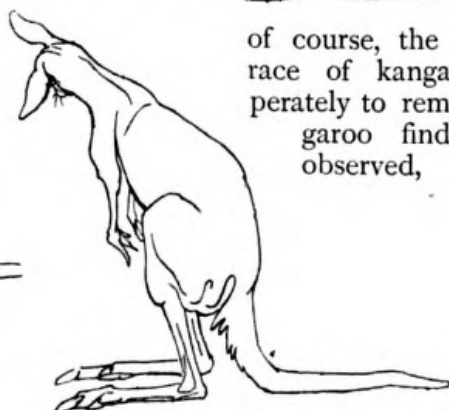


Tasmanian Devil!





you may see something in that superstition. Ever since the time of that idea (which,



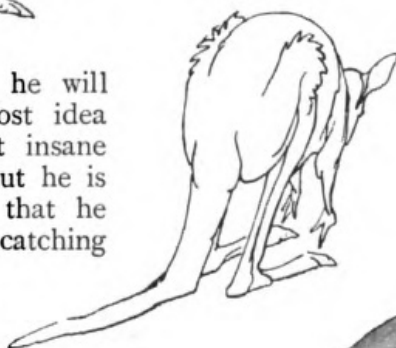
of course, the kangaroo forgot) the whole race of kangaroos has been trying desperately to remember it. Whenever a kangaroo finds himself alone, and unobserved, he addresses himself to



recollecting that idea. He gazes thoughtfully at his paws, finding no inspiration. Then he tries the vacant air above him, with equal ill-success. He brown-studies at the fence, at the



ground, at his own tail; he will never, never rescue that lost idea (which is probably a most insane one, not worth rescuing), but he is always persuading himself that he is on the very point of catching it; frowning and turning his head aside as though the words were in his mouth but wouldn't come off the tongue. You will also



notice that he wrestles desperately with it in his sleep, with his fore paw over his nose. If in his waking efforts he sees you watching him, he instantly assumes an air of alert wisdom, intended to convey the belief that he has known all about the idea for years, and is only thinking about applying it in some practical way or making a book of it. But the attempt is a failure—those ears give it away. For intellectual pursuits the kangaroo is not



J. A. Shepherd

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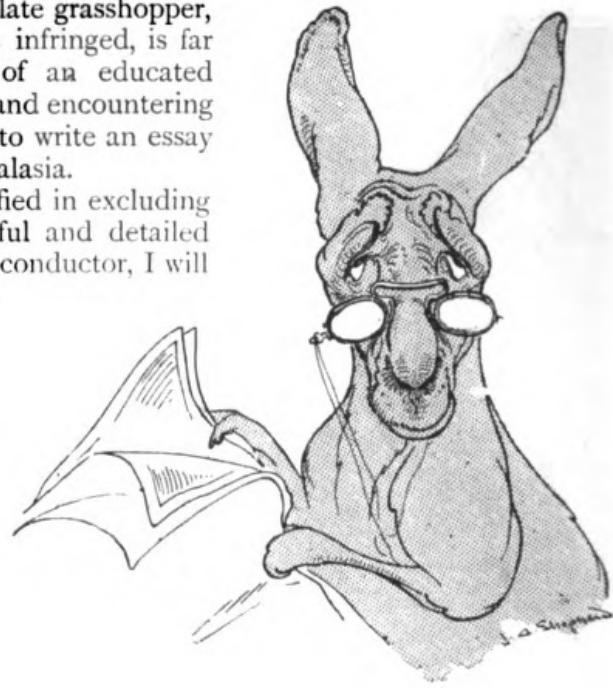
fitted. But he *can* jump; and the disconsolate grasshopper, whose hind-leg copyright the kangaroo has infringed, is far behind the record. It is, in fact, reported of an educated West Indian that, visiting New South Wales and encountering his first kangaroo, he sat down immediately to write an essay on the unusually large grasshoppers of Australasia.

Whether or not a serious naturalist is justified in excluding from a chapter on marsupial animals a careful and detailed consideration of the bookmaker and the 'bus-conductor, I will not stay to argue. I refrain from dealing at length with these interesting creatures in this place, because of the regrettable absence of specimens from the Zoo. The conductor (*Bellpunchus familiaris*) is readily capturable in this country. The habits of the bookmakers (*marsupialis vulgaris*) may be studied, and their curious habits learned by anybody willing to incur the expense in the inclosures set apart for their exhibition at the various racecourses, where their sportive gambles are the subject of great interest (and principal) on the part of speculative inquirers.



THE RECORD.

or the wallaby, and his sprightliness and activity are the sprightliness and activity of a cast-iron pig. He is slow, but I scarcely think he is quite such an ass as the kangaroo. I have even found him indulging in repartee, as you shall see. Every single movement of any part of the wombat is deliberate and well considered; it is apparently debated at great length by all the other parts, and determined upon by a formal resolution, duly proposed, seconded, and carried by the complete animal properly assembled. Once the motion is carried, nothing can stop it. If the wombat's travels are crossed by a river, he merely walks into it, across the bottom, and out at the other side. Here, in lairs side by side,



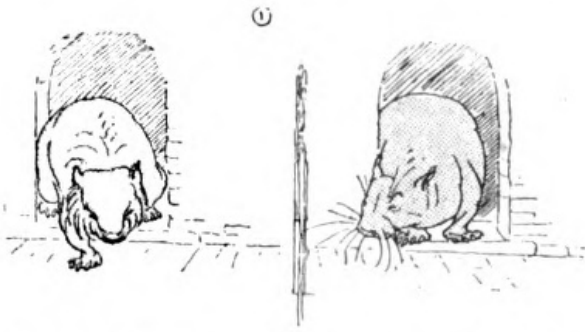
THOSE EARS.

Mansbridge is the guardian of the kangaroos in the Zoo—or the kangaruler, as one may say. Most pouched things in the Gardens are given to the care of Mansbridge, which involves a sort of compliment, for a pouched thing is never clever by itself, and wants a keeper who can think for it. He has the wallabies, the kangaroo hares, the kangaroo rats (mad things these, greater hotch-potches than the others), and the wombats. The wombat cannot jump like the kangaroo

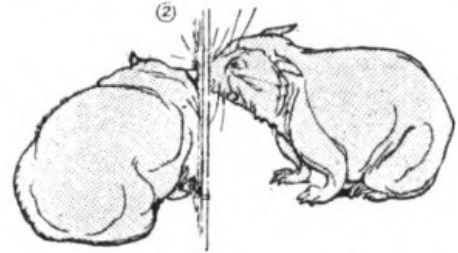




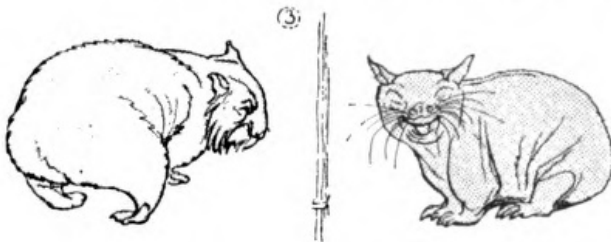
live a common wombat and a hairy-nosed wombat. They don't come out much in daylight, and they had been here some time before they found themselves both out for an airing together. "Halloa," reflected the hairy-nosed wombat, "here is my neighbour. I'll chaff him!" and he straightway set to work to invent some facetious observation. In an hour or so an idea struck him, and, advancing to the partition bars, he said to the common wombat, "Here, I say—you're common!" and laughed uproariously. The



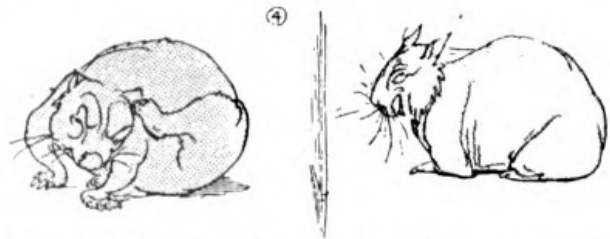
common wombat felt the sting of the remark and determined upon a crushing repartee. While the other chuckled over his achievement (about an hour



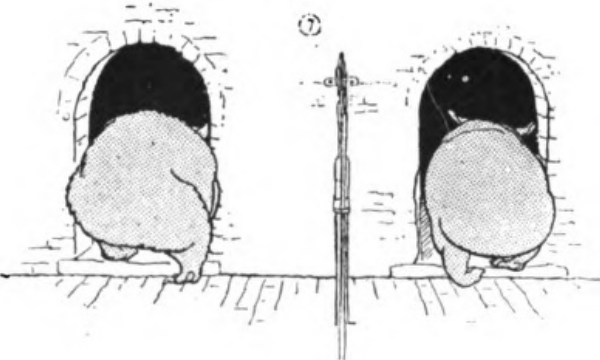
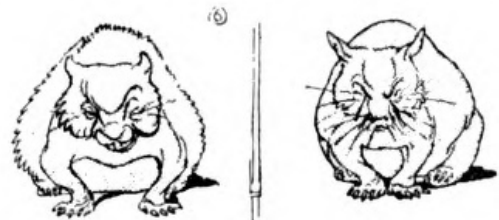
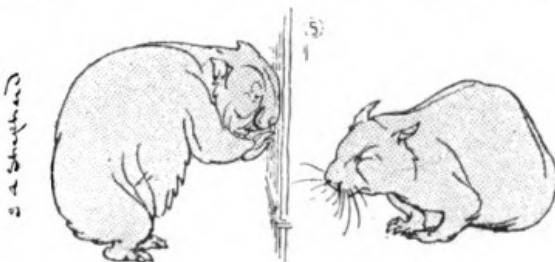
and a half) the common wombat laboriously constructed his retort. "Yah! hairy-nose!" he said, when the reply was properly finished and



polished. And then *he* chuckled, while the other thought it over. The hairy-nosed wombat thought it over and the common wombat thought it over (chuckling the while) for some hours without arriving at any more epigrams. After that they went into their dens to take a rest.



And to this day it is a matter of dispute as to which has the best of that chaffing match: and the hairy-nosed wombat is as far off a brilliant reply to the common wombat as ever,

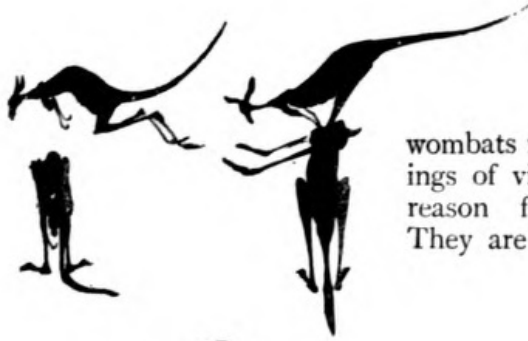


WAR OF WIT.

while, of course, the common wombat need not begin to think of another witticism until the hairy-nosed wombat invents, constructs and delivers his. Which is why they never speak to one another now, as anybody may see for himself in proof of the anecdote, if he feel inclined to doubt it. Both are good-tempered and affable in their way; but while they still have this portentous combat of wits on hand they can't afford much time and attention

for visitors. The common wombat still meditates and chuckles inwardly over his victory, and

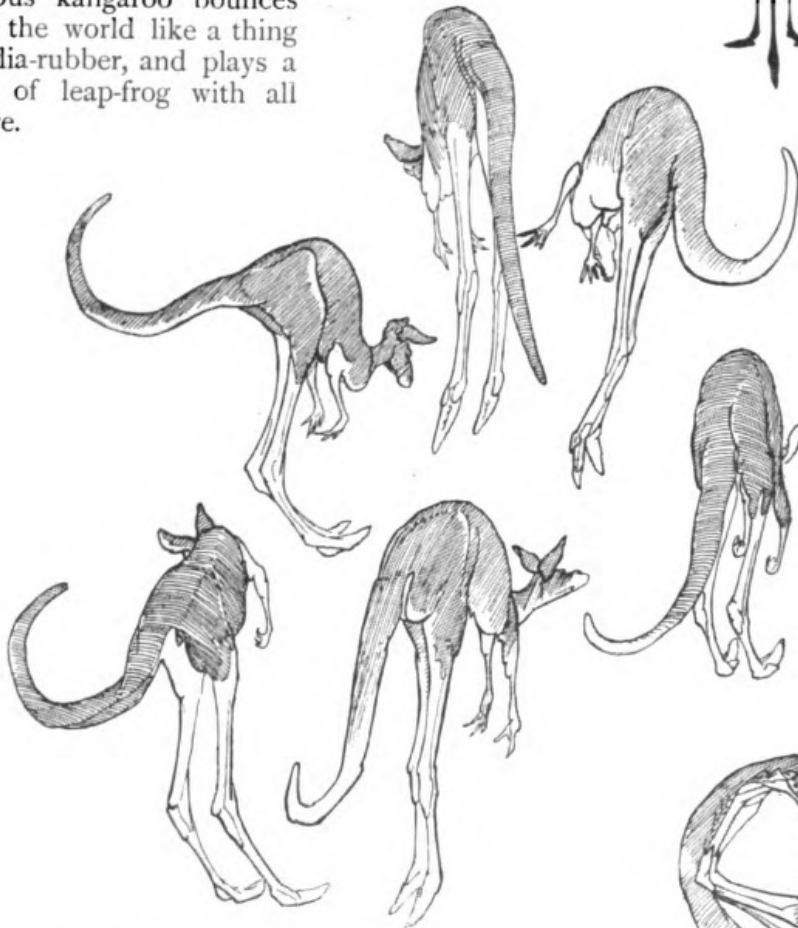




the hairy-nosed wombat is thinking hard, and mustn't be disturbed. It is difficult to imagine what may be the end of the affair, or when the minds of both the wombats may be free to attend to the friendly greetings of visitors; in the meantime, it is well that the reason for their preoccupation may be known. They are not proud. The intelligence of the mar-



supials is in some sort redeemed by the wombat, who is given a slow and inelastic gait to accord with his mental weight, while the frivolous kangaroo bounces about the world like a thing of india-rubber, and plays a game of leap-frog with all Nature.



J. A. Shepherd



## Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

MISS IZA  
DUFFUS HARDY.

**M**ISS IZA DUFFUS HARDY, only daughter of the late Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, was educated chiefly at home, and began writing stories at a very early age. Amongst the many popular novels she has published are "A New Othello," "Glencairn,"



"Only a Love Story," "A Broken Faith," "Hearts or Diamonds," and "Love in Idleness." She has also published two well-known volumes of American reminiscences, "Between Two Oceans" and "Oranges and Alligators." The opening tale of our present number, "In the Shadow of the Sierras," is an excellent specimen of her abilities as a story-writer.



From a] AGE 14. [Photograph.

From a] AGE 3. [Drawing.



From a] AGE 20. [Photograph.



From a Photo. by Bradley & Rulofson, San Francisco.



From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.



**HUBERT HERKOMER,**  
R.A.

BORN 1849.

**H**R. HERKOMER, who was born at Waal, in Bavaria, is the son of a wood engraver who settled at Southampton in 1857.



AGE 12 MONTHS.  
*From a Drawing.*



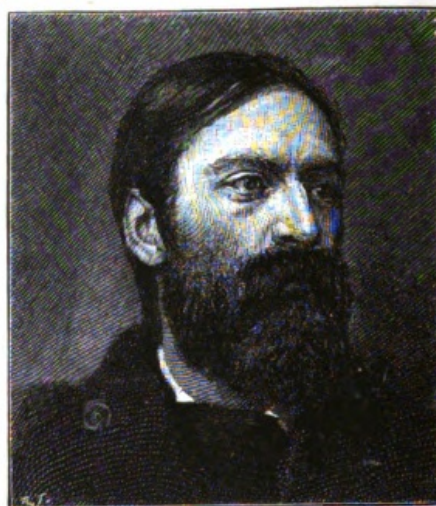
AGE 3.  
*From a Drawing.*



*From a* AGE 11. *[Photograph.]*

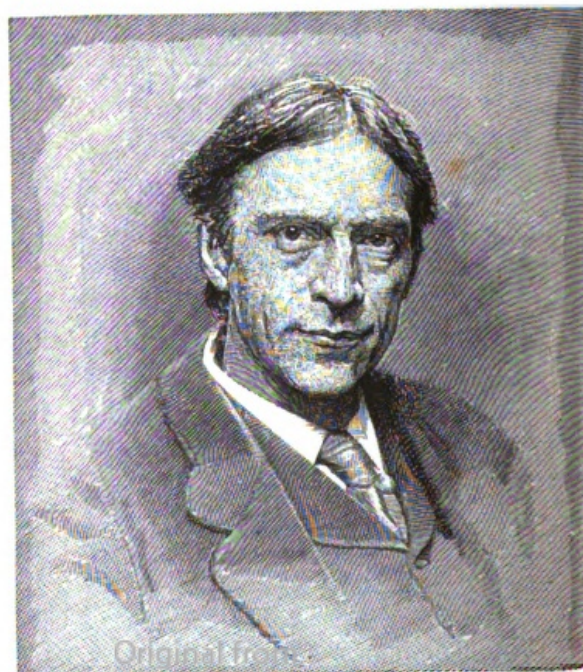
At thirteen he entered the Art School in that town, and afterwards studied for a time at South Kensington. His first Academy picture was "After the Toil

of the Day," exhibited in 1873, when he was twenty-four, a work which extended his reputation and prepared the way for "The Last Muster," 1875, the memorable picture of the Chelsea pensioners, which afterwards figured in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and was there awarded one of the two Grand Medals of Honour carried off by the English School. Among his best known later pictures may be mentioned "Missing" (1881),



*From a Drawing* AGE 47. *[by Himself.]*

"Homeward" (1882), and "The Chapel of the Charterhouse" (1889). He was elected A.R.A. in 1879 and R.A. in 1890.



*From a Photograph* PRESENT DAY. *[Gabbell, Ebury St., S.W.]*



THE HON. ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

BORN 1825.

**T**HE HON. ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A., was born at Leith, Scotland, in 1825, and received his art education in the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, under Sir



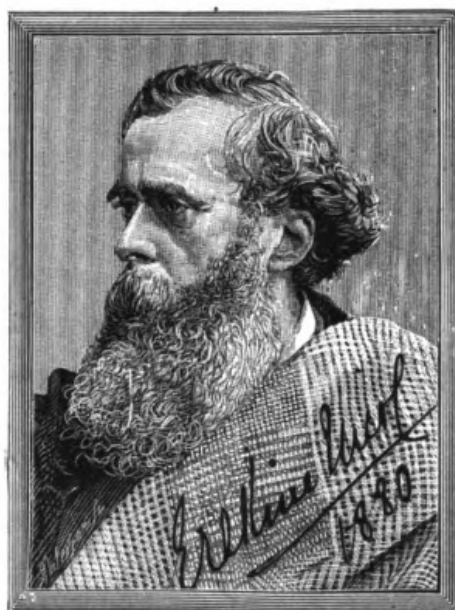
AGE 19.

From a Pencil Sketch by Peter Clelland.



AGE 32.

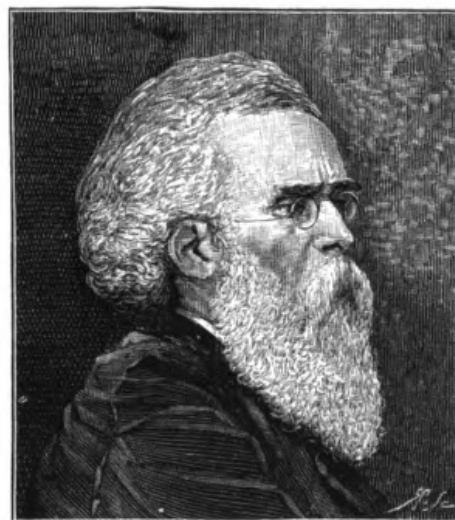
From a Photo. by J. G. Tunny, Edinburgh



AGE 55.

From a Photo. by Fradelle & Marshall.

William Allan and Mr. Thomas Duncan. In 1846 he went to reside in Ireland, where he remained three or four years. It was this residence in the sister isle which decided the painter's choice of his peculiar field of repre-



PRESENT DAY.

From a Water Colour Drawing by Himself.

sentation, for most of his subsequent pictures have been Irish in subject. From Ireland he returned to Edinburgh, and after exhibiting for some time, he was ultimately elected a member of the Royal Scottish Academy. In 1862 he settled in London, and after that date contributed regularly to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, of which body he was elected an Associate in June, 1866.





AGE 16.

From a Photo. by Robert Burton, Dalmeny.

JOHN MACWHIRTER,  
A.R.A.

BORN 1839.



R. JOHN MACWHIRTER, A.R.A., was born at Slateford, near Edinburgh, and educated at Peebles. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1863. In the following year he came to London, and was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy on January 22nd, 1879. He was elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Scotch Academy in 1882; elected member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, same year; exhibited in R.A., 1884, "The Windings of the Forth," "A Sermon by the Sea," and "Home of the Grizzly Bear"; 1885, "Track of a Hurricane," "Iona," "Loch Scavaig"; "The Three Witches," 1886. Mr. MacWhirter has painted "Loch Cornisk, Skye," 1867; "A great while ago the world began with hey ho, the wind and the rain," 1871; "Caledonia," 1875; "The Lady of the Woods," 1876; "The Three Graces," 1878; "The Valley by the Sea," 1879; "The Lord of the Glen," 1880; "Sunday in the Highlands," and "Mountain Tops," 1881; "A Highland Auction" and "Ossian's Grave," 1882;



AGE 32.

From an Oil Painting by J. Pettie, R.A.



AGE 40.

From a Photo. by Francis.

"Corrie, Isle of Arran," "Sunset Fires," "Nature's Mirror," "A Highland Harvest," 1883; and "Edinburgh from Salisbury Crag," 1887.



PRESENT DAY. (Raymond Lynde.)





From a] AGE 12. [Photograph.

J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

BORN 1853.

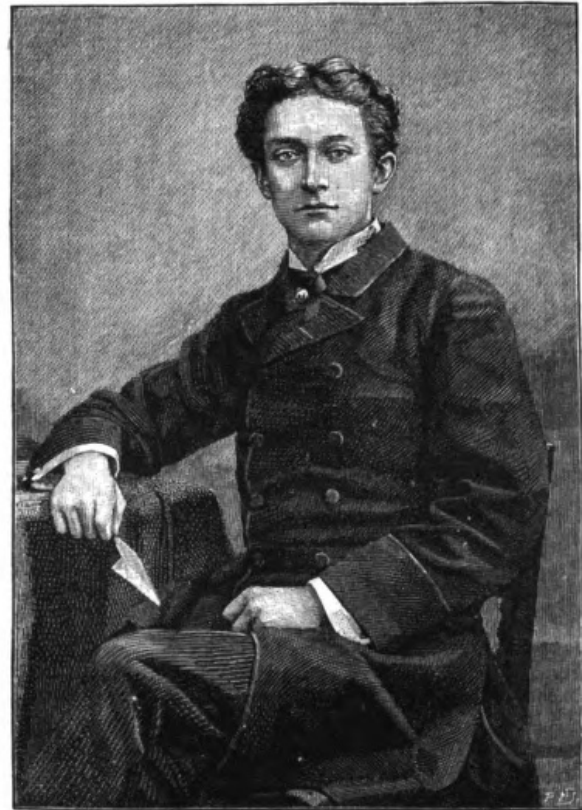
**M**R. FORBES-ROBERTSON, who is the son of the well-known art critic and historian, Mr. John Forbes-Robertson, was educated



From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [The London Stereo. Co.

at the Charterhouse, and afterwards at various art schools in France and Germany. Being intended for an artist, he in due

course entered the Royal Academy as a student, where he proved a most promising pupil, but his great natural bent towards the stage was too strong to be overcome, and he



From a Photo. by] AGE 28. [Elliott & Fry.

made his *début* as *Chastelard* in "Marie Stuart," at the Princess's. He rapidly made a very high reputation, especially as *Baron Scarpia* in "La Tosca," in which he displayed extraordinary passion, power, and earnestness. At the present time he is appearing in the remarkable revival of "Diplomacy" at the Garrick.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry.





From a Photo. by] AGE 17. [Alder Bros., Cheltenham

### EDWARD LLOYD.

BORN 1845.

**M**R. EDWARD LLOYD, the famous tenor vocalist, was born in London in 1845. When seven years of age he entered Westminster Abbey choir. Afterwards he became solo tenor at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Mr. Lloyd sang in Novello's



From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [Mayland, Cambridge.

Concerts in 1867, and at the Gloucester Festival in 1871, where he attracted much attention by his part in Bach's "Passion." In 1888 he went on tour in America, and sang in the Cincinnati Festival. In the same



From a Photo. by] AGE 26. [Thomas, Gloucester.

year he sang also in the Handel Festival; and was principal tenor in the Leeds Musical Festival in 1889. Mr. Edward Lloyd is an artist "to the manner born," gifted with a perfect ear, a voice not only of exquisite quality, but of remarkable flexibility, and is without doubt the most popular tenor now before the public.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Falk, New York.



and the House itself. In the whirlwind that followed it was forgotten that it was Mr. Lewis (now Sir Charles, "B.B.K." as the Claimant put it) who brought about the appointment of the Parnell Commission and all it boded. When in May, 1887, the *Times* published an article accusing Mr. Parnell of wilful and deliberate falsehood in denying his connection with P. J. Sheridan, Sir Charles Lewis reappeared on the scene, and, with protest of his desire that the Irish leader should have the earliest opportunity of clearing his character from the slur cast upon it, moved that the printers of the *Times* be brought to the Bar on a charge of breach of privilege. Mr. W. H. Smith, then fresh to the leadership, did his best to shake off this inconvenient counsellor. Sir Charles's proposal was burked; but he had laid the powder, which was soon after fired and led to the successive explosions around the Parnell Commission.

That in later life Sir Charles Lewis should have taken this precise means of bringing himself once more to the front was fresh proof of his courage. It was on an analogous motion that he had made his earliest mark. A Select Committee sitting on Foreign Loans, the morning papers had, as usual, given some report of the proceedings. But though this was customary, it was, none the less, technically a breach of Standing Order. Mr. Charles Lewis, availing himself of the existence of the anachronism, moved that the printers of the *Times* and the *Daily News* be summoned to the Bar, charged with breach of privilege. Mr. Disraeli, then leader, did his best to get out of the difficulty. Mr. Lewis, in full flush with the white waistcoat, was inexorable. The printers were ordered to appear. They obeyed the summons, and the House finding itself in a position of ludicrous embarrassment, they were privily entreated to withdraw, and, above all, to be so good as to say nothing more on the matter.

Never since the House of Commons grew out of the Wittenagemot has that august Assembly been brought so nearly into the position of Dogberry. "You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name." "How, if a' will not stand?" queried the wary second watchman. "Why, then," said the unshakable City officer, "take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave." Thus, in the spring of 1875, under the temporary leadership of Mr.

Charles Lewis, did the House of Commons act towards the representatives of the *Times* and the *Daily News*, with the added embarrassment that the vagrom men in question had not refused to stand, but were even then in the lobby awaiting judgment.

In the following Session Mr. Lewis succeeded in stirring up another historic scene. It was he who brought under the notice of the House of Commons Mr. Lowe's historic declaration, made in a speech delivered at Retford, that before Mr. Disraeli had undertaken to pass a Bill creating the Queen Empress of India, two other Prime Ministers had been approached on the subject by Her Majesty, and had declined to be a party to the proceedings. Mr. Lewis was utterly devoid of sense of humour, a poverty that largely accounts for his failure in public life. The only joke he ever made was unconsciously produced. It happened one night in Committee of Supply, when, girding at the Irish members opposite, he sarcastically expressed the hope that the vote before the Committee "would not prove another fly in the ointment to spoil the digestion of honourable gentlemen opposite."

"Mr. Chairman," observed Mr. Delahunty, who then represented Waterford City, "we have many peculiarities in Ireland, but we don't eat ointment."

Thus, though Mr. Lewis had no humour in his own nature, he was occasionally the cause of its ebullition in others. The short note he elicited from Mr. Lowe when he assumed the right to call the right hon. gentleman to task for this indiscretion hugely delighted the House of Commons.

"Sir," snapped Mr. Lowe, "my recent speech at Retford contains nothing relating to you. I must therefore decline to answer your questions."

That would have shut up some men. It had the effect of inciting Mr. Charles Lewis to further action. He brought forward a motion for a return setting forth the text of the oath of Privy Councillors, explaining that he desired to show that Mr. Lowe had, in the disclosure made, violated his oath. There followed an animated and angry scene. Disraeli, whilst dealing a back-handed blow



MR. LOWE.



at the inconvenient friend behind him, struck out at his ancient enemy, Lowe, whose statement he said was "monstrous, if true." He added that he was permitted to state on the personal authority of the Queen it was absolutely without foundation.

These are some of the episodes writ large in a notable Parliamentary career. Their range shows that Mr. Lewis was a man of high, if ill-directed, capacity. No mere blunderer could have stirred the depths of the House of Commons as from time to time he did. He was, in truth—and here is the pity of it—a man of great ability, an admirable speaker. If his instincts had been finer and his training more severe he would have made a position of quite another kind in Parliamentary annals. Vain, restless, with narrow views and strong prejudices, he was his own worst enemy. But he will not have lived in vain if new members, entering the House from whatever quarter, sitting on whichever side, will study his career, and apply its lesson. His character in its main bearings is by no means unfamiliar in the House of Commons. It was his special qualities of courage and capacity that made him so beneficially prominent as an example of what to avoid.

Amongst the characteristics of the CABINET present Government that make SECRETS. them in Ministries a thing apart is the almost total absence of the air of mystery that, through the ages, has enveloped Cabinets and their consultations. Never in times ancient or modern was there on the eve of a new Session so little mystery about the intentions of the Government. There was still practised by the morning newspapers the dear old farce of purporting to forecast the unknown. On the morning that opens the new Session there appears in all well-conducted morning papers an article delivered in the style of the Priestess Pythia in the temple at Delphi. Nothing is positively assumed, but the public are told that when the Queen's Speech is disclosed "it will probably contain promise of legislation" on such a head, whilst it will "doubtless be found that Her Majesty's Ministers have not been unmindful of" such another question.

This fashion was invented generations ago, either by the *Times* or the *Morning Chronicle*. The editor, having access to those gilded saloons to which Lord Palmerston once made historic reference, or profiting by personal acquaintance with a Minister, obtained more or less full knowledge of

what the Queen's Speech would contain. But he was bound in honour to preserve his informant from possibly inconvenient consequences of his garrulity, and so the oracular style was adopted. When other papers, put on the track, obtained information in the same way they adopted the same quaint practice, till now it has become deeply ingrained in journalism. To-day, whilst there is no secret of the sources of information very properly conveyed to the Press on the eve of the Session, this same style of dealing with it, in which Mr. Wemmick would have revelled, is sedulously observed.

At the beginning of this Session other than newspaper editors had been made aware of the general legislative intentions of the Government. Ministers speaking at various public meetings had openly announced that their several departments were at the time engaged upon the preparation of particular Bills, the main directions of which were plainly indicated. It is true that details of the Home Rule Bill were lacking, though two or three weeks in advance of its presentation one journal, the *Speaker*, gave an exceedingly close summary of its clauses. But that a Home Rule Bill was to be introduced, that it would take precedence of all other measures, and that it would be thorough enough to satisfy the Irish members, were commonplaces of information long before the Speech was read in the House of Lords. It used to be different. Within the range of recent memory, the publication of the Queen's Speech, or at least a forecast in the morning papers, was the first authoritative indication of the drift of legislation in the new Session.

Talking of this new departure with one of the oldest members of the House, he tells me a delightful story, which I have never found



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recalled in print, and it is too good to be buried in the pages of *Hansard*. At one time, in the run of the Parliament of 1859-65, Lord Palmerston being Premier, a rumour shook the political world, affirming the resignation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone. The newspapers were neither so alert nor so well informed in those days, and the rumour drifted about, neither confirmed nor contradicted. At length, Mr. Horsman could stand the uncertainty no longer, and from his place in the House of Commons he asked Lord Palmerston whether there was any truth in the report.

The Premier approached the table in his gravest manner, and the crowded House was hushed in silence for the anticipated disclosure. He had, he said, just come from a meeting of the Cabinet Council, and could not pretend to be uninformed on the matter of the question submitted to him. The House, however, knew how stringent was the oath of a Privy Councillor, and how impossible it was for one in ordinary circumstances either to affirm or deny a report current as to what had taken place within its doors. Lord Palmerston was evidently struggling between a desire to tell something and disinclination to tamper with his oath. As his manner grew more embarrassed, the interest of the House was quickened. All heads, including that of Mr. Horsman, were craned forward as he went on to observe that, perhaps, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, he would be justified in saying that, at the Council just held, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been present and had displayed no sign of intended resignation.

"In fact," said Lord Palmerston, turning round to face Mr. Horsman, seated at the corner bench below the Gangway, "*my right hon. friend has had his ear at the keyhole of the wrong door.*"

I have received a sheaf of THE PARLIAMENTARY correspondence arising out of the article in the February OLD GUARD number, cataloguing the Old Guard who were in the House of Commons twenty years ago and stand there to-day. One or two demand acknowledgment

as adding to the information there garnered. Mr. Thomas Whitworth, of Liverpool, a member of the House of Commons from 1869 to 1874, has made independent investigation, with the result of adding several to the names I gave. These are Sir Charles Dalrymple, Mr. Duff (who has just retired from Parliament on his appointment to the Governorship of New South Wales), Sir Julian Goldsmid, Sir John Hibbert, Sir J. W. Pease, Mr. J. G.

Talbot, Mr. Abel Smith, and Mr. James Round. Mr. Whitworth adds Mr. Charles Seeley. That is an error, since Mr. Seeley does not sit in the present Parliament—having been defeated at the General Election when he stood for the Rushcliffe Division of Nottinghamshire.

"Sir Thomas Lea (not Mr. Lea) was, in 1873," Mr. Whitworth writes, "member for Kidderminster, and is the only English member of that date who has changed into an Irish one."

The present member for Londonderry was certainly "Mr." Lea in 1873, his baronetcy dating from 1892, being one of the recognitions made by Lord Salisbury of the services of the Dissident Liberal allies. The reference to Sir William Dyke as Liberal Whip was, as the context shows, an obvious slip of the pen, Sir William having been for many years prominent in the Conservative ranks as an able Whip.

One of the late Mr. Miall's kinsmen points out that "it was Edward Miall, M.P. for Bradford, not Charles," who, side by side with the late Mr. Fawcett, fought Mr. Gladstone on the Irish University Bill, and did much to bring about the subsequent *débâcle* of the Liberals.

Finally, Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, writes from the House of Commons: "In your interesting paper, 'From Behind the Speaker's Chair,' in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for this month, you say, 'Mr. Johnston, still of Ballykilbeg, but no longer a Liberal, as he ranked twenty years ago.' In politics I am to-day what I was twenty years ago. Always anxious to vote for measures for the good of the country, and sometimes being in the Lobby with Liberals, I never belonged to that party. Mr. Disraeli, in a letter which



MR. DUFF.



I have, expressed his regret that I should have been opposed, in 1868, by some Belfast Conservatives, and did all in his power to prevent this. I was always, as he knew, and Lord Rowton knows, a loyal follower of Disraeli."

In conversation, Mr. Johnston adds the interesting fact that when in 1868 he was first returned for Belfast, he was in the habit of receiving whips from both sides of the House, a remarkable testimony to the impression of his absolute impartiality thus early conveyed to observers. The House of Commons, by the way, is ignorant that in this sturdy Protestant it entertains a novelist unawares. Mr. Johnston has written at least two works of fiction, one entitled "Nightshade," which presumably deals with the epoch of the fellest domination of



"NEWMARKET."



MR. JOHNSTON.

Rome; and the other "Under Which King?" a, perhaps unconscious, reflection of the unsettled state of mind with which the hon. gentleman entered politics, and which led to embarrassing attention from the rival Whips.

The interest attached to Lord Randolph Churchill's reappearance on the Parliamentary scene proved one of the most interesting and significant incidents in the early days of the new Parliament. There is no doubt that, whatever be his present views and intentions, Lord Randolph years ago convinced himself that he was cut adrift from the political world, and that it had no charms to lure him back. He began by giving up to Newmarket what was meant for mankind, took a share in a stable, and regulated his social and other engage-

ments in London not by the Order Book of the House of Commons, but by the fixtures in the "Racing Calendar." He was seen only fitfully in his place at the corner seat behind his esteemed friends and leaders then in office. A year later he went off to Mashonaland, and for a full Session Westminster knew him no more.

When the new Parliament began its sittings Lord Randolph in private conversation was not less insistent as to the permanency of his act of renunciation. He was tired of politics, he said, and saw no future for himself in an assembly where at one time he was a commanding figure. Some of his friends, whilst puzzled and occasionally staggered by his insistence on this point, have always refused to accept his view of the possibilities of the future. A dyspeptic duck gloomily eyeing an old familiar pond might protest that never again would it enter the water. But as long as the duck lives and the water remains, they are certain to come together again. So it



"MASHONALAND."



has been with Lord Randolph Churchill, who in this Session has, quite naturally, returned to his old haunts, and with a single speech regained much of his old position.

It is possible that accident, untoward in itself, may have had something to do with hastening the conclusion. When the House first met amid a fierce tussle for seats, Lord Randolph found his place at the corner of the second bench in peril of appropriation. If he desired to retain it, it would obviously be necessary for him to be down every day in time for prayers. Rather than face that discipline he would suffer the company of his old colleagues on the Front Opposition Bench. As a Privy Councillor and ex-Minister he had a right to a seat on that bench equal, at least, to that of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. One evening, coming in at question time and finding his seat appropriated by an Irish member, he dropped on to the remote end of the Front Opposition Bench, hoping he did not intrude. His old colleagues warmly welcomed him, made much of him, entreated him to go up higher, and it came to pass that the House of Commons grew accustomed to seeing the strayed reveller sitting in close companionship with Mr. Arthur Balfour. If the whole



"IN CLOSE COMPANIONSHIP."

story of the tragedy of Christmas, 1886, were known, it would appear more remarkable still that from time to time he should have been observed in friendly conversation with Mr. Goschen.

It was from this quarter that, within the first fortnight of the Session, Lord Randolph rose to make his *rentrée*. It was characteristic of him that he had sat silent through the long debate on the Address. That meant nothing, except the occupation of a certain space of time. There was no substantial amendment before the House, nor any prospect of the existence of the new Government being challenged on a division. But when the Home Rule Bill was brought in, things were different; there was a tangible

substance round which statesmen might give battle.

It was known that Lord Randolph would resume the debate on this particular night,



"ROSE TO MAKE HIS RENTRÉE."

and the thronged state of the House testified to the deathless personal interest he commands. Not since Mr. Gladstone had, a few nights earlier, risen to expound the Bill was the House so crowded. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of York, returned to his seat over the clock, whilst noble lords jostled each other in the effort to obtain seats in the limited space allotted to them. It happened that the *débutant* was destined to undergo a serious and unexpected ordeal. His time should have come not later than five o'clock, questions being then over, and the House permitted to settle down to the business of the day. But there intervened a riotous scene, arising on a question of a breach of privilege. This extended over an hour, and throughout it Lord Randolph sat in a state of almost piteous nervousness.

That was a sore trial for the intending orator, but it reacted with even worse effect on the audience. The House of Commons, though it likes its dishes highly spiced, cares for only one such at a meal. Like the modest person in the hymn, "all it asks for is enough"; and in such a scene as that which raged round the Irish indictment of the *Times* for breach of privilege it found sufficiency. There are only two, or at most three, men in the House who could have kept the audience together after the prolonged excitement sprung upon it. Very few left their seats when, at six o'clock, Lord Randolph Churchill appeared at the table.





"PITEOUS NERVOUSNESS."

What had just happened, taken in conjunction with this peculiar position, plainly told upon him. He was nervous, occasionally to the point of being inaudible, and did not mend matters by violently thumping the box at the precise moment when otherwise the conclusion of his sentence might have been heard. Some people said in their haste he was but the shadow of his former self, and that he had done well all these years to remain in the background. But the faults of this speech were all of manner. Those who listened closely, with whatever painful effort, recognised in it the old straightforward, vigorous blows, the keen insight, the lucid statement, the lofty standpoint from which the whole question was viewed with the gaze of a statesman rather than with the squint of a politician. Those whose opportunities were limited to reading a full report of the speech perceived even more clearly that Lord Randolph had lost none of his ancient power, had even, with added years and garnered experience, grown in weighty counsel.

His second speech, delivered on the Welsh Suspensory Bill, being free from the accidental circumstances that handicapped his first effort, confirmed this impression. Reassured in his position, confident of his powers, encouraged by a friendly audience, he equalled any of the earlier efforts that established his fame.

What will happen to Lord Randolph in the future is a matter which, I believe, depends entirely upon the state of his physical health. I have written elsewhere, with perhaps tiresome iteration through the

six years he has been wilfully trying to lose himself in the wilderness, that he might win or regain any prize in public life to the attainment of which he chose seriously to devote himself. His indispensability to the Conservative party is testified to by the eagerness with which hands are held out to him at the earliest indication of desire to return to the fold. That by his loyalty to the party he has earned such consideration is a truth not so fully recognised as it might be if he were less modest in putting forth a claim. If he had been a man of small mind and mean instincts, what a thorn in the flesh of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Balfour he might have proved in the whole period following on his resignation up to the dissolution of the last Parliament!

There were many inviting turning points in his career where he had only to lift hand and voice, and a belated Government, living upon the sufferance of not too-affectionate allies, would have found themselves in a strait place. It will suffice to recall one. It happened four years ago last month. On one of the earliest days of April, 1889, the Conservatives of Birmingham turned to Lord



"BIRMINGHAM."

Randolph and invited him to contest the seat vacated by the death of Mr. Bright. I have reason to believe that at that time, and for some years earlier, it had been the dearest object of his political life to represent Bir-



mingham. As early as 1885 he had, recklessly as it seemed, gone down and tried to storm the citadel even when it was held by so redoubtable a champion as Mr. Bright. He had not been very badly beaten then. Now, with the Conservatives enthusiastically and unanimously clamouring for him, and with the assistance of the Dissenting Liberals which, had he presented himself, could not have been withheld under penalty of losing the seat, he would have been triumphantly returned.

Happening at this particular time, in view of his strained relations with Lord Salisbury, election by such a constituency would have placed Lord Randolph in a position of personal influence not equalled by that of any private member. The moment seemed ripe for the birth of an organized party raising the standard of social Toryism, and under that or any other flag there are always ready to rally round Lord Randolph a number

of Conservatives sufficient to make things uncomfortable at Hatfield. He had only to go in and win, and had he been inclined to play his own game he would have done so. But it was represented to him that his candidature was distasteful to a powerful ally of the Government; that if he insisted in accepting the invitation, the compact between Dissenting Liberals and the Conservatives would be straightway broken up; and that thereupon Mr. Gladstone would romp in with his Home Rule Bill. It was a bitter pill. But Lord Randolph swallowed it. Unmoved by the angry, almost passionate, protestations of the deputation from Birmingham that waited upon him, he withdrew his candidature, sacrificing himself and his prospects on the party shrine.

Now, Lord Randolph, travelling on other less independent and less interesting lines, seems half inclined to make his way back.

*NOTE.*—"PICTURES AND PAINTERS OF 1893," an *Illustrated Guide to the Royal Academy and the other chief picture exhibitions, being the Fine Art Supplement of "THE STRAND MAGAZINE" and "THE PICTURE MAGAZINE,"* and containing 112 pages of pictures, with portraits of artists, beautifully reproduced on tinted papers in a variety of colours, will be published as early as possible in May. Price 1s.



## At Dead of Night.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

**T**HE one afternoon train was due at Middleford, a small, straggling, and not very prosperous town, where terminated a branch line from a junction on the South-Western Railway—a line for which, after long-protracted opposition and delay, a grant had been obtained too late, traffic having merged in the direction of a neighbouring place.

"Middleford! Middleford!"

As the train drew up at the platform, one passenger only, a young man of about eight or nine and twenty, stepped out and stood for a few moments looking about him as if in some uncertainty. He was, in fact, debating with himself as to whether he would, after all, pay the chance visit he had gone there to make.

He had not gone by invitation other than was conveyed in the words: "Don't forget to look me up, if you chance to be anywhere in our neighbourhood, Meredith," spoken by a young fellow between whom and himself there had been some degree of intimacy at the University, as the two parted to go their different ways. The usual words, not generally estimated above their value; and the idea of acting upon them had not occurred to Allan Meredith until he found himself stranded for some hours at the junction, and, turning over the leaves of Bradshaw, came upon the name of Middleford, and remembered that it was Laurence Verschoyle's place. Finding that it was not more than five or six miles from the junction, and that the train was just starting, he had,

on the impulse of the moment, taken a ticket and jumped in.

He stood for another moment or two still hesitating, little imagining the influence his decision would have on his future life, and unable to account for his irresolution—a state of mind so unusual with him. He presently shook himself free of the feeling, and decided, since he had got so far, that he would go on. He inquired the way of the porter, who had been curiously eyeing him, and, leaving his bag at the station, set forth for the Priory.

As he walked along the not very interesting country road, his thoughts reverted again to the man he was going to see. What had become of him since they had parted three years previously—Verschoyle, the first



"HE INQUIRED THE WAY."

favourite of his set, who, with his good intellect, brilliant, witty, and versatile, had seemed capable of almost any mental feat? True, he had done nothing beyond give the impression that he could do a great deal if



he chose; "and," thought Allan Meredith, "carry home a sheaf of bills, I expect. He ought to have been the moneyed man, and I the one obliged to keep to the grindstone, perhaps. I don't know; the very necessity for doing something may have given him the kind of impetus he needed—to say nothing of having to keep up the prestige of an ancient name, which must be some spur to a man."

He had reached the cross-roads, and was recalling the somewhat vague directions the porter had given him. "Straight on till you come to a finger-post that seems to point back to the station, but doesn't; take that road, sir—the Priory lane, it's called—until you come to a swing gate, leading into a field; cross that, keeping the footpath to the left, mind you, till you see a stile; get over that, go through the lodge gates right opposite—though it isn't a lodge now, and there ain't no gates, only posts—and up an avenue, where all the trees have been cut down, and there you are. The old place you'll see before you is the Priory."

Time and weather had effaced whatever information the sign-post had once afforded, and there was nothing for it but to take the direction in which it pointed.

He walked slowly on, speculating as to what sort of welcome he was likely to receive from Verschoyle's people. How little he knew about them. Frank to effusiveness in some directions, Verschoyle could be reticent enough in others, and rarely alluded to his family. That he was an only son, and, at his father's death, had inherited but the wreck of a once large property, Allan knew. He had also heard that the widowed mother was still living.

What was Verschoyle doing?—living upon the small property, farming the land; or had he, as he had sometimes talked of doing, gone in for literature, and carried his wares to the London market? At that time his wares had appeared to Allan Meredith likely to be worth a great deal; but, with his three years' added knowledge and experience, he was now inclined to estimate them somewhat differently. Verschoyle's intellect had, indeed, revealed itself chiefly by fitful flashes, brilliant and dazzling enough in their effect at the moment, but leaving no lasting impression of very high powers; and this, with his mercurial temperament, might render his success in the future doubtful.

Allan Meredith had proceeded some distance, and was beginning to think that he must have passed the swing gate without

noticing it, when, on turning a bend in the lane, he saw a young girl walking in advance. He quickened his steps a little in order to overtake her, and make inquiry as to whether he was going in the right direction, noting, meanwhile, her general appearance so far as to infer that she was a farmer's daughter; or, rather, as he thought with a half smile, what a farmer's daughter is conventionally supposed to be like. Thick leather shoes, a plainly made gown of some light grey stuff, and short enough for country walking; a large brown straw hat, with neither flower nor feather to adorn it; and ungloved hands, in the one swinging by her side a strap buckled round two or three tattered-looking books. After a moment or two, he recognised something more. Taking note of the firm, light step, the carriage of the head, the perfect ease and freedom of the tall, graceful figure, he mentally ejaculated: "A lady; aye, and with some individuality of her own, too!"

His step had evidently not been heard on the soft, springy turf, and he was fast lessening the distance between them, some curiosity now mingling with his desire for information, when she turned out of the lane and passed through a swing gate. Here she paused for a moment, looking back, and their eyes met.

Yes; just such a face as he, a dreamer of dreams, had sometimes pictured to himself, but hardly hoped to see in the world of reality. A face too grave and troubled for her years—she looked barely eighteen—but how beautiful with its clear, steadfast eyes and general expression so simple, frank, girlish, and, at the same time, so intelligent and thoughtful! She was regarding him with a surprised, questioning look, which reminded him that he was gazing too pertinaciously.

A little consciously he lifted his hat and asked: "Can you direct me to the Priory?"

"The Priory?" she repeated in a low voice, her eyes fixed more intently upon him, and her hand tightening on the gate.

"Mr. Verschoyle's place. I was directed at the railway station, but do not feel sure that——"

"Whom do you want to see there?" she put in abruptly—almost ungraciously.

Nor was the tone assumed; this was not the girl to affect the brusquerie of unconventionality any more than the suavity of conventionality—it was rather that of one in deep anxiety, and unaccustomed to veil her thoughts.

"Mr. Verschoyle," he replied.

"On business?"—the expression of dread, or whatever it was, deepening in her



face, white now to the lips; as, on the impulse of the moment, she pressed back the gate as though to bar the way.

"No," he murmured. To have brought such a look to such a face!

She still eyed him with the same unquiet scrutiny, as though debating something in her mind; then hurriedly asked: "But why? Where do you come from?"

He might very well have asked what interest his relations with Verschoyle could have for her; but he felt that there was some grave reason underlying her anxiety, and was not inclined to take offence. Moreover, there was no necessity for mystery on his side; and, therefore, he might as well reply openly and directly to her question.

"From Grayminster. My name is Meredith."

"Are you a friend of his? Mr. Verschoyle is my brother"; still a little hesitatingly, and, as it were, on the defensive.

He raised his hat again. "We were at Wadham together, Miss Verschoyle, and, chancing to be in this neighbourhood, I thought I would look him up for half an hour's talk over old times."

The colour came into her cheeks and a smile to her beautiful lips, although both faded too quickly. "I remember your name now, Mr. Meredith. I have often heard my brother speak of you," moving aside for him to pass through the gate as she added: "If you will come with me, I will show you the way."

He bowed, passing quickly through to her side. His indecision had entirely vanished now, and a visit to the Priory seemed the most desirable thing in the world. To think of Ver-

schoyle not mentioning that he had a sister—and such a sister!

"I fear I must have seemed terribly rude when you first spoke to me, Mr. Meredith," she said, looking up into his face with a smile, as they proceeded along the path that skirted the field. "The truth is, I was afraid—that is, I thought you were—someone else," flushing with the consciousness that she was saying more than she had meant to say.

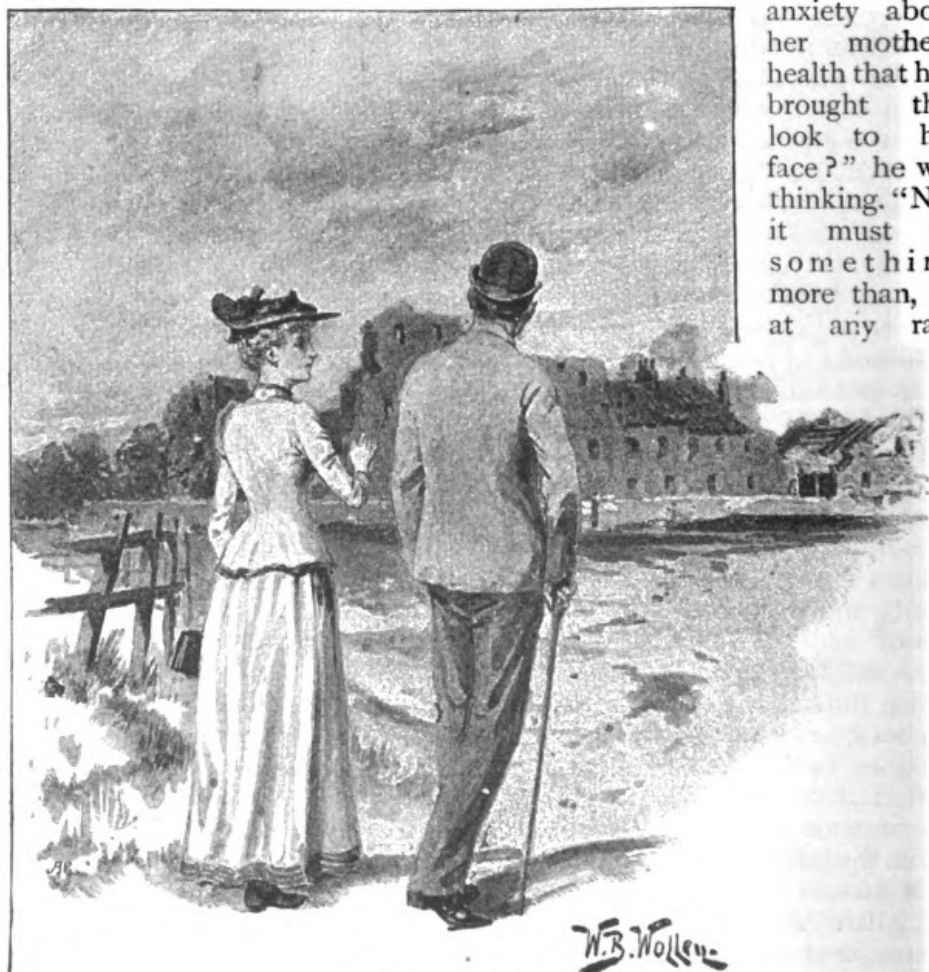
He hastened to assure her that it had been quite evident no discourtesy was intended; mentally, the while, congratulating himself upon not being "someone else," then quietly changed the subject. "I have not seen your brother since we left Oxford, Miss Verschoyle. Your only brother, is he not?"

"Yes; and I am his only sister. My mother, Laurence, and I live at the Priory."

"Mrs. Verschoyle is well, I hope?" with suddenly developed interest in everything that concerned her.

"My mother is not worse, I am glad to say, than she has been the last five years. She is always an invalid." Had not Laurence told him that much?

"Was it anxiety about her mother's health that had brought that look to her face?" he was thinking. "No; it must be something more than, or at any rate



THERE IS THE PRIORY!



different from, the kind of trouble which might spring from such a cause."

He murmured a few words of sympathy; her clear eyes turned to meet his, with how different an expression from that he had first seen in them! There was even a little girlish fun in them, as she asked:—

"What kind of place do you imagine the Priory to be, Mr. Meredith?"

"Well, one naturally attaches a little mediæval romance to the idea of a Priory"; adding, after a moment's reflection—there were certainly no signs of prosperity about her—"and it ought to be somewhat dilapidated, I suppose—in the picturesque stage of decay. It must be difficult to keep those old places in thorough repair."

"Very," she replied, her face shadowing. Then, with a side glance at him and again attempting a jesting tone, she went on: "Difficult, too, as it crumbles away, to find room for ancient retainers, old pictures, heirlooms, and the rest of it. Now prepare your mind, Mr. Meredith, when we turn this next bend—There is the Priory!"

He was prepared now to see some dilapidated old place, but hardly for that which met his view. The Priory! That desolate-looking remnant of a building, standing forlornly against the summer sky! Portions of the walls, some high, some low, and all of great thickness, still remained here and there, indicating the plan of the old Priory; but, at this distance, even these seemed to form part of the surrounding brickfields. By no effort of the imagination could the inhabited part of the building be supposed to be the abode of prosperous people. All was desolation and decay, without picturesqueness. Even the aspect of the grounds about it, which might once have lent their aid as a setting to the picture, seemed now only to accentuate the fallen fortunes of the house. Every acre of the ground about it, once of some extent and beautifully wooded, had been sold piecemeal—the greater part for brickfields. On the side they were approaching there seemed no redeeming feature in the dismal scene. No; not likely to be spacious reception-

rooms, nor offices for an army of ancient retainers there! Courtesy itself was dumb!

"The Verschoyles have not much left to be proud of, you see, Mr. Meredith. We are not invaded by picnic parties and artists in search of the picturesque; but you see the worst of it from this side."

At that moment the figure of a man was seen emerging from some side entrance, and hurriedly making his way towards the ruins, in an opposite direction from that whence they were approaching.

"Laurence!"—hurriedly calling out, as he seemed to take no heed: "A friend to see you."

He turned; seemed to hesitate a moment; then came slowly towards them. As he drew nearer, and recognised who the visitor was, he hastened his steps, his whole face brightening. "Meredith!" he ejaculated, in a tone of relief. "Where have you sprung from? How are you, old fellow? Quite an age since I saw you last."





Allan Meredith grasped the hand extended towards him, all the more heartily, perhaps, because it was the hand of Miss Verschoyle's brother, as he explained, "I was at the junction, and being so near, thought I would look you up."

"Glad to see you, old fellow. You know this is my sister?"

"Yes; Miss Verschoyle was good enough to show me the way."

She turned to leave them with the words: "Dinner will be ready in an hour, Laurence."

"All right!"

Meredith had time now to notice that there was the same expression of dread in the brother's face he had seen in the sister's, but with a difference. In her face it was simply fear; in his it was this and something worse. Unlike his sister, looking straight at you in her trouble, his eyes were either downcast or averted: shifting uneasily from one object to another. The whole man was changed—it seemed demoralized—since Meredith had last seen him. His very figure had lost its elasticity, and become slouching and cowering.

"What have you been doing with yourself the last three years?" asked Meredith.

"Oh, all sorts of things; going to the bad, chiefly. Not much opportunity for doing that or anything else here, you may think," noticing the direction which the other's eyes took. "No; I have gone farther afield. Spent two years in London; tried my hand at all sorts of things, and failed. I am a failure all round."

"Nonsense, man; if you take that tone you may be."

"There is no other tone to take, now," moodily.

"Give up in that way, with your abilities, and the world before you!"

"It seems easy enough to you, I dare say. It did to me before I tried. There is no need for you to put your theories to the test, or you might find that men occasionally fail, even though they have hands and brains to work with. Some have to go down, and I'm one of them—that's all!"

"That is not Miss Verschoyle's creed, I think?"

"My sister! She has been telling you about the wretched teaching business, I suppose? She, at any rate, is not cursed with the family pride. I can't endure to see her go about giving lessons to the clodhoppers round here. Does no end of drudgery about the house, too."

It had come to this: the sister was working for both; and Verschoyle did not even see what his allowing her to do so meant! "What kind of pride was this?" thought Meredith, his tone showing, perhaps, a little of what was in his mind, as he gravely replied:—

"I can quite understand your objecting to that. You must let your friends use what interests they have to get you into something, Verschoyle."

"It would be of no use; at any rate, until—no necessity for going into that," moodily kicking a stone across the path. What he wanted just then was money, and this was not the man to whom he could turn for that, with his talk about setting to work. How could he say to this man that he had squandered the last remnant of the small property which had come to him; and that they were liable to be turned out of the old home, such as it was, at any moment now—his invalid mother, and the sister who had striven so hard to keep things together—unless he could obtain money to stave off matters, at any rate for a time? Pressure was now being brought to bear upon him, and threats used that, unless he paid off the sum of five hundred pounds—a sum there seemed no possibility of procuring—charges of fraudulent borrowing would be brought against him which he might find it difficult to combat in a court of law; and he was living from hour to hour in fear of arrest.

The Priory itself, and everything it contained of any value, to the last family portrait that hung upon the walls, had been either mortgaged or sold. If a few heirlooms, in the way of carved furniture—a cabinet or what not—had been allowed still to remain, it was to, as long as possible, keep the knowledge of the worst from his mother and sister.

He had, in the first few moments of their meeting, hurriedly speculated as to whether anything could be made out of the other's chance visit; but his hopes, if they amounted to that, had very quickly died as he remembered the past. There had been nothing large-handed or generous, according to his interpretation of the words, in Meredith. He had shown no inclination to part with his money without a *quid pro quo*, and lived as though he had not a pound to spare, instead of an income of some ten or twelve thousand a year. He had lost his father in his early boyhood, and the property, carefully nursed for him during a long minority, had largely increased.

That, like many who spend little



upon themselves, Meredith could be even lavishly generous to others, and that there was none to whom one in need could so safely turn for help, Verschoyle did not suspect. He would have been not a little surprised could he have known that many a man had to thank Meredith for help given just at the right moment, and given so quietly that none but the two most concerned were in the secret. Meredith, in fact, cared nothing for the luxuries of life. Capable of doing his share in the world's work, steadily exercising his best faculties, and mentally and physically invigorated by the process, he was almost unable to comprehend a man such as Verschoyle had come to be.

"No; it would be of no use," summed up Verschoyle, eyeing him askance. "If I began to tell him about being in need of a few hundreds, he would want to know the whole story; and it would be no good trying to throw dust in his eyes. I wonder what he would do if I told him point-blank that I am liable to be hauled off to gaol at any moment for lack of five hundred pounds? Button

introducing any topic he could think of which he thought might interest him. In vain. Both felt that they were farther apart than when they had last met. There was, in fact, a barrier between them which neither knew how to remove. Engrossed in his own reflections, Verschoyle did not keep up the first semblance of bonhomie; a little, indeed, resenting Meredith's efforts in one direction, since he did not seem likely to make any in another of more importance.

Both men were equally relieved when a ruddy-cheeked servant-maid appeared at the door, and informed them that dinner would be ready in ten minutes now. Verschoyle led the way into the house, showed Meredith to a room, and then availed himself of the opportunity to say a few hurried words to his sister.

"Remember, Madge; there's no necessity for offering him a bed. Only a chance visit; that means nothing; and, therefore, dinner is quite enough. How have you contrived it?"

"Oh, pretty well. No need for pretence. He must know by the general aspect of things how it is with us."

"Well, give the mother a hint not to press the hospitalities."

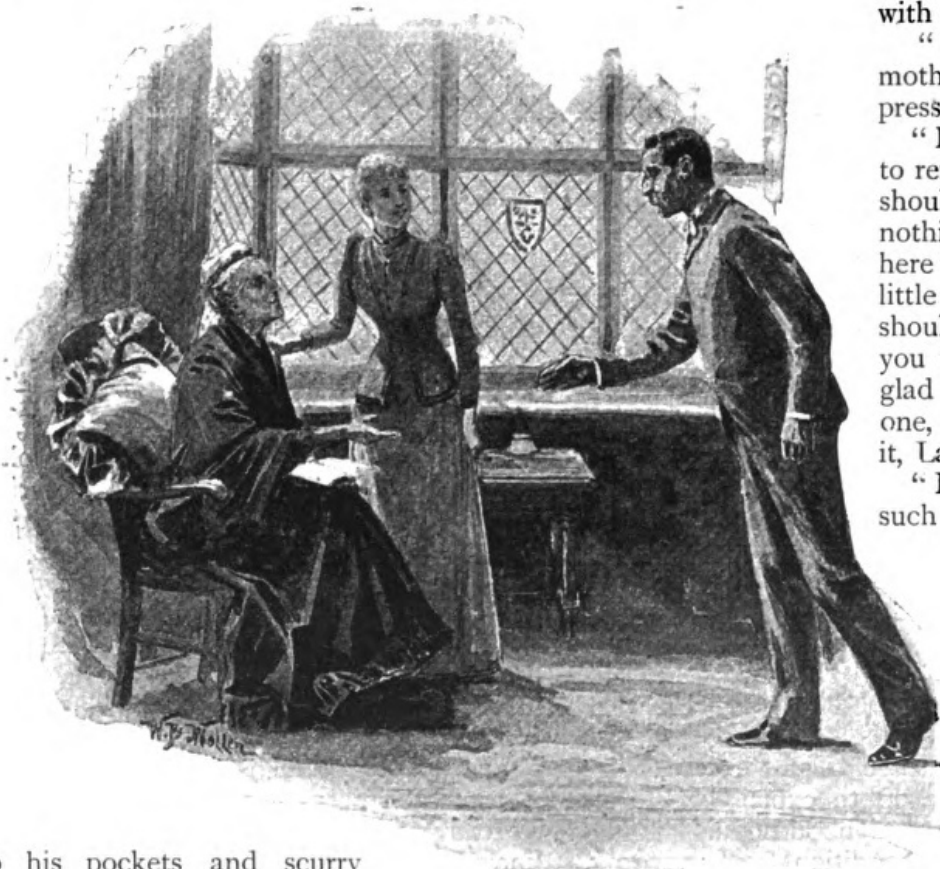
"He would not care to remain if she did, I should think; there is nothing to attract him here"; adding, with a little surprise, "but I should have thought you would have been glad to welcome anyone, dull as you find it, Laurence."

"If I were not in such straits I might.

You know I am at my wits' end just now; liable to be seized at any moment for that wretched debt."

He had given it the name of

debt to her, and she had not the slightest suspicion that it was anything worse.



up his pockets and scurry off without waiting to test the Priory hospitality, perhaps; or, worse still, begin to preach."

Seeing that the other was disinclined to be communicative, Meredith changed the subject,

"MEREDITH WAS INTRODUCED."



At that moment Allan Meredith entered the room, which not even the shabby furniture and appurtenances of the dinner table could render mean looking, with its noble proportions, oak ceiling, carved, high chimney-piece, and oriel window. There was not sufficient carpet even for the fashion—only, indeed, one large old Turkey rug; and that was spread in the recess of the window, where were, also, a finely-carved, high-backed, well cushioned chair, small work and writing tables, and two or three other last relics of better days, devoted to the use of the invalid; a gentle, suffering-looking woman, with traces of great beauty in her thin, worn face.

Meredith was introduced to her by her daughter, with a tone and look which showed she felt that she had still something to be proud of. Her pride in, and loving care of, her mother was, indeed, evident enough. Even his eyes could see how much more thought had been expended upon the invalid's toilet than upon her daughter's, of which the most that could be said was that it was neat as any village girl's might be.

Mrs. Verschoyle received the stranger with the simple courtesy of good breeding. There was no allusion by word or look to the altered fortunes of the house; no attempt at explanation; but a simple, earnest welcome which had its full effect upon Allan Meredith. He noticed, too, at the table that no apologies were made for the dinner, until the contemptuous shrug of the shoulders which Laurence gave as he glanced from the dish of curried mutton at one end to the remainder of the same joint that served as the roast at the other, called forth the reply:—

"It is the best I could do, Laurence. There was no time to send into the town, and I hoped that Mr. Meredith might have sufficient appetite after his walk, perhaps, to be able to dine on what we have"; apologizing to her brother, as she had not felt it to be necessary to apologize to their guest.

"That am I, Miss Verschoyle," he said, determined that she should see no lack of appreciation on his side. "I have eaten only a biscuit since eight o'clock this morning"; going on to explain what had brought him to the neighbourhood. "I had got a little out of condition from overwork, and —"

"Overwork!" put in Laurence. "Of what kind?"

"Oh, you know I used to have a fancy for comparing evidence, and latterly I have

plodded a little too closely in getting at some I wanted," speaking a little hesitatingly and awkwardly in his desire to avoid seeming to pose. "I needed change of scene and more out-of-door exercise. It happened that a final settlement had, just now, to be made about a small property my father had in this county, and I thought it would be an object, or at any rate give me the change of scene they talked about, to go and look after the sale myself."

"I did not know you owned property in this direction, Meredith."

"It was of very little importance; only a small farm; but there was some competition for it, on account of its joining Lord Drayltown's property. He wanted to take it into his park."

"Did you let him have it?"

"No; it was not so much a question of money with me, and the tenant who had held it so long, and done his best for the house and land, had, I considered, the first claim. He and I settled it together without much law. He is the possessor of the farm, and I have brought away a roll of notes; that's about all."

"I suppose a small farm does not fetch much in these days," said Verschoyle.

"This would have fetched more had I allowed them to bid one against the other; three or four instead of two thousand, I was told."

"Two thousand would seem a pretty good haul to some people. Notes, do you say?"

"Partly; and partly in cheques," replied Meredith, looking a little surprised.

"Do you carry them about with you, Meredith? I mean"—noticing the surprise in the other's face—"is it wise—safe, do you think, to go about these lonely places with all that——" breaking off, and hurriedly adding: "But, of course, we can't let you go to-night. You must put up with what we have to offer, until the morning at any rate." A sudden thought had crossed his mind. Might it not be possible to appeal to Meredith for a loan? "What a quarter of that money would do for me just now! If I could only open my heart to him, as Madge says. Pshaw! Easy enough for girls, such as she, to open their hearts. She wouldn't have been so ready to advise me to do that, had she known all."

"Mr. Meredith would, perhaps, prefer the inn in the town, Laurence; he might find it more comfortable," put in his sister, a little puzzled by the change in his tone; but, supposing it might be only to keep up



appearances, she went on: "There will be a moon, and——"

"Oh, nonsense!" hurriedly interrupted her brother. "You will not mind roughing it for one night, eh, Meredith? Of course you must stay."

"I hope so, indeed," said Mrs. Verschoyle, to whom her daughter had had no time to give the hint her brother bade her give. "I trust you will accept our poor hospitality, Mr. Meredith."

"There, that settles it, Meredith. You can't refuse my mother, now; or she will be lamenting the little we have to offer."

"It is not little to me," replied Meredith, in all sincerity. The chance of spending a few hours in the society of Margaret Verschoyle was, indeed, beginning to mean a great deal to him. He had not, before, met any woman who interested him in this way; and, already, he knew that none other ever would. She said very little now; having, he noticed, become more silent and abstracted as her brother grew effusive, apparently in the endeavour to make up for his previous lack of courtesy.

"This is our only drawing-room, Mr. Meredith," she presently said, as she and her mother rose from the table and went towards the window. "You must please try to imagine we are not here."

"I would rather not do that, Miss Verschoyle," he replied, rising to join them.

"But won't you ——? You would not find this claret so bad," said Laurence, adding, as the other declined: "Well, then, a cigar on the terrace, if we can dignify it by that name."

"Not now, thank you. Later on, perhaps, if you will join me."

"Then, I will look after your bag. At the station, didn't you say? We might send Sally's brother, eh, Madge?" hurriedly quitting the room.

Meredith remained with the ladies in the oriel

window, whilst the rough-looking maid-servant awkwardly cleared the dinner table, assisted now and again by a smiling word from her young mistress.

"You have a good view from here, Mrs. Verschoyle."

"It is good to me, Mr. Meredith. Fortunately, the brickfields are on the other side; and, seen from here, the part of the ruin, and the old garden and orchard, have a charm of their own for me. But one misses the old elms that used to hide the town, which my daughter thinks looks best when you don't see it," with a smile at the young girl.

"And so do you, dear. Being romantic, you prefer it when there is a mist over it, and you have to imagine what is behind the veil, don't you?" replied her daughter, with pretty defiance. "A serious thing to have a romantic mother, is it not, Mr. Meredith? In these days, too—romance! She had need have a matter-of-fact daughter, had she not?"

He smilingly kept up the same tone, his admiration deepening for the brave heart that could make a jest of her difficulties. How well the mother and daughter seemed to understand each other in making the best of their colourless lives. He soon found they could talk about something besides the narrow experiences of their everyday world. They were accustomed to think intelligently, and were not without a spice of humour, as



W. B. Weller



well as a romance to cast a glamour over their surroundings. Good listeners, too ; showing a desire to hear what was going on in the world of thought ; and, now and again, asking questions which kept his wits at work for a reply—a not unpleasant exercise to Allan Meredith, accustomed to use them.

An hour passed quickly away. It was only the uneasy glances the young girl was beginning to cast towards the door which reminded him that Verschoyle had left them so long. When he re-entered the room, Meredith noticed that the sister's eyes turned anxiously towards him.

"I made sure about your bag by seeing after it myself, Meredith," he began. "Remembered the mistakes Sally's brother is apt to make, you know, Madge ; and thought he might demand the post bag, or something of that sort."

He appeared more desirous now of making conversation, reminding Meredith of some of their Oxford experiences, inquiring about mutual friends, and what not. But his gaiety did not sit quite naturally upon him, and there was an under-current of excitement in his tone and manner. One there saw that his gaiety was only on the surface, and that he eyed Meredith closely and speculatively when he thought himself unobserved.

"Two thousand pounds ! Two thousand !—and a quarter of that would save me," he was thinking. Were the notes in that wallet of which he could trace the outline in the breast pocket of the other's coat ? His eyes were turned again and again, as if fascinated, to that breast pocket, while he talked on *à propos* of anything that suggested itself. Presently, in reply to some remark of his mother's with reference to the rising moon, and the ghostly way in which its beams seemed to steal about the ruin, he said : "Do you know that we can boast of having a ghost, Meredith ?"

"Our very own, who watches over the fortunes of the house," said his sister. "At least, that is the tradition. When last heard of, he was wandering about, with his hand uplifted as if in warning. Not very original, is it ? And not of much use, unless he will tell us what we are being warned against."

"Have you seen him, Miss Verschoyle ?"

"Oh, no. Even he seems to have deserted us now."

"Speak for yourself, Madge," said her brother, stealing a side glance towards Meredith.

"Have you, then, Laurence ?" she ejaculated, turning quickly towards him. "I

thought you were inclined to make a jest of the monk."

"I am inclined to do that no longer, perhaps."

"Do you mean that you *have* seen him ? You told me nothing about it, Laurence."

"When I knew what a fright it gave you only to imagine you saw him ?"

"But I was only ten years old then, you know. I was frightened, Mr. Meredith," she said, turning to him with a smile. "But even then I was quite as curious as frightened ; for though I fell upon my knees and hid my face, I begged him not to go until I got sufficiently used to him to be able to ask what I wanted to know."

"Had he not the grace to do that, Miss Verschoyle ?"

"Well, it was only an old military cloak of my father's, which Laurence had hung over a broom in a corner of the school-room to try my courage."

"I wonder what questions you would ask now ?"

"Oh, there are so many things one would like to know," the sweet face shadowing, and the eyes taking an anxious expression.

"Is the monk supposed to have a predilection for any particular chamber ?" asked Meredith. "Ghosts are uncertain visitors, I know ; but it would be something to pass a night where one might be expected."

"You might find it no jest if he came," said Laurence.

"Oh, I should take him seriously enough. In fact, I have something of Miss Verschoyle's feeling. There are so many questions one would like to ask."

She was glancing curiously towards her brother. "Why did he take that tone—he that, until now, had been as ready as the rest to jest at the ghost ?" But she had no time to speculate as to what was in his mind. Now that he had returned, she might consider herself off duty in the matter of doing her share towards entertaining ; and she had to help Sally to prepare a room for the guest, her invalid mother to attend to, and to contrive a fitting breakfast for the morrow.

The two young men passed out on to the grass terrace before the window, lighted their cigars, and strolled to and fro in the moonlight. There was very little interchange of thought. Allan Meredith was speculating as to how best he could set about helping Margaret Verschoyle's brother ; and beginning to fear it would be very difficult to do so, unless he were more inclined than he now appeared to put his shoulder to the wheel.





"TO AND FRO IN THE MOONLIGHT."

He had little sympathy for a nature such as Verschoyle's; and, unconsciously perhaps to himself, the few words he uttered conveyed what was in his mind to the other, who was quick to resent it.

"Put me in the way of earning money, indeed! No use asking him for a loan; he would be putting all sorts of awkward questions," thought Verschoyle, with the uneasy consciousness that he would find it difficult to explain without incriminating himself. "No, I won't try it! It must be the other way—there's no help for it now. Once out of this hole, I'll put my shoulder to the wheel, and pay him back with the first money I earn. He isn't likely to want the money if I took all instead of a quarter, and I won't take a penny more than that. It will only be a loan after all, which, if he were like anyone else, I could openly ask him for. Yes, I'll do it! If he sees through the trick, it will be easy to say it was only a jest done to try him. But I think I can manage it so quietly that he won't wake, and then I am safe."

On re-entering the room they had quitted—the only habitable sitting-room the Priory

could now boast—they found it untenanted, the mother and daughter having retired for the night. The two men sat in desultory conversation, maintained with some effort, until, in reply to a question from Laurence, Meredith admitted that he had had a long day and was inclined for bed. They went up together, and Laurence showed the other into a large, barely-furnished, and somewhat desolate-looking room, with two doors and one high, narrow, iron-barred window.

"Sorry we have no better

quarters to offer you, Meredith."

"I am no sybarite, Verschoyle. You'll say that when you see my room at home. My housekeeper is always bewailing my lack of appreciation of what she calls comfort"—taking out his pocket-book as he spoke, and putting it on to the dressing-table before removing his coat.

Laurence took quick note of the position of the book upon the table. "Well, good-night, old fellow"; adding, with an elaborate assumption of carelessness: "Oh, by the way, I'd nearly forgotten: there's a key in that door—the one belonging to this must be lost, I fancy; but it seems hermetically sealed. You can't open it, you see," turning and pulling at the handle; "and you are safely barred in at the window," with a little laugh.

"All right, Verschoyle. A barred window and a locked door ought to be enough. Good-night," telling himself they must talk over things in the morning. Too late to enter upon what he wanted to say, just then. In the morning Verschoyle should be made to see that here was a friend who was not to be put off—they must go into matters together.



Verschoyle must be induced to set to work, and in the meantime it must be so contrived that the mother and daughter should be better cared for. "Tell him that I have taken a great fancy to this old place; and, between ourselves, give him a few thousands for it, perhaps—to be settled on them—yes, certainly settled on them."

Once in his own room, Verschoyle sank into a seat and buried his face in his hands. "If there were but any other way than this! If only the man had not gone there bragging about his thousands!" trying to persuade himself that there had been bragging, and almost hating Meredith for the wrong he was about to do him. "He would not do it! Let the worst come to the worst—he would not!" springing to his feet again, and fiercely shaking his fist as against some unseen tempter.

The clock in a distant church tower chimed twelve. One vibrated on the night air; it would soon be too late! Morning would dawn, and the opportunity be gone!

Shivering with the remembrance of what the morning might bring—ruin, disgrace, his whole life blighted—he once more decided there must be no drawing back. With set teeth and determined eyes he went towards a chair upon which lay a folded garment. He shook it out—a long, dark, military cloak—and proceeded, in awkward but tolerably efficient fashion, to pin the cape so as to, as nearly as possible, resemble a monk's hood. Changing his boots for slippers, he enveloped himself in the cloak, drawing the hood well forward so as to cover nearly the whole of his face; then softly opened the room door, and stood listening with bated breath.

No sound broke the stillness. He stole noiselessly forth, and entered a small room, the door of which was ajar, as he himself had placed it a couple of hours previously. This room opened into the larger one in which was Allan Meredith. Laurence stole silently to the communicating door, locked, and with the key outside. It had been well oiled; but this notwithstanding, there was a slight sound, like thunder to his guilty ears, as he turned the key in the lock.

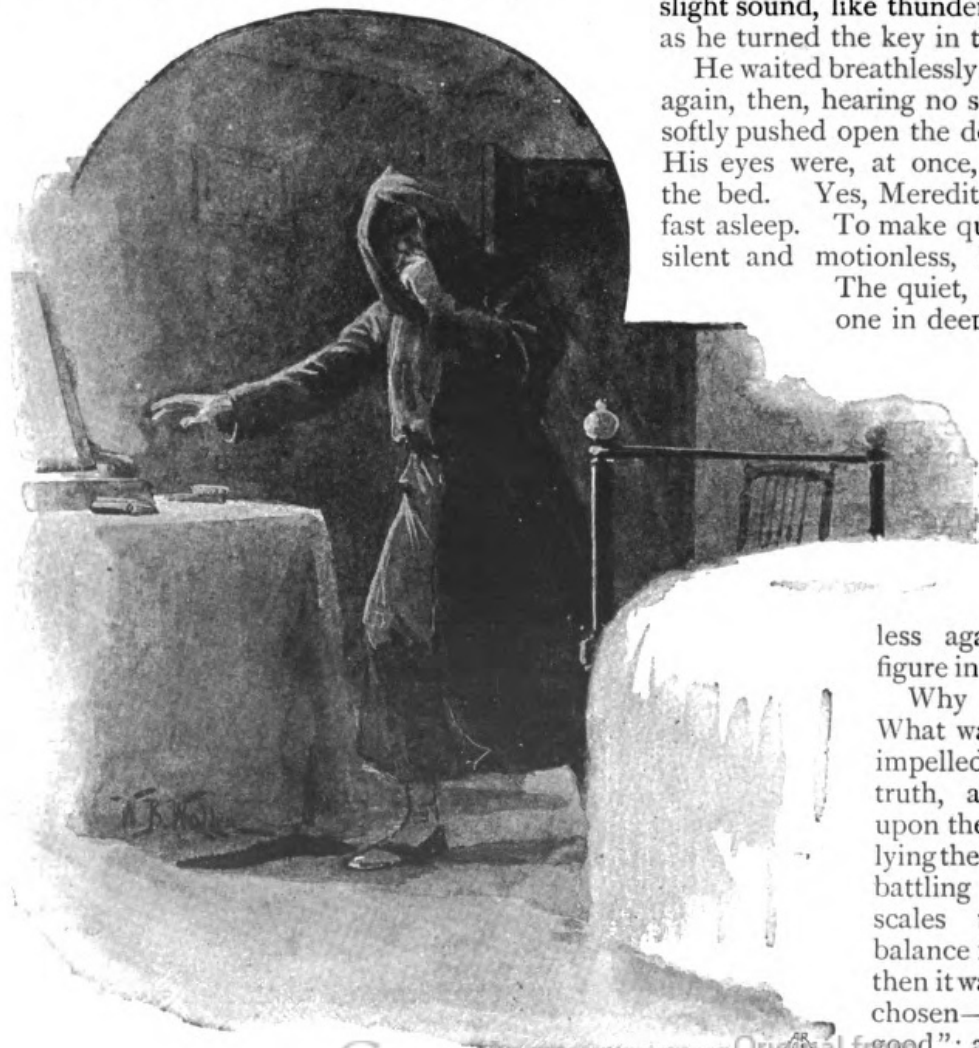
He waited breathlessly for a few moments again, then, hearing no sound from within, softly pushed open the door and looked in. His eyes were, at once, directed towards the bed. Yes, Meredith was, apparently, fast asleep. To make quite sure, he stood silent and motionless, listening intently.

The quiet, even breathing of one in deep slumber reached

him. He moved softly towards the dressing-table, his eyes still turned upon the bed; then stood motion-

less again, a tall black figure in the semi-darkness.

Why did he hesitate? What was it that suddenly impelled him to tell the truth, and cast himself upon the mercy of the man lying there—his good angel battling for him? The scales trembled in the balance for a moment, and then it was as though he had chosen—"Evil, be thou my good"; and the way was, at once made easy for him.





His eyes lighted on a dark object, which he knew at once must be what he was in search of, lying on the white toilet cover of the dressing-table. His hand closed over it, his eyes turning once more towards the bed. Not a movement, not a sound!

Pocket-book in hand, he noiselessly crept out, locked the door on the outside again, and sped back to his own room.

Half the danger was over. He had now but to abstract the money he wanted, and replace the book where he had found it. He put the book on the table, and sat down.

"What was that? A sigh—a whispered word? Or was it coward conscience?" He sat back aghast for a moment; then, with a resolute face, bent forward, laying his hand upon the book. Suddenly he paused, raising his head again. A sound—a movement? Surely he heard something! He hurriedly blew out the light, and sat with all his senses on the alert. Again! Something or someone was in the room!

Meredith! Had Meredith seen and followed him—had the time come to act the part of jester? Unconsciously, he was gazing straight before him into the dressing glass, faintly reflecting, in the pale, grey light of the summer night, the objects around. Again a slight movement, hardly displacement, of the air; but sufficient to intimate a presence there.

Should he break into a laugh, and challenge Meredith—should he—Great heavens! Mirrored in the glass, he saw a shadowy form moving silently towards him—a form draped in cowl and gown. The monk!

Laurence Verschoyle fell back in his chair, his eyes fastened upon the figure faintly outlined in the dim light, the left hand raised, as if in solemn warning, and the right stretched forth towards—the pocket-book!

He saw it taken from the table, then everything faded from his vision, and he lost consciousness.

When, at length, he came to himself, it was a little confusedly; and it was some time before he remembered where he was and what had happened. The pocket-book! His eyes went hurriedly over the table. Gone! It had been no dream, then—no trick of the senses. He flung out his arms upon the table and buried his face upon them. Suddenly a faint hope sprang up in his heart. It must have been Meredith! His own fears, and the dim, uncertain light, had imparted the spectral, shadowy appearance, and exaggerated the whole

effect. Meredith must have imagined—as in case of emergency he was to have been induced to imagine—that a jest was being played off upon him, and had determined to return it in kind, managing somehow to get himself up for the rôle. Had they not been talking about the monk and his gesture of warning? Yes; Meredith, of course!—beginning to recover his nerve. He had been caught, and Meredith had not been caught; that was all, and he had only to treat the whole thing as a jest.

But all this notwithstanding, there was an under-current of something very like fear in his mind which caused him to watch the slowly broadening light of day with feverish impatience for the time when he could enter Meredith's room. It would not do to go too early, lest his very anxiety should arouse the other's suspicions. Everything now depended upon his being able to treat the whole thing as a jest. He threw off his disguise, washed and dressed, and then sat listening for the usual sounds of Sally's movements about the house.

When the clock struck six he could contain himself no longer, and made his way to Meredith's room, going to the door which opened into the corridor. Meredith, in response to his knock, unlocked the door and admitted him.

"Up already, Meredith?"

"Yes, I am accustomed to rise early."

As he advanced into the room, Laurence darted a quick look towards the dressing-table. There lay the pocket-book! He had been right; it had appeared as a jest to Meredith, and he had played one off in return. "Had I only guessed and kept my wits about me, instead of making a fool of myself, by going off in a fainting fit, the jest might have been better kept up."

"I see you can make, as well as take, a jest, old fellow," he began, with an attempt at a laugh.

"I was too sleepy and lazy to do more than take it, Verschoyle. I saw what was done both times; but the restoration was managed best."

"Restoration?"

"The putting the book back."

Laurence Verschoyle dropped into a chair, gazing at the other with widely-opened eyes. "Do you mean to say you did not? For Heaven's sake, tell me the truth, Meredith! You followed me to my room and brought the book back. I—I—saw you!"

"That you did not, and could not have done, Verschoyle. I did not rise from the



bed after I lay down until six o'clock this morning, just before you came in."

"You must—either awake or asleep, you must have!" catching at a last hope that the other might have walked in his sleep.

"No; on my honour; I was tired, but I could not sleep. I saw the ghostly appearance each time; and I was struck by the difference in the second. It was a more ghostly affair altogether. I saw, in fact, only a hand and part of an arm."

Laurence went hurriedly to the door opposite that by which he had entered, and turned the handle: locked on the outside, as he had left it!

"The first came that way," said Meredith, who had followed him with his eyes; "but not the other."

"Meredith, it was I who came, and I came but once!" ejaculated Laurence, shudderingly.

He covered his face with his hands a few moments; then, in sudden desperation, confessed the whole truth. "I meant to rob you! I dressed up as the monk for the purpose. I took the book, intending to abstract five hundred pounds; and, if you woke and challenged me, was going to say that it was done to try your pluck. I had taken it to my room. It lay on the table before me, and I was about to open it, when a feeling I can't describe came over me. I knew I was not alone. I was sitting before the dressing-table, and, glancing into the glass, saw the reflection of a figure standing behind me—the figure of a monk! A deathlike hand was put forth. I saw the fingers close over the book, and then I suppose I lost consciousness, for I can remember no more."

"The monk!" Meredith gazed at the other, and became gravely silent again.

"I was in terrible straits," hurriedly went on Laurence. "I meant last night to appeal to you for a loan; but I fancied you seemed rather hard and stand-offish, and what I had to tell was not easy to tell. There was a prison before me, Meredith, unless I could get money, which there seemed no chance of my being able to get, and the knowledge that you had all those notes about you tempted me. I meant to take the five hundred, put the rest back, and trust to the chance of your not suspecting how it had gone. Of course, I cheated myself with the belief that if I could set myself straight this time, I would put my shoulder to the wheel and repay you somehow. I think I see myself as I am—now, and I know I shall not again try to retrieve my fortunes that way. You can't despise me more than I despise myself!"

"I am very sorry," said Meredith. "I did not imagine you were in such immediate necessity. I only wish you had told me last night, when all this might have been prevented"—still speaking a little abstractedly.





Was it to be regretted, after all, that Verschoyle had been brought face to face with himself in this way, since it had brought about such a revulsion in his mind? He presently decided what course he would take, and went on:—

"Look here, Verschoyle. I intended last night to ask you to let me help you in some way, and only delayed until this morning because I wanted to reflect a little as to the best means of doing so. We will go into that later on. I will only say now that you need be under no anxiety as to the money. I have a good income—more, a great deal, than I desire to spend—and there is a large surplus lying idle at my banker's just now. Use it to set yourself straight with the world, old fellow"; then, as the other made a gesture of dissent: "Let me have my say. You shall repay me when you have made your way—as a man of your ability is sure to do. Nonsense, you have your mother and sister to consider, you know."

"My poor mother and Madge. Meredith, you could never imagine what my sister has been to us."

"Couldn't I?" thought Meredith.

"She has kept us going the last six months; and though the pressure was growing heavier and heavier, she never—What a selfish brute I have been!"

"Come, it's something to recognise that!" thought Meredith. "There's some hope for you, after all"; adding to the other: "We will get these bills settled at once, and then we can see what you are most inclined to turn to."

The two young men went down together, and found breakfast awaiting them—a more varied and bountiful repast than had been set before them the previous evening, Sally having run down to an adjacent farmhouse for supplies. The two breakfasted together alone. Mrs. Verschoyle kept her room till later in the day, and her daughter, who was superintending in the kitchen, had only time to look in with a morning greeting.

After breakfast the two young men held consultation together, then set off for the town, called at the lawyer's office there, and sent off sundry telegrams. When they returned to the Priory later in the day, it was explained that Meredith had been helping Laurence with his advice on business matters.

"He is the best old fellow in the world, Madge—acting with the noblest generosity! I think all our troubles will soon be over now," said Laurence to his sister when they were alone.

"Generosity! Oh, Laurence, you won't take his money?" she ejaculated, a ring of sharp pain in her voice. "Not his money!"

"I won't take advantage of him, Madge. I swear it. Something has happened. I am a different man, and my whole life will be changed."

His tone and manner gave her more hope than even his words.

"I am going to set to work in earnest; and he will be repaid for all he means to do."

"Are you sure?" she murmured; adding a little doubtfully, with the remembrance of past experience: "But how?"

"That you will see later on."

She was to see, in another way than that he supposed. Meredith lost no time in striving to gain the prize he had set his heart upon, returning again and again to the Priory until he had won his wife.

It was the last evening of their stay at the old place. On the morrow Margaret Verschoyle was to be his wife, and they were to go direct to his beautiful Devonshire home for the purpose of comfortably installing her mother there, before setting forth on the tour. Mrs. Verschoyle's health had wonderfully improved with the knowledge of her children's bright prospects; and wonders were expected from the soft Devonshire air.

They had been reading a letter from Laurence, full of hope and enthusiasm for the new life he had begun in Canada, where he had chosen to make his start, Meredith having rendered the way easy for him.

As they lingered on the terrace, the happy girl ventured to whisper out the confession that had to be made before she became his wife. She must have no secrets from him now.

"Allan, you know now—Laurence has told you what he meant to do. But there is something else you ought to know. How shall I tell you? He thought he saw a ghost that night; but, oh, Allan, it was I!"

"I don't think he would have done it after all, darling. I believe he would have made a clean breast of it in the morning, in any case."

"But are you not surprised to hear it was I who played the ghost the second time?"

He replied only by a caress.

"I did it in the desperation of the moment, and fear gave me courage."

"The first time I have heard of fear giving courage," taking the sweet face between his hands and looking into her eyes.

"Oh, well! I meant fear for him. I



thought—I feared that Laurence was going into your room—I watched him go; and then, putting on a long waterproof cloak, and drawing the hood over my head to look like the monk, I followed him.

It was I who put the pocket-book back."

"How did you manage it?" with a smile.

"You see, you had left your window a little open. I climbed the thick ivy that runs up the wall—I had often done it when a child—slipped my hand between the bars of the window, and put the book upon the table."

"But you forgot to raise your hand in warning; and

ghosts are not generally in such a hurry, I think, to say nothing of the size of the hand."

"It was a scramble; did you hear me fall?"

"I heard a little 'Oh!'"

"Then you *did* know?"

"I knew Verschoyle had a very good sister."

"Allan, I do not think he suspects. Ought I not to tell him the truth?"

"Not yet. Since the impression has worked such good effects, as well let him remain under it for a while. Time enough to knock down the scaffolding when the building is completed—eh, darling?"



"HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?"



## Illustrated Interviews.

### XXII.—SIR ROBERT RAWLINSON, K.C.B.



THE BOLTONS, South Kensington, does not cover a very wide area—it is a circle of houses with a church in the centre, surrounded by trees, amongst the boughs of which the birds seem to sing and make merry from New Year's Day to the ringing out of the old year. This is the third time our note-book and pencil have been busily employed in this very pleasant corner of Kensington. At No. 16, Madame Albani has chatted over five o'clock tea and deliciously thin bread and butter; at No. 27, Mr. F. C. Burnand once frankly declared that to become a successful humorist one must needs possess a serious turn of mind, and refuse to yield to it!

I remember this as I cross to the opposite side of The Boltons to No. 11, where the great civil engineer and eminent sanitarian lives—the man who saved many a life in the Crimea, and has numerous works due to his engineering skill, not only in this country, but in distant lands. There is little about his house suggestive of the craft of which he is a past master. He pleads a most artistic hobby: that of pictures; and after spending a day with him and Lady Rawlinson—they have been happily married for sixty-three years—I made a hurried survey of the artistic treasures on the walls once more, and tried to single out a picture which had not some history attached to it. It was impossible. And the day's pleasure ended in not only listening

to the story of a not uneventful life, but the bringing away of a collection of pictorial anecdotes of remarkable and often historical interest.

In appearance, Sir Robert, though on the very day I sit down to write he enters upon his eighty-third birthday, still retains that striking physique which singled him out as a probable "long liver" in the "fifties." He is tall, and his hair and beard are quite white—his spirits quick, undampable, and merry. That he is an enthusiast on many things is evident from the rapid way in which he discusses his pet subjects. Take Landseer, for instance. The great animal painter never produced a canvas of which Sir Robert could not tell you its story. On matters of hygiene—particularly of that relating to armies in the field—he is an indisputable authority, whilst he has always had the domiciliary condition of the people near at heart—the proper house accommodation of the people is a subject he is always ready to discuss. On all these matters, and many more, the great engineer speaks frankly, kindly, and well.



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Elliott & Fry.  
\*Vol. v.—67.



The holly-bushes look delightfully green from the study windows. Here is a fine bust of Her Majesty, by Noble, and a statuette of Miss Florence Nightingale, with whom Sir Robert frequently came in contact during the Crimean War. There are several family portraits; and a couple of strikingly clever sketches of Paganini, by Landseer, draw from their present possessor the remark that he never heard the famous violinist, because the prices charged for admission were beyond his means, but he caught sight of him by waiting at the door of the theatre until he came out. Marshall, the painter, is represented by an old lady picking a goose.

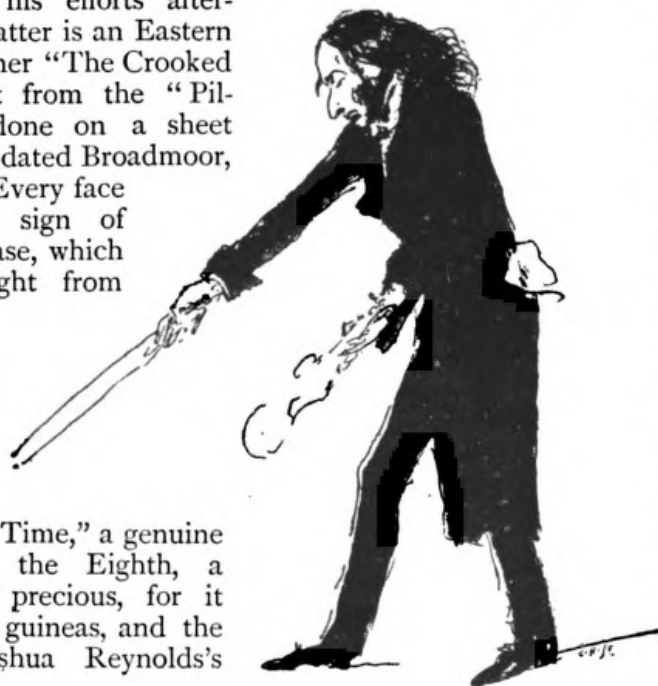
"I like that picture," said Sir Robert, "because the face is the nearest resemblance to my old mother I ever saw. There's a couple of curious sea pieces," pointing to a pair of pictures done on two pieces of rough deal board—"Storm" and "Calm." "They were painted by Richard Dadd, the mad artist. He had an illusion that his father was the devil. He was pronounced mad, and was confined in Broadmoor Lunatic Asylum. But come up-stairs."

On the upper landing hang several remarkable examples of Dadd's work. One is a canvas executed before he went out of his mind; two depict his efforts afterwards. One of the latter is an Eastern market place, the other "The Crooked Path"—an incident from the "Pilgrim's Progress"—done on a sheet of brown paper, and dated Broadmoor, September, 1866. Every face painted bears the sign of insanity! The staircase, which is flooded with light from the beautiful stained-glass window, has many fine canvases, notably Landseer's original study for the companion to "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," a genuine Holbein of Harry the Eighth, a Linnell, small but precious, for it cost three hundred guineas, and the sketch for Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Holy Family."

In a small ante-room near here



PAGANINI.  
By Sir Edwin Landseer.



PAGANINI.  
By Sir Edwin Landseer.

hangs a portrait of Miss Florence Nightingale as she appeared when engaged in her noble duties in the Crimean War. We pause for a moment before a moonlight scene—a picture of the graveyard in the Crimea, and Sir Robert crosses to a table and takes from it a forty-two pound shot, which he places in my hand—a shot of steel, forged and not cast.

"I keep that picture to remind me how very near I was being put to rest there myself," he said, thoughtfully; then, pointing to the cannon ball, he added, "Yes, and that very nearly did it. The story goes a long way

to prove that nothing is ever lost by being polite."

Sir Robert Rawlinson is probably the only man living who has been knocked off his horse by a cannon ball. It was Sunday morning, the 18th of June, 1854, in the Crimea, that Sir Robert—then Mr. Rawlinson—was riding out with some young artillery officers down a ravine called "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." A great crowd of our soldiers were assembled on Cathcart's Hill, and the Russians began firing. Mr. Rawlinson called out to a captain:—

"I'm not going any farther; good morning," and raised his hat to salute him. As he did so the shot came whizzing along in front of him, cutting the reins, the pommel of the saddle, and driving a steel purse against the crest of the hip-bone,





From a Painting by]

"THE CROOKED PATH."

[Richard Dadd.

making a large flesh wound, and seriously bruising the bone. The rider thought he was cut in two.

"Now, had I not raised my hat," said Sir Robert, merrily, "my right arm must have been taken off, as the shot perforated my coat beneath the arm. It has left a deep hole in my hip as a gentle little reminder!"

How pleasant were the picture stories told of the etchings and engravings in the bedroom! Over the door are the dogs of Sir Walter Scott, by a pupil of Tom Landseer—

valuable, for it is the only proof taken from the plate in that state. And the Landseers! Over the mantel-board are "Night" and "Morning," and near by an etching—and Sir Robert said he considered it better than the engraving—of "The Monarch of the Glen," a picture which Landseer originally painted for the Refreshment Room of the House of Lords for 300 guineas, but which, much to the artist's chagrin, was rejected by a Fine Arts Committee, of which the Prince Consort was chairman. Here is "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

"I was talking to Landseer one day," said Sir Robert, "and I asked him why he had painted the dwarf yellow.

"'Oh!' he replied, 'that's mustard-seed, and he must be strong!'

"You notice the white hare in the picture," continued Sir Robert. "Landseer never made mistakes, but if anybody imagined he did, he was very smart in replying to the charge. A lady pointed out to him that she thought the rabbit was wrong—she had never seen a rabbit's legs placed like that. Landseer was equal to the occasion, for he replied:—

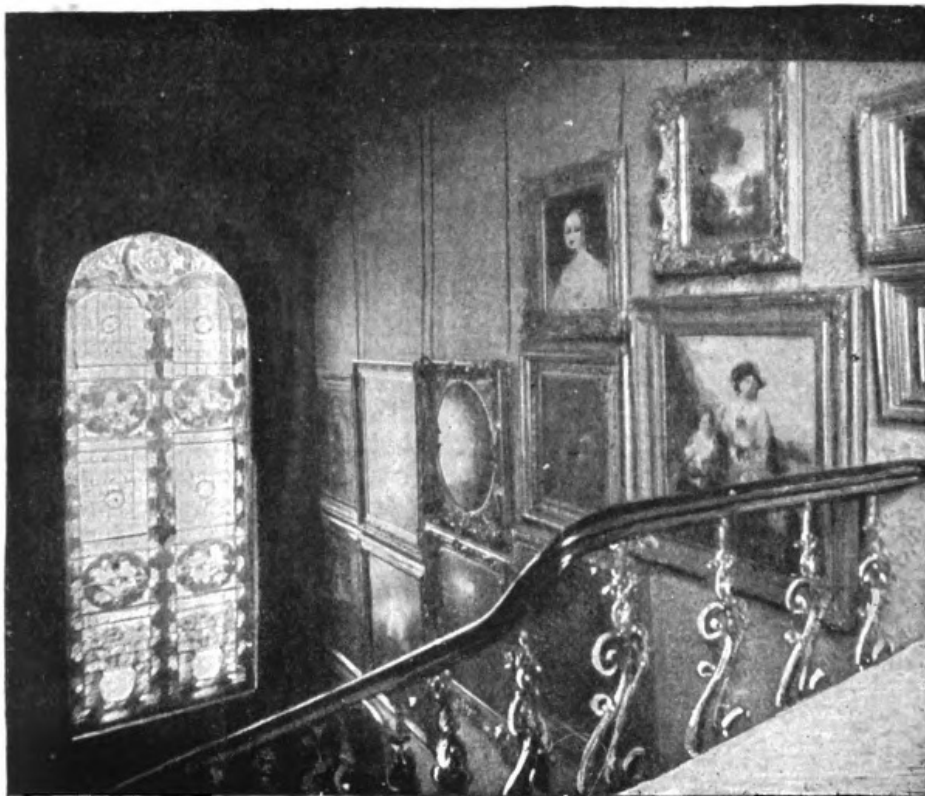
"'That is not a rabbit, madam; it's a white hare!'

In a corner is the engraving of the portrait of Landseer himself, with a couple of dogs peeping over his shoulder. It was painted when the artist was sixty-three years of age with the aid of a looking-glass—

and the retriever and collie came and looked over their master's shoulder to see what he was doing. What better title could have been found for it than "The Connoisseurs"? Landseer gave this picture to the Prince of Wales. We talked for a long time about Landseer. In Sir Robert's earlier days he was associated with Robert Stephenson, and we remembered a little story of a picture specially painted for Stephenson by Landseer.

"Stephenson was a man of a very kindly disposition and exceptionally simple tastes,"





From a Photo. by]

THE LANDING.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

said Sir Robert, "and some railway people wished to present him with a piece of plate of the value of 500 guineas. He had already received some £2,000 worth of plate, and assured his would-be kindly donors that he would rather have a picture by Landseer. This remark delighted the artist very much, and he said: 'This is the first time I ever heard of a fellow who preferred a picture to silver plate. Well, he shall have a good one.' The result was 'The Twins.'"

I could not help asking Sir Robert to allow me to tell him the sequel to this incident — a little anecdote related to me by the late Mr. Henry Graves, the famous print-seller, of Pall Mall, who probably knew Landseer better than any other man. The picture shows a sheep with twins by its side, and was the only painting the artist ever finished straightaway, instead of working on a number at the same time, as was his wont.

The picture was in the possession of Mr. Graves. He received a communication from America, saying that Landseer's work had never been seen in America; could it be lent for exhibition for a month in New York,

in consideration of which they would take 500 guineas' worth of proofs, and insure it for £1,000? Here is the story in Mr. Graves's own words:—

"My American correspondent came over to look to the safety of the picture. We were dining together with some friends one night, and about eight o'clock he said:—

"'I must be off to Liverpool—the boat goes at twelve o'clock to-morrow.'

"I pressed him to stay, remarking

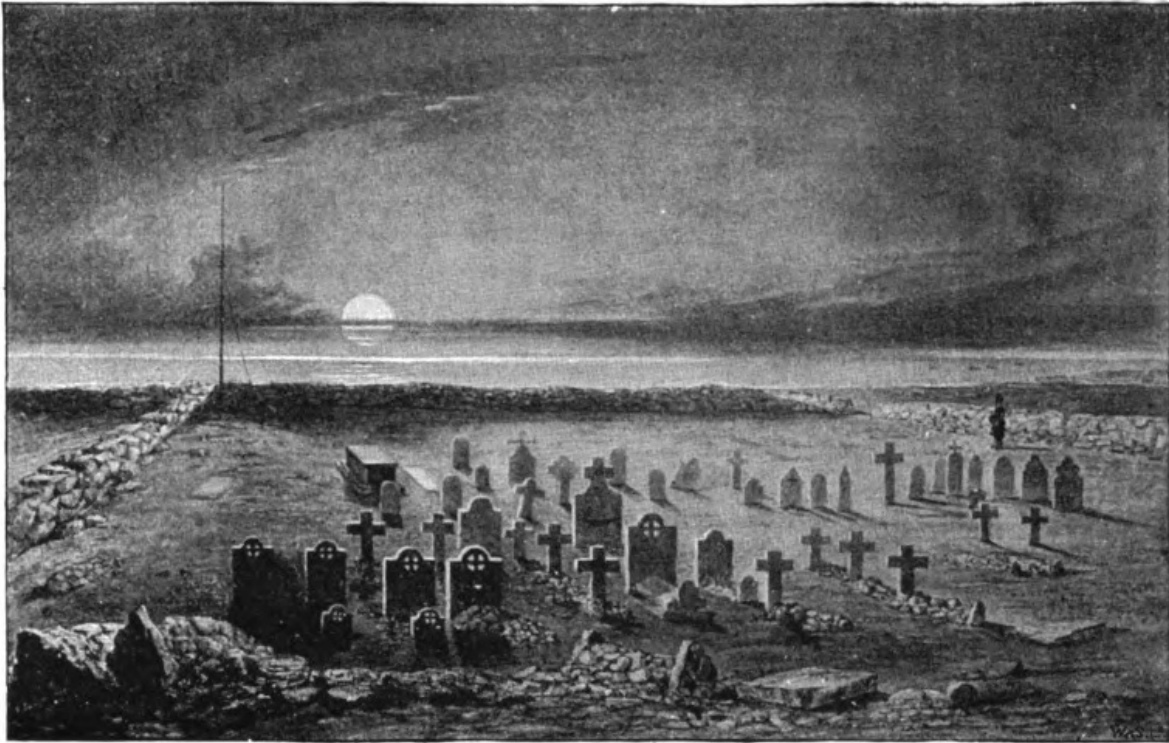


From a]

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

[Photograph.





GRAVEYARD IN THE CRIMEA.

he could go by the early train in the morning and be in good time. He remained, and left on the morrow; the train was delayed, and he lost the boat. That vessel went down. But what about the picture? We wrote over to New York so as to get the necessary documents to claim the insurance, but they replied, 'What do you mean? The picture is being exhibited!' I had sent 'The Twins' in good time to Liverpool, and the authorities there noticing the case labelled 'Valuable picture by Landseer—great care,' and having a boat then going, were just in time to get it on board. Indeed, I believe it was the last thing received on board by the captain. So the picture went before, and the agent fortunately went after, the boat that was never heard of. It now hangs in the house of Mr. Stephenson's nephew."

The drawing-room walls are covered with works of art—Sidney Cooper, George Fripp, Müller, J. B. Pyne (who was Müller's master), Absalon (who designed the grand curtain for Her Majesty's Theatre), and Brittan Willis are all well represented. Absalon gives "Crecy" and "Agincourt" as they are to-day. In the latter picture the mill is shown where it is said the King stood while the Black Prince won the battle. A striking portrait of Lady Blessington is by Shalon, and there are no fewer than three valuable portraits of the Queen, one of which is the chalk drawing by

Winterhalter, and the other is the original picture of Her Majesty painted by Parris from the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre, a reproduction of which was published in the third number of this Magazine, together with the story associated with it, told me by the late Mr. Henry Graves, who sat by the side of Parris when he made the sketch. Lewis is responsible for "Interior of a Harem."

"Very expensive man to buy," Sir Robert said. "A few of his pictures were to be sold, and I attended the sale. One was a little larger than this, on a similar subject, and I thought I would buy it as a companion work. But it went for eleven hundred guineas!" Over a fine cabinet are a pair of dogs in pencil, by Landseer. "Racket" was drawn when he was ten years of age and "Pincher" a year later. The Satsuma ware and Sèvres china scattered about the apartment are exceptionally choice, and the curious cloth which covers the table in the centre of the room—a table, by-the-by, which belonged to our Ambassador to France during the great Revolution of 1793—came from the Sultan's palace at Constantinople, and is worked with His Majesty's name in silk in the centre.

But what is unquestionably the most interesting among the contents of the drawing-room is the cabinet of Japanese ivories. It contains probably the finest collection





From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

of such Japanese handicraft in miniature in the kingdom. There is everything in ivory, from a beggar with his rosary to a beauty with painted cheeks and almond-shaped eyes. You may handle the quaintest of ideas carried out in ivory; a skeleton carrying a baboon—calculated to beat Holbein's "Dance of Death" all to pieces; skulls with cobras intertwined—indeed, the serpent is everywhere; and all with some mystic meaning.

"The date of the workmanship of these," said Sir Robert, "must go back for centuries."

"I should think to the very beginning!" Lady Rawlinson remarked. And amongst these curios are rare jade bowls of white and green, and shining in the midst of all—as big and almost as brilliant as the noonday sun—is the largest ball of pure rock crystal in Europe. An exquisitely-carved rhinoceros horn in the shape of a goblet might pos-

sibly come in useful, for the legend associated with it runs that should poison be put in it, and some unkind friend request you to drink, the deadly liquor would disappear of its own accord.

We looked in at the small library, and then went into the dining-room. As in the drawing-room, the walls are hidden from view by artistic works—Landseer, Frith, Phil Morris, Müller, Ansdell, Ansdell and Phillip, Hefner, Weiser, Creswick,

Sant, John Wilson, Junr., Solomon, and Henry O'Neil—the latter artist's "Return of the Wanderer" being in a conspicuous position. As Sir Robert points them out, he seems to see an unwritten story on every canvas. He singles out the Müller as his greatest treasure, for it was the last and possibly the best work the artist ever chronicled with his brush, and he died eight days after its completion.

Pointing to the first study of Frith's "Dolly

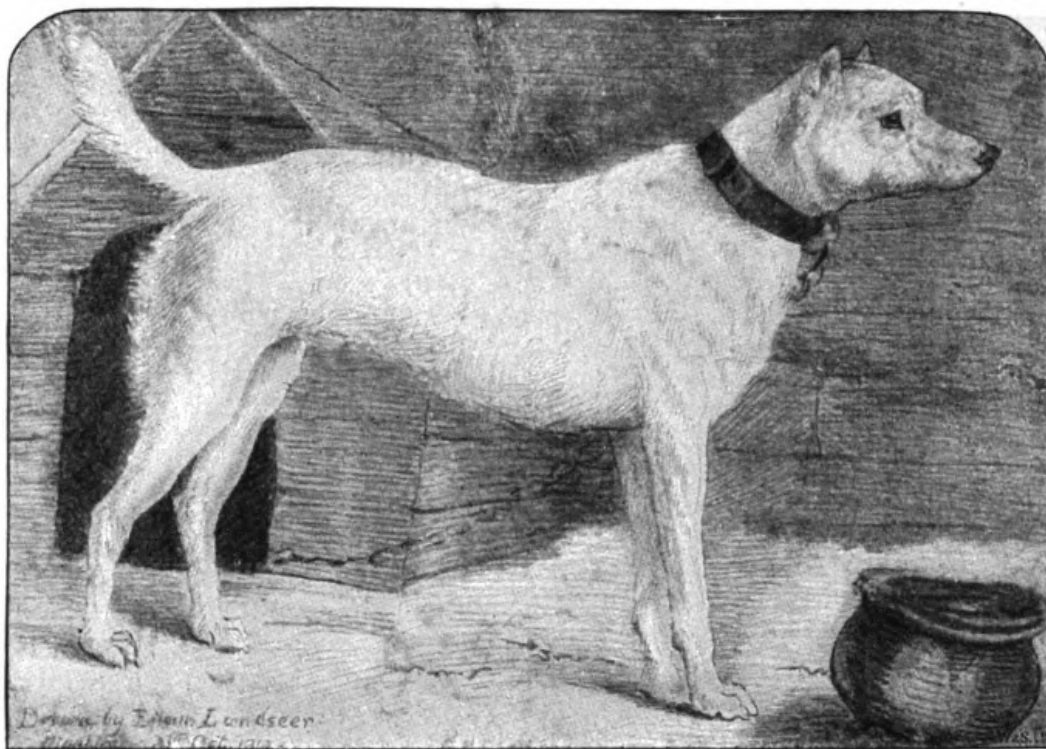


From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.





From the Drawing by]

"RACKET."

[Sir Edwin Landseer.

Varden," Sir Robert said: "Frith painted three 'Dolly Vardens.' One of these was a commission from Dickens in 1844, for which he received £20. When Frith asked Dickens if he wanted the sketch, his reply was, 'No, of course I don't.' That is the sketch which Dickens refused, for which I paid the small sum of fifteen guineas. At his sale the picture, for which he gave £20, realized one thousand guineas.

"Those donkeys on a common are by Ansdell, R.A. I gave him an order to paint me some donkeys, and he painted them in an old churchyard with tombstones. I complained to him in a joking sort of way.

"'Oh!' he replied, 'I thought a churchyard was just the place for a sanitary commissioner!'

"There is another canvas

by Ansdell and Phillip, R.A.—a Spanish scene. Ansdell painted the mule and surrounding landscape, whilst Phillip put in the two figures. The young girl on the mule is Ansdell's daughter. That is Sant's own little girl in the picture called 'The Fairy Tale,' and 'The Gossips' is by Solomon, to which a story was written by Miss Power, the niece



From the Drawing by]

"PINCHER."

[Sir Edwin Landseer.





From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

of Lady Blessington. Whilst Solomon was painting 'The Gossips' for me, he was engaged on a portrait of Jenny Lind, who, by the way, used to live here in The Boltons. Solomon told me of some of the great singer's odd expressions which she made use of whilst her portrait was in progress of being painted.

"No, no," she would cry, 'it's not like me! You haven't made my nose big enough. Don't you see my nose is all over my face? Oh! and look at my hair. It isn't green enough!'

"Not green enough?" Solomon exclaimed.

"No; don't you see that my hair is the colour of what you call hay before it is made?"

So, brimful of these stories, we sat down together by the fire. I heard of a most useful life—a successful career, conceived and carried out by the man who related it. Whatever success has fallen to Sir Robert Rawlinson's lot has been honestly laboured for. Sir Robert to-day is a real example, a personified definition of—Industry. He refers to it all very quietly—there is not a tittle of over-estimated powers about his speech. He started life with a purpose—he has lived it with a will. Born at Bristol on the 28th February, 1810—his father, Thomas Rawlinson, of Chorley, Lancashire, was a mason and builder, his mother a Devonshire woman. Sir Robert barely went to school—he frankly declares that his education only cost three-halfpence a

week. He worked at his father's business at Chorley, and before he was twenty-one he was a stone-mason, bricklayer, millwright, carpenter, sawyer, and even a navvy, and all with a view of grounding himself in everything of a practical nature which would tend to make him an engineer—a profession on which his heart was set.

"When I was one-and-twenty," he said, as he contemplatively

turned over the past pages of his life in his mind, "I was residing at Liverpool and entered the Dock office under Jesse Hartley, the greatest dock engineer the world has seen. I remained there for five years, for the last three of which I was Hartley's confidential draughtsman and adviser. Then I went on to the London and Birmingham Railway, the Blisworth contract, under Robert Stephenson. Stephenson was remarkably considerate and indeed a gentleman, and treated me with almost brotherly kindness. I was in charge of the masonry. The railway was in a cutting about two miles long and sixty feet deep through rock, with an intervening bed of clay, which had to be cut out and then filled in with masonry. I was then twenty-six."

Mr. Rawlinson completed the work successfully. At the age of thirty, he once more went to Liverpool, filling the post of Assistant Surveyor to the Corporation. He remained there for two and a half years, when, on the recommendation of his first employer—Jesse Hartley—he was appointed engineer to the celebrated Bridgewater Canal. Then I listened to the story of how he came to design and complete the wonderful hollow brick ceiling over St. George's Hall, Liverpool; the lightest work of its kind, probably, in the world.

"Whilst I was in Liverpool," Sir Robert said, "I met young Harvey Lonsdale Elmes, the architect of St. George's Hall. He was



about twenty-four years of age, yet he captured 1,500 guineas, being the three premiums offered for designs for St. George's Hall, the New Law Courts, and the New Collegiate Institute. We often met and talked together. I assisted him in getting out the plan for the foundation, and I laid the first brick of St. George's Hall. Elmes was consumptive. He went for a time to the Isle of Wight. He became worse, and the doctors ordered him to winter in Kingston, Jamaica. One day, before leaving England, he sent for me.

"'Rawlinson,' he said, 'if anything would give me a chance of coming back with my life, it would be to see my building in your hands!'

"What could I say? I undertook the task until I handed it over to the great London architect, Mr. Cockerel, who completed it."

Now came an important epoch in Mr. Rawlinson's career. In 1848 the Public Health Act was passed and he was appointed the first engineer superintendent inspector. He made the first inquiry and wrote the first report on Dover—he subsequently inspected and reported on the state and condition of towns and villages from Berwick-on-Tweed to Land's End, from Liverpool to Hull.

"The Commission of Inquiry lived until 1854," continued Sir Robert. "It met with such violent opposition in Parliament that it had to be broken up, though it was immedi-

ately revived by Lord Palmerston, under the chairmanship of Sir Benjamin Hall. I was at this time engineer to the Birmingham and Wolverhampton Waterworks." The lad who had been stone-mason and bricklayer, sawyer and carpenter, was earning £5,000 a year. It was at this point in our conversation that Sir Robert referred to the Duke of Wellington.

"I used to see him," he said, "walking down from Apsley House to the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in white trousers and blue frock-coat with brass buttons. Whenever he was in London on a Sunday he used to attend the early morning eight o'clock service at St. James's, and when I had any friends who wanted to see the great Duke, I used to take them to church. Frequently he, with myself and friends sitting at a good point of vantage, would be the only people there. But this by the way. Now came the winter of '54 and '55—the time of Crimea. In the spring of 1855 I was sent out as Engineering Sanitary Commissioner to the East. There is a portrait hanging there of Dr. Sutherland and myself taken in our hut in the Crimea.

"I was down in Lancashire one Saturday and came up to Euston in the evening, arriving there at ten o'clock. My wife was there with the brougham waiting for me—much to my surprise. She said, very quietly, 'I've got a note for you from Lord Shaftesbury; he's called several times to-day.' I

knew what it meant—the Government wanted me to go out to the Crimea. The note read: 'Dear Rawlinson, —See me to-night if possible; if not, at eight o'clock to-morrow morning.' We drove away to Grosvenor Square at once, but Shaftesbury was dining with Palmerston. I went again at eight o'clock in the morning. He was sitting in his library.

"'Well, Rawlinson,' he said, with a gloomy expression, 'we are losing our poor



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM.



army in the Crimea. I've induced Palmerston to agree to a Sanitary Commission. Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Gavin will go, but I want an engineer. Will you go?'

"The whole thing now comes vividly before me. When I learned afterwards that from December to March, out of an army of 32,000 men, 11,000 had died through starvation and climate—in three months more at the same rate there would have been no British Army!

"'I'll go, my lord,' I said.

"He embraced me like a woman.

"'You shall take such powers as men never took before,' he said, and he kept his word. The Commission sailed on the following Thursday, at the end of February, landed at Constantinople on the 6th March, and the next day we went over to the great hospitals on the Asiatic side, where the men were dying at the rate of sixty and seventy a day. The wards were full of sick and dying, there was no adequate ventilation, and the area outside of the hospitals was covered with filth and the carcasses of animals. The cleansing was heavy work. On the second day of our arrival I had the upper portion of the windows broken to let ventilation into the rooms. Armenians and Greek labourers cleared away the carcasses—for the Turks would not touch them—and subsequently the hospitals were white-washed. By mid-summer our hospitals were the cleanest in Europe—so Florence Nightingale wrote home. The mortality decreased from sixty and seventy per thousand to twelve and fourteen, and went on improving. The French did nothing, although they had

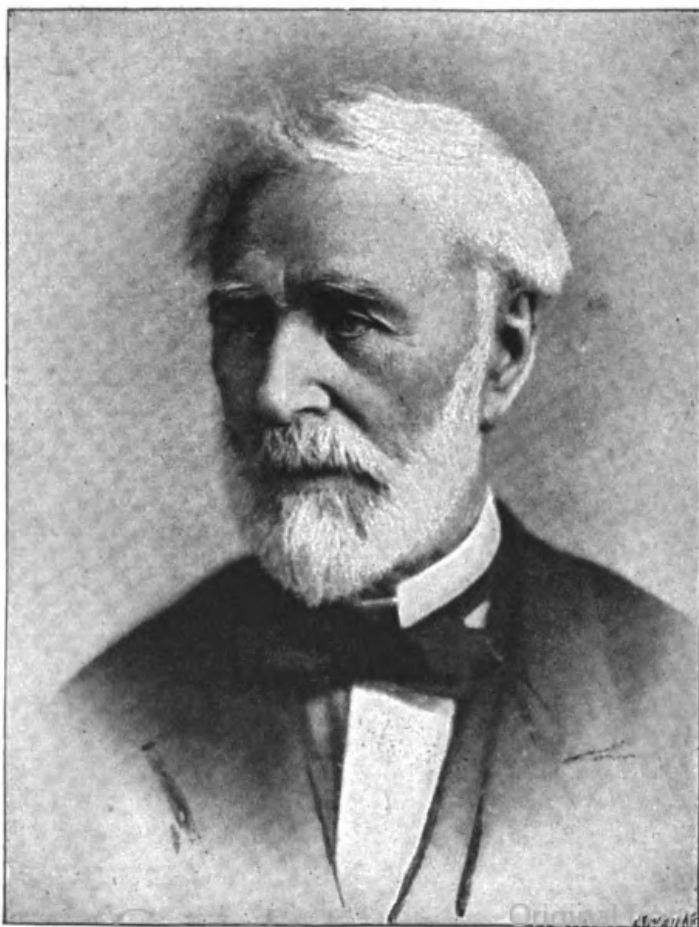
some palaces on the European side for their sick. They neither drained, ventilated, nor cleansed the surroundings—men, nurses, officers and doctors went down with fever—they telegraphed home for nurses and doctors; the reply was, 'there were none to spare.' *Peace was absolutely necessary!*"

Sir Robert referred to all this very quietly, but the value of this work will never be estimated or known. Sir Colin Campbell—afterwards Lord Clyde—who led the Highland brigade at the Battle of the Alma—called him the "Inquisitor General," a compliment, indeed; and to-day the veteran field-marshal, Lord William Paulet, never meets him without gripping his hand and exclaiming: "I'm glad to see you, Rawlinson—had it not been for you I shouldn't be here to-day."

The wound from the cannon ball was the cause of Mr. Rawlinson's return home from the Crimea, but he continued to act until the end of the war. The late Emperor of Germany, Prince Bismarck, and Count Moltke have all acknowledged his services in sanitary matters. In 1864 Lord Palmerston made him a C.B., in 1885 Mr. Gladstone recommended him for Knighthood, and in 1889 Lord Salisbury for

a K.C.B. Sir Robert has served on three Royal Commissions; water-works have been constructed under his directions in Hong Kong—the name Hong Kong curiously enough means 'fragrant streams'—and Singapore; and Sir Robert conceived and established a system of main sewerage which has had not a little to do with the health of the people.

Then as we sat together by the window opening on to the green lawn we talked of many a famous man Sir Robert had



From a Photo. by

SIR ROBERT RAWLINSON.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY



known. He spoke of the blunt ways of Garibaldi — rough, uncouth, though not lacking in the heartiness, however, inseparable from a sailor. Then of Lord Shaftesbury, Carlyle, and many more.

"I remember a little incident that happened one day when I was staying with Lord Shaftesbury," said Sir Robert. "We were walking together in the grounds when a gardener approached him, and asked for a gun and packet of cartridges to shoot the blackbirds and thrushes which were ruining the fruit trees.

"No," said Shaftesbury. "You may get nets if you like and cover the fruit, or hire a boy to keep the birds away, or sit up yourself; but if you shoot a bird in my gardens you must go about your business."

"Next day I was standing with him on the steps. A gun went off.

"Shooting?" I said.

"Yes," he replied; "that's the keeper shooting your dinner."

"Well," I said, "if I have to come again into this world I'd be a blackbird or a thrush; I wouldn't be a pheasant or a partridge!"

"I can only hope he forgave me.

"Carlyle? Well, from about 1865, and on to near his death, at the request of the Sage of Chelsea, I spent many pleasant evenings with him. He usually sat on a low seat leaning against the side of the fire, smoking a long clay pipe up the drawing-room chimney. I sat on a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace. I do not remember that we ever had any form of drinkable refreshments during the couple of hours I might be with him in the evening.

"One night I questioned him about the destruction of the manuscript of a volume of his 'French Revolution.' I asked, 'Is it true that an entire volume of the manuscript was lost or destroyed?' when he replied in a tone of distress, 'Yes, yes; it is ower true. I lent it to a friend, and never saw it again.' I said, 'I can hardly comprehend how you got over it.' He replied, 'For two days and nights I could neither eat nor sleep.' I then said, 'Well, but you did get over it, some way?' 'Well, yes,' he replied. 'I just went into the country, and for several weeks did nothing but read Marryat's novels.' Bursting into a loud laugh, the thought of this time seemed now to amuse him. 'Well,' I said, 'and what did you do then?' When he replied, with a deep sigh, 'I just came back and wrote it all over again.' Then he further said, solemnly, 'I dinna think it's the same; no, I dinna think it's the same!'

"On other evenings we had conversations on various matters, as for instance, modern portrait statuary in London, which I said upon the whole was not satisfactory, in which



DR. SUTHERLAND.

MR. RAWLINSON.

"IN THE CRIMEA"

From a Painting.



he agreed. I ended the discussion by saying that if our portrait statuary became much worse, when some monster murderer had been tried and found guilty, the judge, putting on the black cap, should say, 'Prisoner at the bar, a jury of your countrymen having found you guilty of a most atrocious crime, you must be hanged until you are dead, and then a statue shall be erected to perpetuate your memory, and God help your soul.' Carlyle assented, but not in any hearty manner. No doubt I had ventured a little out of my bearings.

"On another occasion I brought on the subject of the attack of Mrs. Beecher Stowe on the memory of Lord Byron. I said there might be something in Byron's separation from his wife neither agreeable nor pleasant, but that I could not believe there was much of truth in the abominable scandals; and that, even if some of it was true, it did not justify Mrs. Beecher Stowe either to make or meddle. I further said that Byron, in his lone death, evinced more feeling for his wife than we have any evidence she ever did for him. In his dying moments he

wished Fletcher, his servant, to convey a message to Lady Byron; with his last breath Byron muttered, 'You will be sure and tell Lady Byron.' Fletcher replied, 'I have not heard one word that you have said,' when Byron with an exclamation, 'Ah, my God!' fell back dead."

"You met Mrs. Carlyle, Sir Robert?" I asked, as we opened the veranda door to examine the bushes in the garden and watch what progress spring was making.

"No, never!"

"But do you know if it is true that Carlyle used to wear an expression of 'Silence, woman,' whenever she was in the room?"

"Well, you know," Sir Robert replied,

"Carlyle lived in a house that stood on Thames gravel. Perhaps that accounted for his dyspepsia and her headaches. But I can tell you this: One day Mrs. Carlyle sent a message, saying s'he wanted to see me particularly. But I was not to go until she sent for me, and that would be when Thomas was away, for if he was at home when I called, she wouldn't be able to get a word in edge-ways!"

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by]

LADY RAWLINSON.

[Fall, Baker Street, W.



# *Beauties :—Children.*

*From a Photo. by J. Weston & Son, Folkestone.*



ELSIE KATE BIRCH



*From Photo. by Dighton, Cardiff.*



Winifred Gascoyne Dalziel



Phyllis Maude

Wallis





From a Photo. by A. Weston, London, E.C.



From Photos. by Macey, Hampstead.



From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street, W.



ELSIE DIEDRICHS



DOROTHY NORCUTT

From a Photo. by Lombardi & Co., London, S.W.



From a Photo. by  
Brandseph, Stuttgart.

Kathleen White.



Original from  
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From a Photo. by A. Weston, London, E.C.



From Photos. by Macey, Hampstead.

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From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street, W.



ELSIE DIEDRICHS



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From a Photo. by Lombard & Co., London, S.W.



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Brandseph, Stuttgart.

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FROM THE FRENCH

OF LE COMTE

ALFRED DE VIGNY.



I WAS brought up in the village of Montreuil, by the curé of the place. The happiest period of my life was that time when I was a choir-boy, with plump, rosy cheeks, a clear voice, and fair hair, wearing blouse and sabots. As I had given evidence of possessing a musical ear, the good father, who had himself been in former days a notable singer and choir-master at Notre Dame, kindly taught me my notes.

"Listen, Mathurin," he said to me one day: "you are only a peasant's son, but you know well your catechism and sol-fa, and some day, perhaps, if you are good and industrious, you may become a great musician."

This speech filled me with pleasure and pride, and I twanged more frequently and vigorously than ever upon my teacher's shrill and discordant old harp.

The favourite recreation of my leisure hours was to walk to the farther end of the park of Montreuil, and to eat my dinner there with the workmen who were building, in the avenue of Versailles, a little music pavilion, by order of the Queen. It was a charming spot.

I used to take with me upon these excursions

a little girl of my own age, named Pierrette, who, because she had such a pretty voice, was also taught to sing by the curé. In her hand she would carry a large slice of bread-and-butter, with which her mother, who was the curé's housekeeper, had provided her. Together we watched with great interest the growth of the pretty little house.

Pierrette and I were at that time about thirteen years of age. She was already so beautiful that strangers would pause by the way to pay her compliments, and I have seen grand ladies descend from their carriages in order to caress her. She loved me as a brother.

From our infancy we had walked always hand-in-hand, and this grew into such a settled habit that in all her life I cannot remember once giving her my arm. Our visits to our favourite spot won for us the friendship of a young stone-cutter, some eight or ten years older than ourselves. He was a gentle-natured fellow, sometimes, but not often, mildly gay. While he worked, we would sit beside him upon a stone or on the ground. He had



made a little song about the stones that he cut, in which he said that they were harder than the heart of Pierrette, and he played in a hundred ways upon the words Pierre, Pierrette, Pierrerie, and Pierrot, to our endless amusement and delight. For our new friend was a poet. His father had been an architect, but in some way (I know not how) had come to ruin, and it fell to Michel to retrieve the family fortune. With his rule and hammer he supported a mother and two little brothers. He worked bravely at his stones, making couplets all the time; with each large block he would begin a new poem. His full name was Michel Jean Sedaine.

## II.

My parents I had never known, for they had died in my infancy, both about the same time, of the small-pox. But the curé had been a good father to me. At the age of sixteen I was wild and foolish, but I knew a little Latin and much about music, and was, moreover, a fairly skilful gardener. My life was a very happy one, for it was passed at the side of Pierrette.

One day, as I was engaged in lopping off the branches of one of the beeches in the park and tying them together into a small bundle, Pierrette suddenly exclaimed:—

"Oh, Mathurin! I am so frightened! Look at those fine ladies coming towards us through the alley? What can they be going to do?"

Looking in the direction she indicated, I saw two young women, who were walking at a rapid pace over the dead leaves. One, who was a trifle taller than the other, wore a gown of rose-coloured silk. She ran rather than walked, and her companion kept just a little behind. Like the poor peasant lad I was, I was seized with a kind of instinctive panic, and said to Pierrette:—

"Let us hide ourselves!"

But for that there was now no time, and my terror was redoubled when I saw the rose-coloured lady making signs to my blushing Pierrette, who remained as if rooted to the spot, grasping my hand tightly. I pulled off my cap, and stood leaning against the tree.

This lady came straight up to Pierrette, and, touching her under the chin, as if to show her to her friend, said:—

"Was I not right? Is this not the very thing for my milkmaid's costume on Thursday? What a pretty little girl it is! My child, will you give all your clothes, just as they are now, to the servants whom I will send for them? I will send you mine in exchange."

"Oh, madame!" was all that Pierrette could say.

The other young lady now came forward, and, laying her hand upon Pierrette's bare arm, encouraged her with gentle words, telling her that this lady was one whom everybody obeyed. Then Madame Rose-colour spoke again:—

"Be sure that you alter nothing in your costume, little one," said she, shaking at the girl her dainty Malacca cane. "See! Here is a handsome fellow who will be a soldier, and to whom I will marry you."

So beautiful was she that I almost went on my knees to her. She had the appearance of a little, good fairy.

She talked fast and gaily. Bestowing a playful pat upon Pierrette's cheek, she turned and tripped away, followed by her companion. Hand-in-hand, according to our custom, we returned home, in silence, but with happy hearts.

I went straight to the curé, and said to him: "*Monsieur le curé*, I wish to be a soldier."

The good man was astounded.

"How is it, my dear child," said he, "that you desire to leave me? Do you no longer love me? Do you no longer love Pierrette? What have we done to you that you have grown tired of us? And is all the education I have given you to be thrown away? Answer, you naughty boy!" he commanded, with a shake of my arm.

With my eyes fixed upon my shoes, I repeated:—

"I wish to be a soldier."

Pierrette's mother, who had brought in a glassful of water to cool the curé's agitation, began to cry. Pierrette wept also, but she was not angry with me, for she knew well it was in order to marry her that I wished to go away.

At this moment appeared two tall, powdered lackeys and a lady's-maid, who inquired whether the little girl had got ready the costume asked for by the Queen and the Princess de Lamballe.

When these visitors had gone, and the commotion they caused had subsided, I was left alone with the curé, Pierrette and her mother having withdrawn in great excitement to "try on" the contents of the box which the Queen had sent in exchange for the little girl's frock and cap.

My guardian then requested me to relate to him the occurrences of the morning, which I did, somewhat more briefly than I have told them here.





"THE OTHER LADY NOW CAME FORWARD."

"And it is for this you would leave us, my son?" said my old friend, when I had ended my recital, holding my hands in his. For a long time he pleaded earnestly with me, setting forth the numerous hardships, perils, and temptations of a soldier's life, which, said he, would unfit me for becoming the husband of such a good, pure little being as Pierrette.

To all which I replied, doggedly :—

"I wish to be a soldier."

I had my way.

### III.

I ENLISTED into the noble corps of the Royal Auvergne. My training began, and I was promised that, if I behaved well, I should be admitted by-and-by into the first company of Grenadiers. I soon had a powdered *queue* falling in an imposing fashion over my white vest, but I no longer had Pierrette, or her mother, or the curé of Montreuil, and I made no more music.

One fine day, when I, confined to the barracks, was undergoing some absurd little punishment for having made three errors in the management of my arms, I received a visit from Michel.

"Ah, Mathurin!" he said to me, "you are well punished for having left Montreuil. You enjoy no longer the counsel and instruction of the good curé, and you are fast forgetting the music which you used to love so well."

"No matter," said I; "I have my wish."

"You no longer tend the fruit trees and gather the peaches of Montreuil with your Pierrette, who is as fresh and sweet as they."

"No matter," said I; "I have my wish."

"You will have to work hard for a very long time before you can become even a corporal."

"No matter," said I, again; "when I am a sergeant, I will marry Pierrette."

"Ah, Mathurin!" continued my friend; "believe me, you are unwise. You have too





"BELIEVE ME, YOU ARE UNWISE."

much ambition and pride. Would you not like someone to buy you out, so that you might return to marry Pierrette?"

"Michel! Michel!" I cried; "have you not often told me yourself, 'Each one must make his own lot'? I do not choose to marry Pierrette with the money of others, and I am making my own lot, as you see. Besides, it was the Queen who put this idea into my head, and the Queen *must* know best. She said: 'He will be a soldier, and I will marry you to him.' She did not say, 'He will return after having been a soldier.'"

"But suppose," said Michel, "the Queen were to provide you with the means of marrying, would you not accept her bounty?"

"No, Michel! Even if such an unlikely thing were to happen, I would not take her money."

"And if Pierrette herself earned her *dot*?"

"Then, Michel, I would marry her at once."

"Well!" returned he, "I will tell that to the Queen."

"Are you crazy?" I said to him, "or are you now a servant in her house?"

"Neither the one nor the other, Mathurin, although I no longer cut stone."

"What do you cut, then?" asked I.

"I cut pieces, out of paper and ink."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, my boy; I write simple little plays, easy to be understood. Some day, perhaps, you shall see one."

## IV.

MEANWHILE, my faithful Pierrette did not forget me. And one day a wonderful thing happened to her. She told me all about it afterwards.

It was Easter Monday. Pierrette was sitting before the curé's door, working and sing-

ing, when she saw a gorgeous carriage, drawn by six horses, coming through the avenue. It rolled right up to the curé's house, and then stopped. Pierrette now saw that the carriage was empty. As she was gazing with all her eyes, the equerry, taking off his hat with great politeness, begged her to enter the vehicle.

Pierrette had too much good sense to make any needless fuss. She simply slipped off her sabots, put on her shoes with the silver buckles, folded her work, and, assisted by the footman's arm, stepped into the carriage as if to the manner born.

Soon she found herself at Trianon, where she was conducted through gilded apartments into the Queen's presence. With the Queen was Madame de Lamballe, seated in an embrasure of a window, before an easel.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Queen, gaily, "here she is!" And she ran up to Pierrette, and took both her hands in her own. "How pretty she is!" she went on; "what a dear little model she will be for you! Sit there, my child."

With these words, Marie Antoinette gently pushed the bewildered Pierrette into a very





"SHE SAW A GORGEOUS CARRIAGE."

high chair, where she sat with her pretty feet dangling.

"Now listen to me, little one," continued the Queen. "Two gentlemen will shortly be coming here. Whether you do or do not recognise one of them is no matter, but whatever they tell you, that you must do. You will have to sing; I know t'at you *can* sing. Whenever they tell you to enter or to depart, to go or to come, you will obey them exactly. Do you understand me? All this will be for your good. This lady and I will help the gentlemen to teach you, and all that we ask in return for our pains is that, for one hour every day, you will sit for madame. You will not consider that any great hardship?"

Pierrette was so much more than satisfied with the bargain that she could have embraced the Queen in the exuberance of her gratitude.

As she was posing for Madame de Lamballe two men entered the room. One was stout, the other tall. At sight of the tall one she exclaimed: "Why! it is—" then stopped herself.

"Well, gentlemen," said Marie Antoinette, "what do you think of her? Was I not right?"

"It is *Rose* herself!" replied Sedaine.

"A single note, madame," said the other, M. Grévey, "and I shall know if she be as perfectly Monsigny's *Rose* as she is Sedaine's."

Then, turning to Pierrette, he said to her:—

"Sing the scale after me thus: *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol.*"

The girl repeated his notes.

"She has a divine voice, madame!" was his verdict.

The Queen clapped her hands and jumped for joy, as she exclaimed:—

"She will gain her *dot*!"

## V.

OF all these gay proceedings I, of course, was ignorant. Ever since Michel's visit I had felt very wretched. I had no further tidings of my friends at Montreuil, and began to think that Pierrette must have quite forgotten me. The regiment remained at Orleans three months, and I had a bad fit of home-sickness which affected my physical health.

One day, in the street, an officer of our company called me to him, and pointing to a huge play-bill, said:—

"Read that, Mathurin."

This is what I read:—

"By order.

"On Monday next will be given a special performance of '*Irene*,' the new work of M. de Voltaire, to be followed by '*Rose and Colas*,' an operetta by M. Sedaine and M. de Monsigny, for the benefit of Mademoiselle Colombe, of the Comédie Italienne, who will appear in the second piece. Her Majesty the Queen has graciously promised to be present."

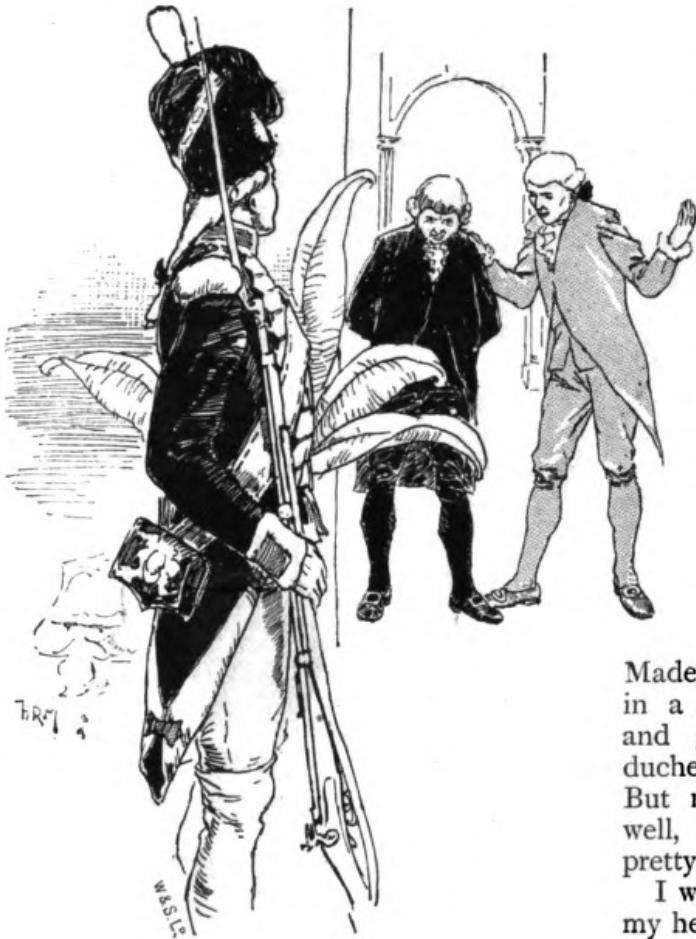
"What has that to do with me, my Captain?" inquired I.

"You are a good-looking fellow," said the officer. "I will get you powdered and frizzed out a bit, and station you at the door of the Royal box."

Thus it came to pass that the night of the performance found me in the theatre, resplendent in full uniform, standing upon a blue carpet, and surrounded on all sides by flowers and festoons.

While awaiting the Queen's arrival, I overheard a conversation between M. de Grévey and the manager of the theatre. The latter





"I OVERHEARD A CONVERSATION."

seemed anxious concerning the qualifications of Mademoiselle Colombe, who, apparently, was quite unknown to him, while the other reassured him upon that point, and conveyed to him Her Majesty's guarantee that a sum equal to the half of the night's receipts should be paid to him for the use of his theatre. Evidently, the whole affair had been got up by the Queen.

Their dialogue was interrupted by a sudden bustle and commotion, and the Queen entered so quickly that I had barely time to present arms. With her was the other young lady whom I had seen at Montreuil.

The performance commenced at once. All the time that 'Irene' was going on, the Queen laughed and chattered, but as soon as the operetta began, she was all attention, her example, of course, being followed by everyone in her box.

Suddenly I heard a woman's voice which thrilled me to the heart, and set me trembling so that I could scarcely hold my gun. Surely there was but one voice like that in all the world!

Through the gauze curtain drawn across the tiny window of the box, I got a glimpse of the performers. It was a little lady who was singing:—

Once a birdie,  
Grey as a mouse,  
Built for his children  
A tiny house.

Why! this charming *Rose* was just like Pierrette! She had her figure, her red and blue frock, her white petticoat, her pretty simple manner, her small shoes with the silver buckles, her red and blue stockings!

"Dear me!" said I to myself, "these actresses must be clever indeed to be able to make themselves look so much like other folks! Here is this famous

Mademoiselle Colombe, who, no doubt, lives in a fine house, has several men-servants, and goes about in Paris dressed like a duchess, and she is exactly like Pierrette! But my poor little girl could not sing so well, although her voice may be quite as pretty."

I was so fascinated that I could not turn my head away from the glass, and presently the door of the box struck me in the face. Someone had opened it, because Her Majesty complained of the heat. I heard her say:—

"I am perfectly satisfied. My first gentleman-in-waiting may tell Mademoiselle Colombe that she will not repent having left to me the management of this affair. Ah! it amuses me so much!"

"There is no doubt, madame," said the Princess de Lamballe, "that your good deed is a complete success. Everyone is here. See, all the good townfolk of Orleans are enchanted with this splendid singer, and the whole court is ready to applaud her."

She gave the signal for applause, and the audience, who, according to custom, had hitherto remained silent out of respect for the Queen, gave full vent to their enthusiasm. From that moment, scarcely a word of *Rose's* was allowed to pass without tremendous clapping. The Queen was delighted.

At the end of the piece the ladies threw their bouquets to *Rose*.

"Where is the real lover?" inquired the Queen of the Duc de Lauzun, who thereupon left the box, and beckoned to my captain in the corridor.

Again the nervous trembling seized me



for I felt that something—I could not guess what—was about to happen to me.

My captain bowed respectfully, and conversed in a low tone with M. de Lauzun. Marie Antoinette was looking at *me*! I leaned against the wall to keep myself from falling. There were footsteps upon the staircase, and I saw Michel Sedaine, followed by Grévey and the podgy and pompous manager; and they were bringing Pierrette, the real Pierrette, *my* Pierrette, to me—my sister, my wife, my Pierrette of Montreuil!

The manager was exclaiming joyfully:—

“Here is a good night’s work! Eighteen thousand francs!”

The Queen now came forward, and,

taking Pierrette’s hand, said in her gay, kindly manner:—

“You see, my child, there was no other way in which you could honourably earn your *dot* in a single hour. To-morrow I shall take you back to the curé of Montreuil, who will, I trust, absolve us both. He will forgive you for playing in a comedy once in your life.”

Here the Queen, with a gracious bow, turned to me. To poor, bewildered, stupid *me*!

“I hope,” said she, “that M. Mathurin will deign to accept Pierrette’s fortune. I have added nothing to it; she has earned it all herself!”



SHE HAS EARNED IT ALL HERSELF



# THE JUDGE'S PENANCE



"YOUR

crime," said Lord Justice Pimblekin, "is the most heartless, atrocious, inhuman, and horrible that it has ever been my misfortune to hear of: your long and cold-blooded premeditation; the cynical indifference to the



result of your atrocities, combined with the delight with which you have wallowed in human gore; your contempt for all the dictates of honesty, truth, pity, and good faith; your greed, ingratitude, treachery, savageness, meanness, and cannibalism; all these things stamp you as the most atrocious, unmitigated and

loathsome scoundrel, savage, monster, and vampire that ever wallowed in the foul and fathomless quagmire of infinite and immeasurable dastardliness.

"Under these circumstances I ought to inflict upon you the severest penalty which the law allows. I say it is my unmistakable duty to sentence you to penal servitude for life, with the cat once a week.

"Mercy would be thrown away upon you.

"Under these circumstances I will disregard my palpable duty, and render the whole proceedings a farce, by sentencing you to a fine of forty shillings, or a month."

The fine being immediately paid, the prisoner left the court amid the congratulations of his friends.

New laurels were added to the already super-foliated wreath of Lord Justice Pimblekin by this fresh masterpiece of judicial wisdom. He was already the most renowned of all the judges on the Bench, and the admiration and envy of the whole judicial and forensic body.

His verdicts had a character of their own; the severity of his denunciation of inextenuable crime was only equalled by the inadequacy of the punishment dealt out; as he explained on each occasion, he never did his duty.

He designed a mixture of justice, equity,





and mercy; only he left out the first two ingredients. After the mental strain of that historical verdict recounted above, his lordship took a holiday. He had an offer of a seat in a balloon which was about to ascend, and accepted. The machine ascended successfully from his lordship's grounds, sailed majestically out to sea, and disappeared in the distance.

With the utmost anxiety the whole community waited for further news of the balloon; but none arrived. Either the eminent judge had been picked up by a passing ship bound for some remote parts, or he had perished.

A year passed without news; and it was then decided to erect a cenotaph to his lordship in Westminster Abbey.

One evening some time after this decision, Jemmy Wedge and Bill Slinker, the eminent burglars, sat in their humble room near the Mint, arranging the final details of a burglary



dated for the following evening. Jemmy's eye, glancing casually round the room, perceived a dim figure standing in a dark corner. With a strong expression of disapproval, Jemmy jumped to his feet and sprang towards the intruding eavesdropper; but stopped suddenly with an ejaculation of surprise as he recognised the well-known and revered features of Lord Justice Pimblekin!



A flood of contending emotions welled up in the mind of Jemmy Wedge—rage at the overhearing of his plans by an intruder, and that intruder an administrator of the law; fear of the consequences; inveterate and deep-rooted affection for the judge who had so often saved him from the well-merited penalties of crime; surprise, wonder.

His arm, raised to fell the eavesdropper, sank impotently to his side: he gasped and stared.

"You need have no anxiety," said Lord Justice Pimblekin in a strange, hollow, far-off voice, "your secret is safe with me. I will not blow the gaff."

These words, spoken with the quiet judicial accent which Jemmy knew so well, yet in the far-off tone mentioned above, made Jemmy's eyes rounder than ever with wonderment.

No word of slang had ever before passed the lips of the judge: for slang might indeed be unintelligible to a judge who knew not what a race-course was, and would ask in court, "What is the 'Stock Exchange'—is it a cattle market?"

Lord Justice Pimblekin's head was drooped hopelessly upon his bosom; and he now covered his face with his trembling hands, while a bright tear crept out between his fingers, as he murmured in a quivering voice, "I am one of you now! I'm a pal—that's what I am; straight, and no kid, my pippin!"



The painful effort with which these words were uttered was apparent in his whole frame. He had not finished speaking; he was obviously struggling with another word, which threatened to choke him. With an expression of horror and despair, he clutched his bald head; and then the word came—the single word "Blimey!" It was uttered in the same soft, mincing, judicial accents.

Then his lordship moved across the room and, sitting upon the table near the fire, drew out a short dirty clay pipe, lit it at the candle, and sat puffing at it; an occasional tear still creeping down his furrowed cheek.

"You may proceed with your deliberations with a perfect sense of security," he said anon. "Djeer, old pal? I ain't goin' to give yer away."

Every phrase of this kind evidently inflicted upon the unfortunate judge the most acute pain.

"To convince you how little you have to



apprehend from me," he continued, "I may inform you that I shall never again occupy my former judicial position; in fact, I am incapacitated from doing so by the fact that I am a GHOST!"

Now, Jemmy Wedge and Bill Slinker were superstitious and nervous to a degree, as most burglars are; and at that announcement their hair rose, and they stood gazing at the speaker with glaring eyes and chattering teeth.

"I am sorry to cause you such alarm," said the spectre, "and assure you I should only be too happy to go; but I cannot—it is not permitted me to do so."



"The balloon in which I ascended was found to have some defect in the valve, which made it impossible to descend; it, consequently, after rising to a great altitude, burst, hurling myself and the three other occupants of the car into the sea. I was unfortunately drowned—a most terrible loss to society! The three others were drowned also; but, as they were neither judges nor counsel, but merely ordinary persons, liable to be called as jurors or witnesses, their loss need not further concern us. If they had survived, they would have been subsequently killed at some time or other by their treatment in court."

"Well, I found myself floating among the disembodied spirits in space; and I became conscious that certain of those in my vicinity were eyeing me askance and whispering together in a menacing and most disturbing manner——" At this point the spectre broke down for a moment, and sobbed audibly, his emotion culminating in the words, "Strike me pink!" He then proceeded: "You must excuse this emotion—the whole thing has been too much for me—djeer?—in a most menacing and disturbing manner. Now and again these threatening spirits would



beckon to their circle certain of those that passed; and these joined them in their minative demonstrations until, knock me funny! if the whole rabble did not surround me, covering me with vituperation. I gleaned from the evidence before me that they were innocent persons who had suffered in consequence of the inadequate punishments I had dealt out to vari-

ous criminals during my judicial career. There was a woman who had been murdered by her husband after his release from the seven days I had given him for breaking both her arms and legs; there were seven babies who had been made away with by another malefactor, in his joy at escaping with one month for kicking a policeman to death. There were several hundreds of persons who had succumbed to the practices of a purveyor of diseased meat to the London markets who was an especial protégé of mine and whom I always—after the most scathing comments on his villainy—let off with a fine; and so forth.

"These indignant spectres dragged me before three spirits who acted as judges in those parts, and who, as I understood, had formerly been Mahatmas when living; and these, after hearing the evidence before the court, pronounced upon me a most—s'elp me beans!—a most terrible sentence. I was condemned







to return to earth as a ghost, and there remain until the evil consequences of my lapses of duty had fully worked themselves out. This, they calculated, would amount to a sentence of about seven thousand years. There was no option of a fine, while my request for leave to appeal for a mandamus was dismissed with costs. My sentence also provided that I should be compelled to assist in all the crimes resulting from my own leniency, and should be powerless to prevent



them by warning the sufferers or the authorities. And," concluded the unhappy spectre, sobbing aloud, "here I am, s'elp me!"

The two burglars were really touched, for they had loved Lord Justice Pimblekin as a true and valuable friend.

They knew him to have been an old gentleman whose abhorrence of the vulgarity of crime had been equalled by his sensitive horror of illiterate, vulgar, or slangy speech; and they thus, to a certain extent, understood the painful nature of his present position, for the involuntary use of the idiom and ways of the society in which he was now condemned to mix was a part of his sentence.

Far into the night the judge sat smoking his short spectral pipe and drinking from an unsubstantial pewter pot, while he listened, shuddering, to the plans of the two

burglars for the carrying out of their crime. With growing horror he gradually gleaned that the crib to be cracked was the house of his twin brother the Bishop of Hampstead, a lonely mansion near the village of Highgate.

He watched the two malefactors as they cleaned and loaded their revolvers and made other preparations for the expedition. If that

judge had done his duty, these two would still have been working out their time for the last crime but seven which they had



committed; whereas Lord Pimblekin had let them off for that job with three months, and visited their subsequent deeds with penalties which decreased at a constant ratio, until for the latest—burglarious entry, removal of property valued at £500, wilful destruction of other property valued at £5,000, and maiming of two policemen and one footman—he had given them seven days.



Now, it happened that there had been for the last year or so before the disappearance of Justice Pimblekin a disagreement of a somewhat painful nature between himself and his twin brother the Bishop of Hampstead.

Both were old gentlemen of the utmost purity and philanthropy of principle, to whom the injuring of anyone—especially a brother—would have been an idea of the utmost horror.

Besides this, their mutual affection was really very strong; but they had quarrelled about a matter of principle—a mere trifle: whether a piece of toast should be buttered



on the right or left side; and their feelings had become temporarily embittered.



This painful circumstance naturally increased the horror of the unhappy spectre at the present plans of the burglars, and he made the wildest efforts to go to his brother

and warn him; but he was glued to the table.

Just as the clocks were striking 2 a.m., however, he felt that he could move; and swiftly gliding away from the attic, he hurried down into the street and strained every nerve to direct his course towards Highgate.

But every effort was vain; he was drawn, against his will, to a house where an habitual criminal whom his lordship had let loose upon society was engaged in preparing poisoned food for a family.

Having assisted in the mixing of the poison, he passed on and found himself in a room with a swindling company-director whom he had let off with six months instead of fifty years; and here he assisted in the drawing up of a new prospectus specially designed for the benefit of the widow and the fatherless who might happen to have a mite or two to be relieved of.

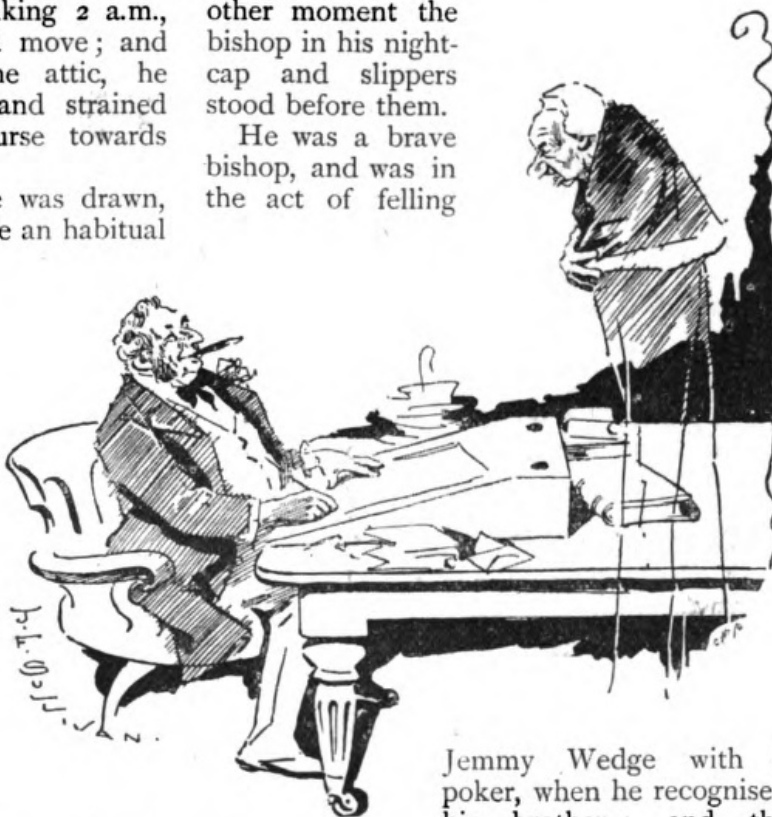
By this time it was morning; and the judge's ghost found himself in a shed where that diseased-meat purveyor whom he had alluded to was busy packing for the market; and the ghost helped with advice.

All that day he wandered from one criminal to another, from one victim to another; until the following night he once more joined the two burglars Jemmy and Bill at the carriage-gate of the residence of the Bishop of Hampstead. Convulsed with inexpressible grief, the spectre advised the stretching of wires across the lawn to trip up pursuers; then struggling madly against the words which he was forced to utter, he offered, as a ghost, to glide in through the walls and discover the most vulnerable

fastenings; an offer which the two burglars eagerly and gratefully accepted. After this the judge's ghost pointed out where the plate was kept, and assisted in chloroforming the butler and stealing the key; and then he led the way to the cabinet in which the Bishopess of Hampstead kept her jewels, and kept watch while it was forced and the valuables were extracted.

All three had safely reached the library on their way out, when a piercing scream rang through the house; it was the scream of the spectre's sister-in-law the bishopess who had just awoke and discovered the loss of the jewels; and in another moment the bishop in his night-cap and slippers stood before them.

He was a brave bishop, and was in the act of felling



Jemmy Wedge with a poker, when he recognised his brother; and the

weapon fell from his hand, giving Jemmy a chance of whipping out his revolver and firing. The bishop fell; and the judge's ghost and he were left alone.

Beside himself with despair, the ghost bent over his brother and tried to weep; but he felt that he was grinning from ear to ear and chuckling derisively. The wounded bishop slowly opened his eyes and gazed at him in grief and horror.

"Peter!" he gasped.

"He, he!" said the ghost. "We're quits now. I said I would round on you, old pal! You've got it now." Then straining every agonized nerve to prevent it, the judge's





ghost began to jig round the prostrate bishop and snap his fingers and hop lightly over him.

The other members of the family and the servants had collected and were gazing upon the scene: Mrs. Bishop glared at the ghost, uttered the word "Peter!" screamed a piercing scream, and swooned.

They carried the bishop and the bishopess upstairs and sent for a doctor, while the members of the family stood around the judge's ghost, gazing upon him with indignation and repugnance. In a hurried



consultation they agreed that it would never do to hand him over to the police, as such a family scandal was not to be thought of.

"Do not loathe me," said the unfortunate spectre; "I am only a ghost!"

"A ghost!" cried the family in chorus; "a nice subterfuge! You expect us to believe that, of course? Go! Let us never see your face again!"

Slowly and with downcast eyes the ghost crept out through the bookcase and rejoined Jemmy and Bill to assist in disposing of the swag. They lavished upon him terms of endearment, and insisted on treating him at every public-house in the neighbourhood; and the sight of that respectably-dressed old gentleman with kid gloves and a short clay pipe surprised the pot-boys. The ghost could not consume the liquor, being too unsubstantial. At short intervals he would retire into a dark corner to beat his breast in remorse and anguish.

Presently Jemmy and Bill, who had been whispering earnestly together, turned respectfully to the spectre; they appeared very nervous, as though afraid to broach some delicate matter which was on their minds.

"Beg parding, boss—I mean my lordship"—began Jemmy, hesitatingly, and fidgeting from one foot to the other; "but we was a-going to ask yer if as how you'd 'ave enny objection——"

"Yus," chimed in Bill. "If ye'd take the 'uff if so be as we wos to——"

"Dry up, you, Bill," said Jemmy. "It's just this 'ere, guv'nor. We wos a-thinkin' of



crackin' another crib next week as yer might ha' heered ov in yer time—well, to bust out with it straight and candid, it's yer own crib as used to be w'en yer wos alive; but, yer see, bein' as how ye're dead now and it ain't o' no more good to yer—there's a nice little lot of old plate as you've got there as we sho'd be

proud to 'andle. The on'y thing is——"

"Yus, that's w'ere it is," interrupted Bill. "The o'ny thing is as we might 'ave to knock yer missis—axin' pardon; 'er ladyship—on the 'ed, bein' a light sleeper, her maid ses, and a bit ov a spitfire, d'ye see?"

The judge's ghost attempted to give vent to a cry of indignant horror and forbid the attempt in the most unequivocal way. He struggled to rush forth and inform the police and the community; but he heard himself chuckle and felt himself slap the two burglars on the back, and knew that he was saying to them: "Heave ahead, my bloaters! I owe the old Dutch clock one for the naggings she's treated me to. I'm on this job, that's what I am!" And then he puffed away at his short clay, and kept on chuckling until he felt quite sick with misery.

"He's the right sort, so he is," said Bill, "and no two ways abaat it."

"Right yer are," said Jemmy. "'E's the sort o' pal for me, and no error."

Once more the judge's ghost wandered about from one malefactor to another, and from one victim to another, always assisting the malefactors and jeering the victims, and always welcome as a friend by the former, and cursed as an enemy by the latter. He had no rest night or day; he was constantly racked and harrowed by some new shock of grief or repugnance.

The thing got noised about, how the eminent and respected judge Lord Justice Pimblekin had not been killed in his balloon adventure, but had returned to the country and, disregarding all his old associations of morality, refinement, and respectability, was herding with criminals of the lowest type, and indulging in the most nefarious and vulgar practices.

At this time it was his fate to appear at a select meeting of the directors of that Widows' and Orphans' Fleecing Corporation Limited, the prospectus of which he had assisted in drawing up. His presence at first filled the directors with the gravest alarm; but when



the promoter explained how greatly his lordship had changed, they unanimously appointed him chairman. It was passingly suggested that his lordship's growing evil reputation might prejudice the concern in the eyes of the public; but the promoter, who knew the public well, reassuringly explained that investors were so hopelessly idiotic that a board composed entirely of burglars would not prevent their investing so long as the prospectus contained sufficiently impossible promises of profit; so the ghost of Lord Pimblekin officiated as chairman and assisted in causing several suicides.

Then the night came for the cracking of his own crib, and he continued to give vent to a succession of boisterous chuckles every one of which nearly killed him; only a ghost is a difficult thing to kill. Arrived at his palatial suburban residence, he directed the burglars to the outhouse where the ladders were kept; and the three first ascended to her ladyship's dressing-room where the jewels were. The door between the dressing-room and her ladyship's bedroom being open, the ghost undertook to stand over her with a phantom bludgeon to prevent any noise in the event of her waking. She woke, stared at his lordship, looked at the burglars at work at her bureau, gazed once more at the ghost with a look which froze him, murmured "Peter," and sank back with closed eyes.

Half mad with misery, the ghost directed the burglars to the plate and other valuables, and then looked on chuckling while they tore the silk curtains, jumped on her ladyship's favourite violin, ripped the carpet with a clasp-knife, cut the throat of the pug, and twisted the necks of the canaries and linnets and doves.

Then they left quietly; and, as the ghost followed them out, he was conscious of an immaterial form similar to his own standing at his side. "Come with me," said the form; and they whirled through space until

they arrived in the same court in which sentence had been passed upon him. The three Mahatmas were still sitting on the bench, and the chief Mahatma said:—

"Prisoner, your case is one of the worst which it has ever been our painful task to pass sentence upon. Your reckless disregard of what you recognised as your duty and of the consequences of your misdemeanours on the bench render mercy in your case entirely out of place. It is our duty to give you the benefit of the full seven thousand years to which you have been sentenced; we will, however, release you on your own recognisances and allow you to return to earthly existence and again fill your former judicial sphere, with a view to observing how you go on for the future. You will be bound over to come up for judgment if called upon."

Instantly our judge found himself in the flesh once more, and robing for his accustomed seat on the bench. His reappearance caused great surprise, as his evil reputation was now public property and the authorities had removed his cenotaph from Westminster Abbey and sold it to a rag-shop.

However, as it is impossible to remove a judge from the bench even if he murders the Queen, the Royal Family, and the Bench of Bishops, steals the watches of the whole Houses of Lords and Commons, and even defrauds the Inland Revenue, Lord Justice Pimblekin was allowed to remain on the bench; and, as he was a socially influential person, by-gones were allowed to be by-gones.

But he was a reformed judge. He did his duty, and gave irredeemable criminals what they deserved; fraudulent company directors got the cat, and diseased meat purveyors a lifer, until there was hardly any crime left. Lord Justice Pimblekin's twin brother and wife recovered, and forgave him, and his lordship has not been called up for judgment yet.

J. F. SULLIVAN.













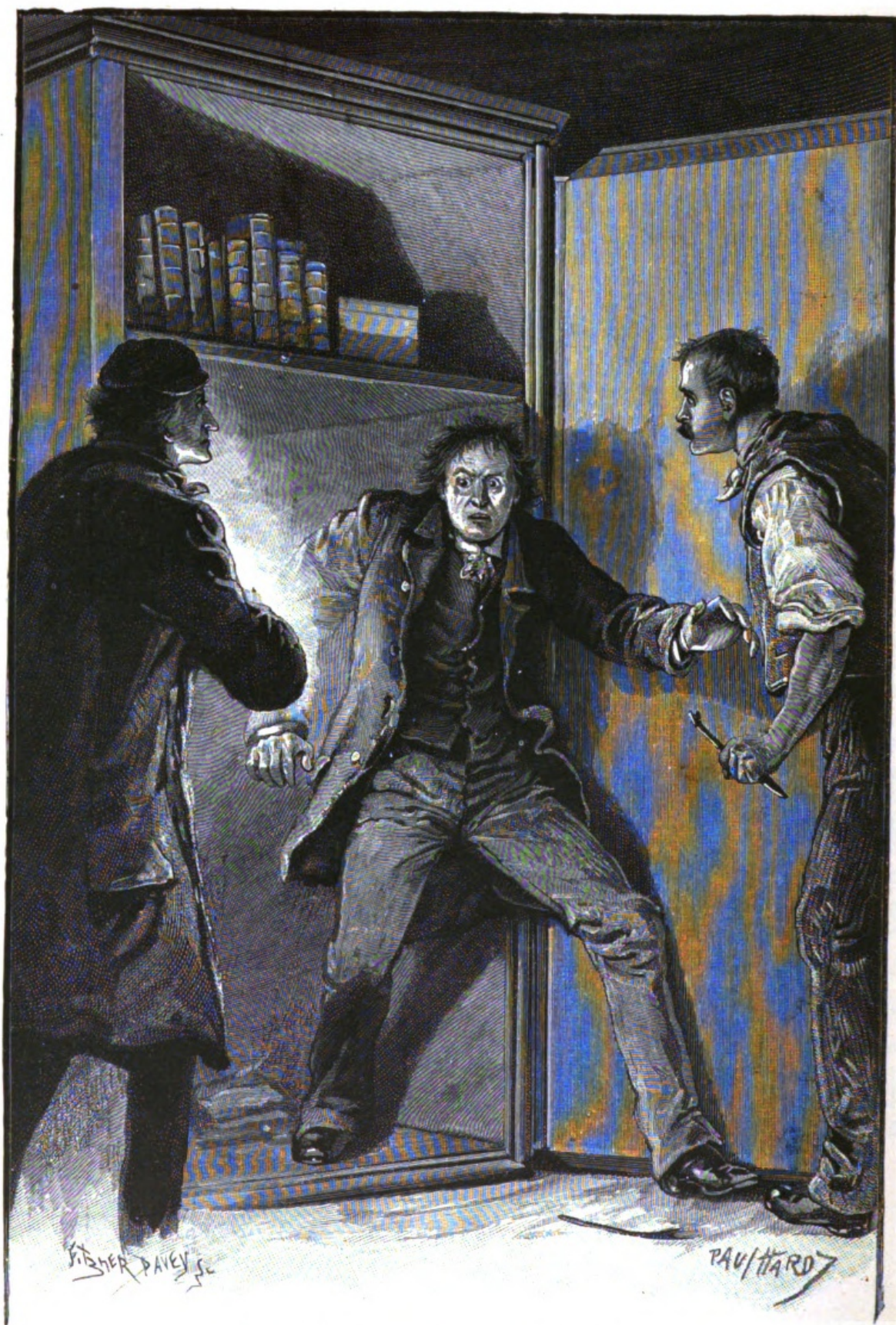


WHO ARE THESE?  
In order to find out, hold the page level with the eyes, so as to foreshorten the drawings.









"THE HEAD BOOK-KEEPER STEPPED OUT OF THE SAFE."

(*Pierre and Baptiste.*)

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BY BECKLES WILLSON.

**L**ONCE knew two industrious mechanics named Pierre and Baptiste. They dwelt in a ramshackle tenement at Sault aux Belœuil, where each had half-a-dozen children to support, besides their wives; who, it is grievous to relate, were drones. They were only nominally acquainted with that godly art commonly associated with charwomen.

Pierre and Baptiste were hard workers. They worked far into the night, and, occasionally, the thin mists of dawn had begun to break on the narrow city pavements before their labours would cease. No one could truthfully say that theirs was not a hard-earned pillow. Sometimes they did not toil in vain. It depended largely upon the police.

It was early one November that this horny-handed pair planned the burglary of a certain safe located in a wholesale establishment in St. Mark Street. On the particular evening that Pierre and Baptiste hit upon for the deed, the head book-keeper had been having a wrangle with his accounts.

"I can't make head or tail of this!" he declared to his employer, the senior member of the firm, "yet I am convinced everything must be right. An error of several hundred dollars has been carried over from each daily footing, but where the error begins or ends, I'm blessed if I can find out."

The fact was that the monthly sales had been unusually heavy, and a page of the balance had been mislaid. The head book-keeper spent upwards of an hour in casting up both the entries of himself and his



"THE HEAD BOOK-KEEPER HAD BEEN HAVING A WRANGLE WITH HIS ACCOUNTS."



subordinates after the establishment had closed its doors for the day.

Then he went home to supper, determined to return and locate the deficit, if he didn't get a wink of sleep until morning.

Book-keepers, it must be borne in mind, have highly sensitive organisms, which are susceptible to the smallest atom reflecting upon their probity or skill. At half-past eight the book-keeper returned and commenced anew his critical calculations. He worked precisely three hours and a half; at the end of which period he suddenly clapped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed:—

"Idiot! Why haven't you looked in the safe for a missing sheet? Ten chances to one they have been improperly numbered!"

He turned over the pages of the balance on his desk, and, sure enough, the usual numerical mark or designation in the upper left-hand corner which should follow eleven was missing. Page twelve, in all likelihood, had slipped into some remote corner of the safe.

The safe was a large one, partially receding into the wall and containing all the papers, documents, and several day receipts in cash and drafts of the firm.

The head book-keeper, in his efforts at unearthing the lost page of the cash balance, was obliged to intrude his entire person into the safe. Fearful lest the candle he held should attract attention from the street, showing out as it did against the black recesses of the safe, upon entering he drew the door slightly ajar.

As he stepped in the tail of his coat caught on an angle of the huge riveted lock; the massive gate swung to as if it weighed no more than a pound, and the book-keeper was a prisoner.

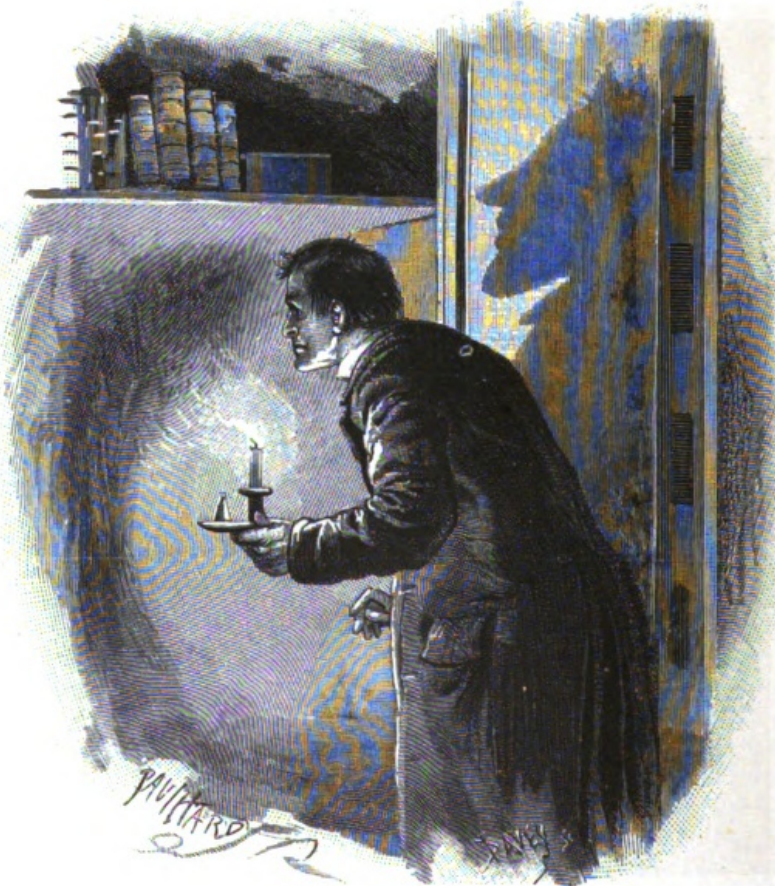
He heard a resonant click—that was all. His candle went out.

The book-keeper at the outset lost his presence of mind. He fought like a caged animal. He first exerted almost superhuman

strength against the four sides of the iron tomb. Then his body collapsed and, not for an instant losing consciousness, he found himself sitting in a partially upright posture, unable to so much as stir a muscle.

It was almost at the same moment, although hours seemed to have passed, that the drum of his ear, now abnormally sensitive, was almost split into fragments. A frightful monotonous clangour rent the interior of the safe.

The book-keeper used to observe afterwards that a single second's deviation of characteristic thought and he would have gone mad. Stronger minds in a parallel situation would have indeed collapsed. But a weaker man can never confront the inevitable, but clings



"HE STEPPED IN."

more stubbornly to hope. They are only weak individualities who, in the act of drowning, catch at straws.

As the book-keeper felt himself gradually growing faint for want of air to breathe, his revived hope led him to deliberately crash his fist into the woodwork with which the interior of the safe was fitted, in secretaire fashion, one drawer being built above another. This gave him a few additional cubic feet of air.



As may have been conjectured, the noise which smote the book-keeper's ear was that of a drill. Although acutely discerned within, the sound was practically smothered on the outside of the vault.

At one end of the drill was a cavity, rapidly growing larger, in one of the steel panels. At its other end was a heavy, warty fist, part of the anatomy of Baptiste, the industrious mechanic. Baptiste held the drill while his comrade, Pierre, pounded it in.

Soon the two burglars became aware that some sort of animal commotion was going on within the safe. It nearly drove them into convulsions of astonishment. Baptiste was so startled that he dropped the drill.

"It is a ghost," he said.

Baptiste was for throwing up the job uncompromisingly on the spot, but this proposal met with obstacles. His fellow workman, who was of stiffer courage, rejected it with scorn, as savouring too much of the superstitious. Pierre had a large family to support, he argued. He spoke frankly. They could not afford to throw away the opportunities of Providence. To his friend and co-labourer, the burden of his remarks was:—

"*Lâche!* Go hon! You make me tired wiz yer ghosts an' tings. Let's not have no beast foolin'—see? De job is commence: *Allons!*"

The upshot of this was that Pierre and Baptiste went back to work. At the third crack of the drill, Pierre crossed himself, and said:—

"Baptiste, dere's a man in dat safe!"

Both men grew pale as death at the very suggestion. Baptiste, for instance, was so frightened he couldn't utter a syllable. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. However, Pierre, as usual, was the first to recover. He applied his ear, first to the lock and then to the drill-hole.

"Hey, in dere!" he cried, yet not so loud as to be heard on the side-walk. To this there came a faint response—a very faint shout indeed; it sounded as if it were a mile away:—

"For God's sake, give me air! I am locked in here. Try and burst open the safe!"

The two burglars did not stop to talk, but went at once to work as if their own lives depended on the result, instead of the life of the mysterious occupant of the vault. In less than four minutes they had a hole, somewhat smaller than the business end of a collar-button, knocked into the panel of the vault.

Then Pierre and Baptiste paused to wipe the sweat from their brows. The man inside breathed.

It was now that the pair began to muse on the dénouement. Could this be a member of the firm or an employé? This hypothesis jeopardized the success of the night's adventure, unless, when they had permitted the prisoner to emerge, they bound and gagged him into silence.

On the other hand, this course would have an ugly look. If he resisted it might mean murder in the end; whereas, if they did not let him out at all, they would stand no chance of profiting by the pecuniary contents of the safe. Besides, as the man could scarcely live thus until morning, they would be responsible for his taking off. Thus reasoned Pierre and Baptiste.





These were not highly comforting reflections, but there was still another and a better in reserve. What if, after all, the man were himself a felon? Might he not be a companion crib-cracker? In that case they would merely have to divide the spoils.

"Hey, in dere," cried Pierre, suddenly struck with an idea. "What is de combination hof de safe?"

"Fifteen — three — seventy-three!" came back in sepulchral tones.

It was evidently growing harder and harder to draw breath through the tiny aperture.

Thus it transpired that at the expiration of fifteen seconds the lock of the vault gave back the same resonant click it had rendered eight minutes previously. Thanks to the timely advent of Pierre and Baptiste it opened as lightly, as airily, and as decisively as it had closed 480 seconds before on the unhappy accountant.

The head book-keeper gasped once or twice, but without any assistance stepped out into the free air. He was very pale and his dress was much rent and disordered when his feet touched the floor. But this pallor quickly made way for a red flush at perceiving the two burglars, with the implements of their profession strewn around them.

Meanwhile Pierre and Baptiste themselves stood transfixed by the sheer novelty of the situation.

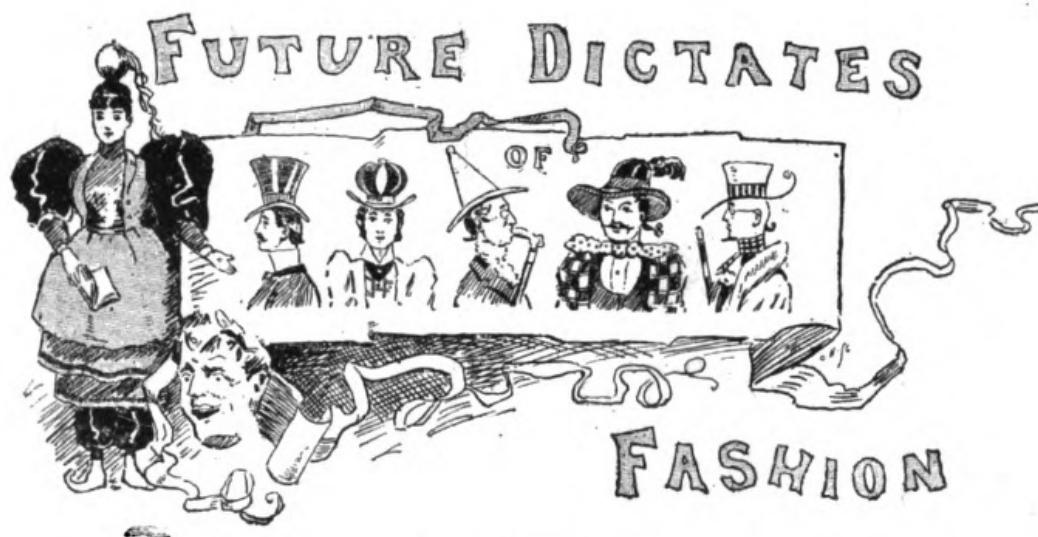
Without any kind of speech or warning, or without making any attempt at bravado, the book-keeper walked deliberately to his desk and rang an electric call for the police. Simultaneously it seemed, for so rapid and quiet was the action, he opened a drawer, took out a small revolver, and covered both burglars with a fatal precision. As he did so he uttered these remarkable words:—

"Gentlemen, I would, indeed, be the basest of men if I did not feel profoundly grateful for the service you have just rendered me. I shall always regard you as any right-minded man should regard those who have saved his life with imminent peril to themselves or, which is just the same, to their liberty. Any demand in reason you make of me I shall make an effort to perform—but my duty to my employers I regard as *paramount*. I have accumulated a little money, and with it I propose to engage the best counsel in your defence, which is certainly marked by mitigating circumstances. If, on the other hand, you are convicted——"

Here the officers of justice entered, having broken open the door with a crash.







BY W. CADE GALL.

**A**N elderly gentleman of our acquaintance, whose reading has been rather desultory than profound, and tending rather to the quaint and speculative, was astonished recently at coming across a volume in his library of whose very existence he had been completely unaware. This volume was oblong in shape, was bound in mauve morocco, and was called "Past Dictates of Fashion; by Cromwell Q. Snyder, Vestamentorum Doctor."

Glancing his eye downwards past a somewhat flippant sub-title, the elderly gentleman came, with intense amazement, to understand that the date of this singular performance was 1993. Other persons at a similar juncture would have pinched themselves to see if they were awake, or have tossed the book into the street as an uncanny thing. But our elderly gentleman being of an inquisitive and acquisitive turn of mind, despite his quaintness, recognised the fact that if he was not of the twentieth century the volume obviously was; seized pen and paper, and began to make notes with the speed of lightning. Being also something of a draughtsman he was able to embellish his notes with sketches from the engravings with which "Past Dictates of Fashion" was copiously furnished. These sketches appear with the present article.

Fashion in dress, according to the twentieth century author, notwithstanding its apparent caprice, has always been governed by immutable laws. But these laws were not

recognised in the benighted epoch in which we happen to live at present. On the contrary, Fashion is thought a whim, a sort of shuttlecock for the weak-minded of both sexes to make rise and fall, bound and rebound with the battledore called—social influence. But it will interest a great many people to learn that Fashion assumed the dignity of a science in 1940. Ten years later it was taken up by the University of Dublin. By the science as taught by the various Universities later on were explained those points in the history, manners, and literature of our own ancestors which were formerly obscure and, in fact, unknown. They were also, by certain strict rules, enabled to foretell the attire of posterity. Here is a curious passage from the introductory chapter to the book:—

"Cigars went out of fashion twenty years ago. Men and women consumed so much tobacco that their healths were endangered. The laws of Nature were powerless to cope with the evil. Not so the laws of Fashion, which at once abated it. It will, however, return in thirty-one years. In 1790 Nature commanded men to bathe. They laughed at Nature. In 1810 Fashion did the same thing. Men complied, and daily cold baths became established. In 1900 it was pushed to extremes. The ultra-sect cut holes in the ice and plunged into the water. The fashion changed. For forty years only cads bathed."

The following table is also interesting, and should be borne in mind in considering the



accompanying cuts. It professes to exhibit the sartorial characteristics of an epoch :—

## TABLE OF WAVES.

	Type.	Tendency.
1790 to 1815	... Angustorial	... Wobbling
1815 ,, 1840	... Severe	... Recuperative
1840 ,, 1875	... Latorial	... Decided
1875 ,, 1890	... Tailor-made	... Opaque
1890 ,, 1915	... Ebullient	... Bizarre
1915 ,, 1940	... Hysterical	... Angustorial

The first plate in the book is dated 1893, and serves as a frontispiece. The costumes



of the lady and gentleman are familiar enough, although we note with surprise that the gentleman's coat-tails seem to have a crinoline cast, and if the turned-up bottoms of his trousers are a little mortifying, it is

atoned for by a triumphant attitude which disarms hypercriticism. Also the lady's posture makes it difficult for us to tell whether it is a stick or an umbrella she is carrying.

There is a pictorial hiatus of some years, but the text notes that crinoline for women enjoyed a sway of some years' duration. For, taking the tracings from the plates in the order in which they are given in the book, we find a subdued form of the article in the female costume for 1905. The ladies may well regard this plate as astounding. There is even a suggestion of "bloomer" about its nether portion, and if the hat is not without precedent in history, the waist is little short of revolutionary.

The next plate displays a gentleman's habit for the year 1908. The tailors, fifteen years hence, seemed to have borrowed, in the construction of the coat, very liberally from the lady's mantle of 1893. Apropos of this and the ensuing three plates, it is pleasing to be told, as we are by the author of this book, that the long reign of black is doomed.







1902



1911-12

Towards the close of April, 1898, Lord Arthur Lawtrey appeared in the Park attired literally in purple and fine linen, *i.e.*, in a violet coat, with pale heliotrope trousers.

Yet, in spite of the opposition to Lord Arthur, the wave was due, and the affection for colour spread. The new century, at its birth, saw black relegated to the past—also to the future. This was midway in the Ebullient Age. Pent up for decades, mankind naturally began to slop over with sartorial enthusiasm. In 1920 its *bizarrierie* became offensive, and an opposition crusade was directed against it. Something had to be conceded. Trousers, which had been wavering between nautical buttons and gallooned knees—or, in the vernacular of the period, a sail three sheets in the wind

the male attire. Silk bows have been worn about the neck for nearly, if not quite, a century, but never in the body of the attire. It is true the gentleman as early as 1910 adorns his nether garments with a plain silk band, but in the elderly party of



1912



1912

1911 he has assumed gay ribbons for his shoes as well as at his knees and throat. In this plate we greet the presence of an unmistakable umbrella as a good omen. But it is only a short-lived rapture, for the spruce young party in the next sketch is balancing lightly between thumb and forefinger what we take to be nothing more or less than a shepherd's crook. This is hardly an edifying prospect. Yet if we do not altogether mis-



take the two wing-shaped objects projecting from his person, it is not the only feature of gentlemen's fashions twenty years hence which will occasion a shock. Nor must we overlook the frivolity of the lady of the same period who is doing her utmost to look pleasant under the most trying conditions. Yet it must be confessed that in spite of its intricate novelty and perplexity, the costume must still be called plain. One might be forgiven for surmising that the kerchief-shaped article covering a portion of the lady's bust is formed of riveted steel, for surely nothing else could support the intolerable load she is so blandly carrying off.

Female costume seems to have always been regulated by the same waves and rules which governed male costume, but in a different degree. In the Ebullient period it is chiefly distinguished by head-dress and the total abolition of stays. Crinoline, in spite of certain opposition, enjoyed a slight revival in the present day, and in 1897 the divided skirt threatened to spread universally. But it passed off, and nothing of a radical order was attempted in this direction until the revolution which brought in trousers for women in 1942.

Meantime, in the next plate of a lady's costume, which is dated 1922, we have presented a very rational and beautiful style



of dress. The skirt, it is true, is short enough to alarm prim contemporary dames, and it is scarcely less assuring to find in the whole of the remaining plates only three periods when it seems to have got longer. But doubtless the very ample cloak, which is so long that it even trails upon the ground,

extenuated and in some degree justified its shortness.

The plate dated 1920 exhibits a very gorgeous and yet altogether simple set of



garments for the male of that period. We are told that the upper portion was of crimson plush, and the lower part of a delicate pink, with white stockings and orange boots. It were well had the leaders of fashion stopped at this, but it would appear that either their thirst for novelty was insatiable or the Hysterical Wave too strong for them, for in the incredibly short space of six years fashion had reached the stage depicted in the following plate. Yet, even





then, the depth of folly and ugliness does not appear to have been sounded, for three years later, in 1929, we are favoured with a plate of



1929

what is presumably a husband and wife on their way to church or perchance upon a shopping excursion. The lady is evidently looking archly back to see if anybody is observing what a consummate guy her spouse is making of himself, for with all her sartorial shortcomings she has certainly the best of the bargain. The prudes, too, seemed to have gained their point, for the skirt is considerably less scanty in the region of the ankles.



1935

This skirt seems to have been rather a weak point with our posterity of the female persuasion, for in the next three or four plates we find it rising and falling with the habitual incorrigibility of a shilling barometer. The Oriental influence is easily traced in the fashions from 1938 to 1945, but it cannot but make the judicious grieve to note that trousers seem to have been

adopted by the women at the same time that they were discarded by the men.

A further detail which might interest



1938

the student concerns the revival of lace, which transpired so early as 1905. Curiously enough, this dainty adjunct to the attire had fallen into desuetude among women. More curiously still, it remained for the sterner sex to revive it. For it was in that year that the backbone of stiff white collars and cuffs was broken. A material being sought which would weather the existing atmospheric conditions, it was yielded in lace, which continued in vogue for at least two generations.



1940

1945

If we look for the greatest donkey in the entire collection, it is obvious that we shall find him in the middle-aged party of 1936, who is gadding about in inflated trunks and with a fan in his hand. If it were not for the gloves and polka-dot neck-wear we should





1936



1937



1945

assume that this costume was a particularly fantastic bathing-suit. The youth of the ensuing year, in the next plate, is probably a son of the foregoing personage, for it is not difficult to detect a strong family likeness. As to the costume itself for 1937, barring the shaved head and Caledonian cap, there is

plate for 1945. The confidently asinine demeanour of this youth is hardly relieved by the absurdity of a watch suspended by a chain from the crown of his hat. That society protested against this aspect of idiocy is evinced by the harmonious costume for 1950, in which a complete revolution is to



1950



1946



1948

nothing particular to be urged against it. It seems clearly a revival of the dress of the Middle Ages.

It is at least consoling to feel that only a very small minority of those who read this is destined to enliven our thoroughfares with such grotesque images as is furnished by the

be noted. We hasten to observe that the latter plate — the one for 1948 — is that of a clergyman.

There is very little beauty about the lady's costume for 1946, or in that of the child in the plate. That for 1950 is a great improvement. The exaggerated chignon has disap-





1950



1952



1955-6

peared, and two seasons later we find the costume fascinating to a degree, although certainly partaking more of the male than of the female order of dress. Without the cape it is not so captivating, as shown by the plate dated 1955-6, where both a lady and

for no man's person can be considered in danger from the mob who habitually offers so many *points à saisir* as this policeman's head displays. We may likewise suspect the military gentleman depicted in the plate for 1965. It is not customary in the present



1960



1965



1965

gentleman are shown, although to accord praise to either's hideous style of head-dress would be to abandon permanently all reputation for taste.

The policeman shown in the drawing for 1960 seems to have a very easy time of it,

day for army officers to affect umbrellas, but seventy years hence it may be found necessary to protect one's head-dress.

Mawkish describes the attire of the civilian of the same year, but in 1970 we notice a distinct change for the better, although



personally many of us would doubtless strenuously object to wearing neckties of the magnitude here portrayed. In 1975 costume



1970

seems to have taken a step backward, and the literary young gentleman, who is the hero of the engraving, may well be carrying about his MSS. inside his umbrella. Whatever may be the merits of the spring fashions for 1978,



1978

are dressed precisely alike. Of the three remaining designs, that of 1984 appears to us to exhibit the contour of the lady's figure most generously, and to have certain agreeable and distinctive traits of its own which are not only lacking in the gentleman's apparel, but are absent from the inane conception which appears to have obtained vogue five years later.

As to the last plate in the series, we can only remark that if the character of our male



1975



1984

it would appear to have been universal (to speak of the future in the past tense), for both these young gallants



posterity after four or five generations is to be as effeminate as its attire, the domination by the fair sex cannot be many centuries distant. The gentleman appears to be lost in contemplation of a lighted cigar. If he possessed the gift of seeing himself as others now see him, he would probably transfer his

nineteenth we term the black century. I am asked my opinion of the twentieth. It is motley. It has seen the apotheosis of colour. Yet in worshipping colour we do not confound the order of things. As is the twentieth, so was the fifteenth."

The author furthermore observes that



attention to another and not less contiguous quarter.

In a general review of the costumes of the forthcoming century the Doctor observes:—

"The seventeenth is famous as the brown; the eighteenth is with us the yellow; and the

"the single article of apparel which stands out most silhouetted against the background of the 19th century's dress is its hard, shiny, black head-gear. It is without a parallel. It is impossible for us to conceive of a similar article surviving for so long a



period ; and I venture to say, versed as I am in the science, nothing more absurd and irredeemably inappropriate, or more openly violating in texture and contour every rational idea on the subject, was ever launched. In 1962 the neck was left bare, in the *négligé* fashion, in imitation of Butts, the

æsthete who the year previously had discovered the North Pole. In 1970, however, ruffs were resumed and are still worn, and I regret to say are growing in magnitude, until they threaten to eclipse precedent."

At this juncture the notes and nap together terminated, for our elderly gentleman woke up.





## *Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.*

### XII. — THE DAUGHTER OF LOVETSKI THE LOST.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.  
“**Q**UR journey seems to have no end, Harold,” remarked Denviers, as he lashed the horses which drew our sledge over the dreary plain; “for a week we have been pressing on, night and day almost, in the hope of coming across the hut near the road over which the exiles pass. If that mujik told us the truth, we certainly ought to have seen it by this time.”

“We have had a long, desolate ride since we parted with him,” I assented; “yet the snow lies in such drifts at times that we can hardly be surprised to find ourselves still driving onwards.”

“See, sahibs!” exclaimed Hassan, as he pointed to where the snow-clad plain was at last broken by a distant forest of stunted pines. “There is surely the landmark of which the mujik spoke, and the peasant woman’s dwelling cannot be far off.”

After wandering through the outlying provinces of China, we determined to visit the vast plains beyond, being anxious to see a Russian mine. To all our requests for such permission we met with refusals, until Denviers pressed a number of roubles into the hand of an official, who eventually helped us to effect our purpose, after evincing some reluctance. Staying a few days after this at a peasant’s hut, we had been fortunate enough

to win his goodwill, and it was in consequence of what he told us that we promised to undertake our present expedition.

No sooner did the keen eyes of Hassan discover the forest far ahead than we dashed onwards quicker than ever, as our exhaled breath froze in icy particles and the biting wind struck right through the heavy sheepskin wraps which we had purchased on entering Russia. Away across the snow our foam-flecked horses sped, until we saw the blue smoke curling upward in the frosty air from a low log hut, situated so that the pine forest sheltered it somewhat from the icy winds.

“Someone evidently lives here,” said Denviers, as he beat with the handle of his whip against the low door. We heard a footstep cross the floor, then the noise of a bar being removed as a woman opened the door cautiously and peered into our faces. Bent as she was with age, with hair that hung in white masses about her shoulders, there was an unsubdued look which rested upon us from her dark eyes that contrasted forcibly with the dull, patient glance of the average Russian peasant.

“Who is it crossing the plains? Are you servants of the Czar?” she asked, in a tone of hesitation at our unexpected appearance, and glancing strangely at Hassan, who had secured our steeds and joined us.

“We are travellers crossing the Siberian



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“A DESOLATE RIDE.”

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wastes with our guide, and come to you for shelter," I answered, although we had a deeper purpose in visiting her.

"It is yours," the woman replied, and having shaken our sheepskin wraps, we entered the hut and accepted the invitation to gather about the pine-wood fire which burnt in one corner of the rude dwelling.

"You are not a Russian peasant?" remarked Denviers, in a tone of inquiry, for the woman spoke English with some fluency.

"I am not, for my people are the Lost Ones, of whom you may have heard," she answered, with a dreary smile.

"We do not understand you," Denviers responded, as we waited for her explanation.

"If you were men of this country my words would be lucid enough. Among all those who were overcome in the many Polish struggles for liberty, none have ever returned who once trod the road by which the exiles passed to join those whom we call Our Lost."

"You have a motive for living here?" I remarked quietly, watching attentively to see what effect my words would have upon her.

"I am friendless and alone, choosing rather to dwell here within sight of the way to Tomsk, than in the great city from which I came. The Czar is merciful, and permits this."

"Then the mujik who directed us here was mistaken," I persisted. "He related strange stories to us of fugitives, whom the peasants whisper——"

"Hush!" she cried, looking nervously round. "What was the mujik's name?" For reply I placed in her hand a scrap of paper, upon which the man had scrawled a message. She glanced keenly at us after reading the missive, then answered:—

"He may be mistaken in you, for you are Englishmen, and do not understand these things. A piece of black bread—what is it that it should be denied to an enemy, even of the Czar, who has escaped from the mines and wanders for refuge over these frozen wastes?"

"You may trust us fully in this matter," said Denviers. "We have given our word to the mujik to render all the help we can."

"It is a terrible day to traverse the plain," the woman replied, as she rose and threw open the rough door to the icy blast, which was only imperfectly kept out before. We followed to where she stood, then watched as she raised her hand and pointed at a distant object.

"See!" the woman cried, bitterly; "yonder pine cross marks the spot where

a brave man fell, he who was the lover of the daughter of Lovetski, one of our Lost Ones. By it, before the day is ended, will pass the long train of exiles guarded by the soldiery and headed by the one who hates to see that monument of his own misdeeds, but fears to remove it, for, persecuting the living, he dreads the dead." She closed and barred the door again; then, after some hesitation, spoke of the one to help whom we had gone so far.

"It was the night of a masquerade at the Winter Palace, long to be remembered by many, for on the following day another rising of the Poles had been planned to take place. A number of the leading citizens of St. Petersburg were involved in it, but so well apparently was their secret kept, that they ventured to accept the invitations issued to them. Amid the mad revel the plotters moved, making occasionally a furtive sign of recognition to each other, or venturing at times to whisper as they passed the single word which told of all their hopes and fears—'To-morrow!' Chief among them was Count Lovetski, who murmured the watch-word more hopefully than any of those concerned whenever his keen eyes searched out those sworn to take part in the revolt so near at hand.

"For three hours the gay crowd moved through the salons, then Lovetski, as he leant against a carved pillar, saw one of the revellers who was clad in strange attire approach several of the masqueraders and smilingly whisper something in their ears. At last the Count saw the stranger move close to himself, and a moment after he heard a mocking laugh from behind the black mask, as the unknown one stooped and uttered the preconcerted word. Lovetski looked doubtfully at the man's sombre garb, for the glance from his eyes was by no means reassuring.

"'To-morrow!' repeated the masker. 'Count Lovetski, you do not respond. Have you forgotten?'

"'Lower your voice, or we shall be heard by others,' said the Count, with a warning gesture. 'Who are you?'

"'One of the three hundred citizens who are sworn to revolt to-morrow. The appointed day is fast drawing near, for in ten minutes the great clock will chime the midnight hour, and then, Count Lovetski—*Siberia!*'

"His listener stared in blank amazement, then, regaining his composure, he replied:—

"'So the plot is discovered? I am no coward. When is it settled for me to set out?'



"At the last stroke of the hour a drosky will await you at the main entrance. The palace is guarded by the soldiery. The others do not start immediately; you are the leader, and will be ready, doubtless."

"Quite," answered Lovetski, for he knew resistance would be useless. He quietly passed his sword to the masker, who took it, smiled again, and disappeared in the crowd. One by one the followers of the Count were singled out by the strange messenger of the Czar, and when the masquerade was over three hundred exiles followed the track of the sledge in which their leader had been hurried away a couple of hours before them on the long, dreary journey to Tomsk.

Lovetski was refused the privilege of communicating his whereabouts to his wife, who shortly after this event died, leaving their daughter to the care of strangers. Before long a rumour reached the capital that the Count had been shot while attempting to escape in disguise, and this was eventually found to be true.

Scarcely had Marie Lovetski reached womanhood when she joined a political movement, fired with a mad resolve to avenge her father's death, and within a year her name appeared among those on the list of suspects, whose every action was closely observed. A Russian officer of high rank, Paul Somaloff, who had more than once made her an offer of marriage, begged her to remember the fate which overtook Count Lovetski, but the bare mention of it only made the woman more inexorable. The end which everyone foretold soon came, for, seated one day in the midst of treasonable correspondence, Marie Lovetski was surprised by three gendarmes, who burst into her apartment. She tore the letter into fragments before they could stop her, then scattered the pieces



"SIBERIA!"

over the floor. One of the gendarmes, motioning to his companions to pick them up, moved towards her and attempted her arrest. For one moment the woman stood at bay, then thrust the cold barrel of a pistol into the gendarme's ear.

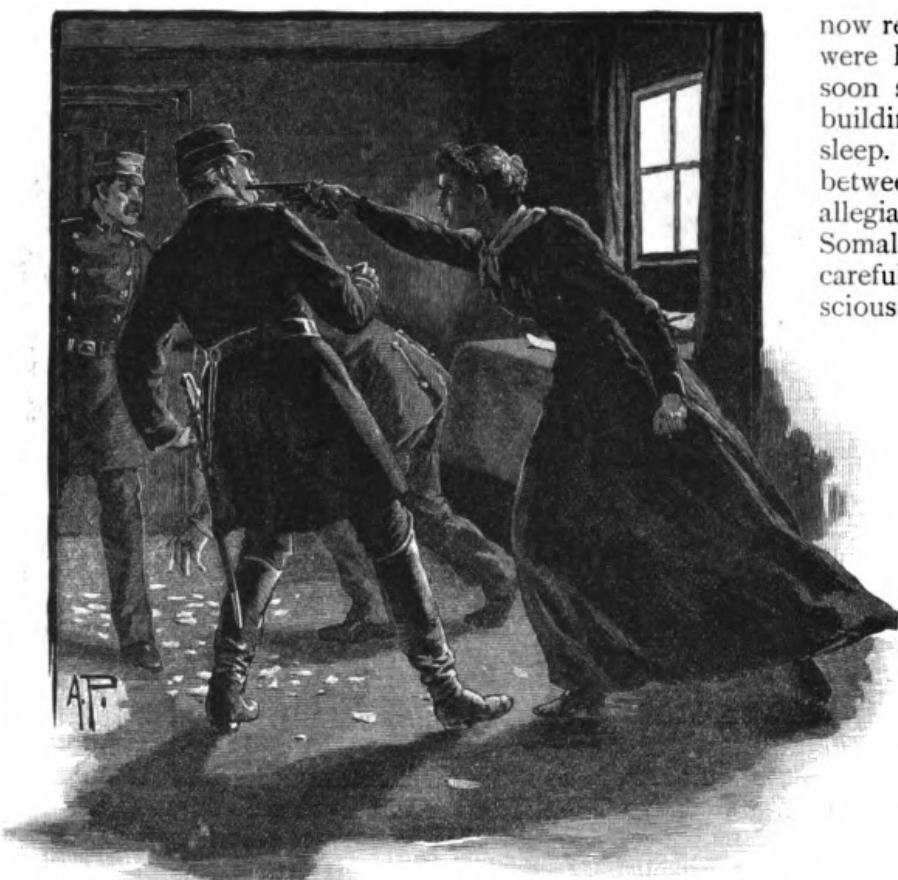
"Raise but a hand or move an inch nearer and I will shoot you!" she cried, warningly. Her would-be captor shrunk back, and before he had recovered from his surprise Marie Lovetski darted past him towards the door. She seized the handle to wrench it open, then saw that all was lost. The door was locked and the gendarme had removed the key.

There was a fierce struggle, in which one of the officers was dangerously wounded, but eventually they secured her, and within two months Marie Lovetski set out to traverse the same dreary road over which the Count had gone long before when she was a mere child.

Ivan Rachieff, the masquerader who had whispered into Count Lovetski's ear the fate to which he was consigned, was at that time a young attaché at the Court of the Czar. The zeal which he displayed in hunting down the autocrat's enemies rapidly brought promotion, so that when Marie Lovetski was exiled he had risen to be a general of the Russ army, and specially chosen for the duty of heading the Cossacks who conducted the exiles over the Siberian wastes, while among his subordinates was Paul Somaloff, who held a position scarcely inferior to his own.

Convicted of a double offence, Marie Lovetski was condemned to walk the whole of that wearisome distance among criminals bound for the mines, while the political exiles were somewhat less harshly treated. General Rachieff had been warned that a





"SHE THRUST THE COLD BARREL OF A PISTOL INTO THE GENDARME'S EAR."

band of discontents had threatened to attempt the rescue of the prisoners, and special powers of life and death were granted to him. By long forced marches he hurried the exiles on, scarcely giving them a few hours' rest each night when they arrived at their halting-places on the route.

"It was with a deep feeling of sorrow at his inability to lessen her sufferings that Paul Somaloff glanced many times on the way at Marie Lovetski. In spite of the strange position in which he found himself, his love for the woman was by no means lessened, but increased each day as he saw to his dismay how plainly her strength was failing as he looked upon the woman's haggard countenance, who was wearily dragging her limbs forward over the frozen wastes. One day Marie Lovetski's condition became so serious that Somaloff begged General Rachieff to order the fetters which bound her wrists to be removed, receiving in reply a refusal as contemptuous as it was decisive. All that day the exile's secret lover walked moodily on, racking his brains for some method by which to save the woman from dying before even the terrible journey was ended.

"Not far from the hut in which you are

now resting, the weary exiles were halted that night, and soon sank down in the log building into an exhausted sleep. After a severe conflict between his love and his allegiance to the Czar, Paul Somaloff rose, and, stealing carefully among the unconscious ones, he bent at last over the form of Marie Lovetski, stretched upon a straw pallet.

"*'Marie,'* he whispered softly, as he cautiously awakened her. *'Tis I, Paul Somaloff—I come to save you.'*

"He remained by the woman's side till he had deftly removed the manacles from her wrists, then stole to the entrance as she silently followed him. Once he was

outside the log building, Somaloff made for where his general's horse was stabled, and quickly untethering it led it forth. For one brief moment he clasped the exile to his breast, then lifted her into the saddle and placed the reins in her hand with a few hurried words as to the best course to pursue to avoid pursuit.

"Suddenly Paul Somaloff felt a heavy hand grip him by the shoulder, and turning round he found himself face to face with Ivan Rachieff, his general! At the same time the woman was dragged from the horse and held by three of the Cossacks.

"*'Your traitorous plan was well thought out,'* said Rachieff, as he smiled in derision at its failure. *'Paul Somaloff, you have broken your oath to the Czar, and I swear you shall die for this.'*

"*'You may do your worst,'* replied the young officer. *'You would not listen to my repeated appeals for a slight act of clemency for Marie Lovetski, and so have turned a loyal subject of the Czar into a traitor.'*

"*'Insolent!'* cried General Rachieff. *'At sunrise you shall be knouted to death.'*

"*'Coward that you are,'* retorted Somaloff, *'that is a punishment you dare not inflict upon one who wears a decoration given to*



him by the august Czar. I am a soldier, General, and, at the hands of my comrades, will die a soldier's death.'

"'So be it,' answered Rachieff, calmly; 'you shall be shot at sunrise,' and he motioned to the soldiers who had gathered about him to take Somaloff into their charge, then turned on his heel and strode away, humming an idle air.

"The grey morning had scarcely dawned when brave young Somaloff was blindfolded and led forth to be shot in sight of the exiles, while the woman whom he had failed to save looked helplessly on.

"A few minutes afterwards, Paul Somaloff knelt on the snow-covered plain, the report of a dozen rifles rang out on the morning air, and the exiles saw his arms raised as he clutched convulsively at his breast, then he fell forward, dead!

effort to break through the soldiers who guarded the exiles. The trained troopers of the Czar thrust them back and, as they broke and fled into the forest, chased and cut them down like sheep, till the snow turned to a crimson hue with their hearts' blood.

"The exiles made desperate efforts to avail themselves of the opportunity to escape which the confusion presented. Those who were unbound fought with branches, which they tore from the stunted trees, while the others madly thrust the shackles upon their wrists into the faces of the brutal soldiery, who knouted or cut down men and women indiscriminately. Long will that massacre be remembered, and the dreadful sufferings which the survivors endured at the command of Ivan Rachieff. When at last Tomsk was reached, only a handful of decrepit exiles passed into the city out of all those who started on the long journey."

"And Marie Lovetski?" I interrupted, "did she live to complete the distance, or what was her fate?"

"It was reported that she was cut down during the massacre," the woman replied, slowly; "for nothing has been heard of her since by General Rachieff, although her body could not be found among the slain."

I glanced at the woman thoughtfully as she concluded her story, and Denvers, who had listened in silence throughout,



"HE FELL FORWARD, DEAD."

"The wild, despairing cries of the exiles were quelled with threats of the knout, and then the prisoners were hurried on, as they had been for so many days and weeks past. Ten days later a large number of Polish insurrectionists, ill-armed, and accompanied by a throng of even worse accoutred peasants carrying a red banner, flung themselves upon the line of march, and made a futile

asked:—

"Where is Marie Lovetski? You are aware that she is alive—nay, more, you know her place of concealment."

Surprised at the directness of the question, the woman involuntarily rose, and then, seeing that we suspected the fugitive was hidden in the log hut, she answered:—

"Marie Lovetski is not here, yet if the



mujik has rightly judged your courage, within a week he will see your sledge return with one more occupant than when it started. Once she is carried there her escape is assured, for——" She stopped suddenly and pointed to the door. We listened attentively as the sound of footsteps drew near, then a heavy blow smote the barred entrance and a voice exclaimed:—

"Open, in the Czar's name!" The woman's face turned ashy pale as she muttered faintly:—

"That is the voice of Ivan Rachieff, who is again in command of the exiles," and she drew away the heavy bar to admit him. We rose to our feet in an instant as the door was flung open and General Rachieff entered and stood before us.

## II.

FOR a moment the Russian officer stared at us without speaking, then throwing back his heavy sealskin cloak and revealing the military garb which he wore beneath, he asked the woman, sternly:—

"What does the presence of these men in your hut mean?"

"We are travellers, who have asked for shelter. Our guide is an Arab; we are Englishmen," responded Denviers, quietly but decisively.

"Spies, I do not doubt," said Rachieff, as he bit his heavy moustache.

"My word is accustomed to be believed," replied my companion, sharply. "If you doubt what I have said, read that," and he flung a package containing our passports upon the table as he spoke.

The officer took out our passports, which we had been careful to obtain. He glanced through them, then tossed the papers on to the table again as he remarked, in a morose tone:—

"You would not be the first Englishmen who have made their way into the Czar's territory only to discredit it."

"You have chosen a curious method of displaying your pleasantry," retorted Denviers, glancing sternly at the heavy-bearded Russian

who had so wantonly insulted us. Rachieff drew a chair to the table, and, sitting down, leant his head upon his hands, narrowly scrutinizing our features.

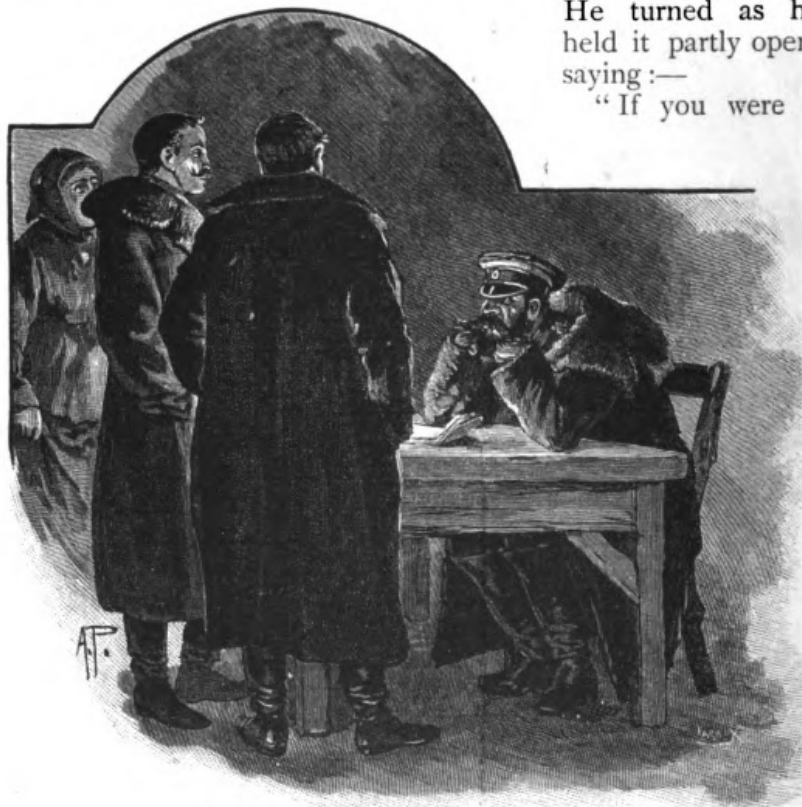
"I saw some horses and a sledge in the shed without," he continued; "are they yours?"

"They are," answered my companion, laconically.

"Where was your last stopping-place before you reached here?" Rachieff asked, as if he were examining some prisoners.

"We are neither Russian subjects nor refugees," Denviers replied. "You may save your inquiries for others, since we have no intention of satisfying your ill-timed curiosity." My companion turned his back to Rachieff, and raising a blazing piece of pine-wood which had fallen, tossed it again among the glowing embers, taking no more notice of the discomfited officer. Rachieff was non-plussed; he frowned heavily, then rising, moved to the door. He turned as he held it partly open, saying:—

"If you were a



"NARROWLY SCRUTINIZING OUR FEATURES."

Russian gentleman instead of an English spy, I would call you out for your insolence to an officer in the Czar's service."

I saw the blood mount to Denviers's forehead as he snatched the driving whip which Hassan held and, striding forward, struck the Russian a blow across his face with it.

"If I were an exile, no doubt you would



knout me for that," he said, quietly. "You can do nothing as it is, since our papers are in order, except fight me."

"I am in command of the exiles," answered Rachieff. "They are now passing yonder; when the halting-place is reached to-night I will leave my subordinate in charge of them and return here with an officer as my second. If you are not a coward you will be here awaiting me at mid-day."

"I shall be here," replied Denviers. "Choose your own weapons; you have brought this meeting about entirely unprovoked, and to-morrow you or I will fall."

"Adieu till then!" cried Rachieff, with a bitter smile of hatred, then he turned his face away, upon which was a long livid mark where the whip had fallen, and we saw him stride towards the exiles passing over the plain before us.

"Ivan Rachieff is one of the most skilful duellists with sword or pistol in the Czar's army," said the woman, who had been an attentive observer of all that passed between the two men. "He will kill you with as little remorse as he ordered Paul Somaloff to be shot by the soldiers."

"Paul Somaloff!" exclaimed Denviers. "Ah! I had forgotten his fate for a moment; but to-morrow, when Rachieff and I stand face to face, I will surely remember it."

"Allah and Mahomet help the sahib," cried Hassan. "If the bearded Russ should chance to win, he shall fight the Arab afterwards."

"Never mind Rachieff, Hassan," said Denviers; "we must at once make our plans for the purpose of helping Marie Lovetski to escape from Siberia. Whatever happens to me, she must be saved at all hazards."

"Where is the woman concealed?" I asked the one who was our hostess.

She rose and questioned us:—

"Will you swear by the memorial which I have raised over Paul Somaloff's resting-place never to speak of what you may see in the strange hiding-place to which I may conduct you?"

"We will," I answered briefly, as Denviers joined in assenting.

We lost little time after Rachieff's departure, but drew together and discussed the probabilities of various plans succeeding, and at last decided on that which seemed to promise success. The dusk rapidly closed in upon us as we sat in thoughtful conversation, after which the woman rose, and, having scanned the plain near the hut as well as she could in the gloom, motioned to us to follow her.

Hassan remained in the hut while we set out, and making our way through a part of the pines and firs close to the dwelling in which we had sought shelter, we found ourselves groping blindly along, following each other like phantoms in the darkness which enveloped us. So far there was little need for the woman to have sworn us to secrecy, for neither going nor returning did we get a glimpse of anything likely to indicate the spot to us again at any future time. At last we felt what appeared to be a rough flight of stone steps beneath our feet, then our guide lit a pine-wood torch which she carried.

Holding up the flickering light before us, the woman led us into what we conjectured to be one of the catacombs of an ancient city. On both sides of us as we moved along the red flare of the pine-wood revealed many bodies of the dead, each stretched in a niche cut for it in the red rock, while at intervals between these we saw the resting-places of others distinguished by various strange emblems. One of these niches was silently guarded by two carved figures of horsemen with their white steeds caparisoned, and each of the riders held in his uplifted hand a sword such as the Damascenes use.

"A strange resting-place that," I remarked to Denviers, as it stood out weird and ghastly in the light of the torch. "No Russian soldiery ever wear such accoutrements as are depicted there, I am certain."

"They wear the garb of boyars of the time of Ivan the Terrible," our guide said, as she pointed to the mounted horsemen. "Where the pine forest about us is now there stood more than four hundred years ago one of the many cities built by that extraordinary monarch, but it has long been blotted out, and the Russ have forgotten its very existence. None now know of its catacombs save those of us who form a secret band, and whose object is to help the exiles who may escape and seek shelter and a safe hiding-place. Even now it would be impossible for you to find the one you seek, and if you wish to go farther it must be done blindfolded, or I will not lead you."

We stood by the strangely carved horsemen, and having consented to the woman's request, allowed her to fasten our sashes securely over our eyes; then, led by her, we slowly advanced through what appeared to be a labyrinth of ways until we were stopped by someone who spoke to the woman in a calm, grave tone. There was a whispered conversation between the two, directly following which our eyes were uncovered, and we



found ourselves facing a strangely-robed hermit. His long white beard fell almost to his waist, contrasting forcibly with the black garment which covered him, while his high forehead and the steadfast look directed towards us seemed to be in keeping with the hermit's strange surroundings. A heap of blazing pine-wood lit up his retreat and served to lessen the intense coldness of the air.



"WE FOUND OURSELVES FACING A STRANGELY-ROBED HERMIT."

"You are Englishmen, and have promised to help Marie Lovetski to escape from here to our next station of refuge," he said. "Since the day when she fled she has been hidden in various of our secret places. Six months ago she was brought here, yet so dangerous is the risk that we have waited for the mujik's messengers, telling us that all is safe for her to be conveyed there. He says in his message that you can be trusted, and doubtless your passports will help you to accomplish the task more easily than Russ or Pole could do. We trust, then, in your honour, that once Marie Lovetski is in your keeping, you will die in her defence rather than surrender her to the horrors of a mine."

We explained to the hermit the difficulty

which the approaching duel between Denviers and Rachieff might cause, and discussed with him the possibility of overcoming it. Denviers was emphatic in his determination to meet the Russian on the morrow, and so it was arranged that at a certain hour Marie Lovetski should leave the catacombs and secretly watch the result of the duel. If Denviers escaped uninjured we were to mount our

sledge and make for the spot where she would be stationed, and hiding her beneath the wraps, to start on our long journey back to the mujik who had intrusted us with the task of saving her.

"You will, of course, allow us to see this exile?" Denviers remarked, as soon as everything was arranged. "It was for that purpose that we were brought here to-night."

"Then your visit has been made in vain," was the unexpected reply. "It will be time enough for you to do so if your duel with Rachieff is successful."

We endeavoured to overcome the hermit's objection, but, although the woman who had guided us there spoke strenuously on our behalf, the strange guardian of Marie Lovetski was not to be persuaded from following his own cautious plan. Finding our protests useless, we consented to be blindfolded once more, and were led back through the catacombs into the forest, and before long we had entered the log hut again. There we threw ourselves on our sheepskin wraps in front of the pine-wood fire, and laid down upon them to sleep; then, when daylight came, the woman awoke us and we passed the morning vaguely wondering what the result of the duel would be.

Denviers urged upon our guide, Hassan,



and myself the necessity of attempting to save the woman so long shut up in the dismal catacombs, and at last I gave a reluctant consent to do so if he fell, instead of making an attempt to avenge him. The Arab stolidly refused to do this, and justified his position by numerous quotations from the Koran, while declaring that Mahomet would certainly come to my companion's assistance, which, in spite of the gravity of his position, provoked a smiling retort from Denviers. Little did we know what the termination of the fight would be, or the strange part in it which Marie Lovetski was to have.

### III.

"HARK, sahibs!" exclaimed Hassan. "Although noon has not yet come, the Russian is approaching to keep his promise to fight."

We threw open the door of the hut and distinguished the ringing sound of the bells of a distant sledge. A few minutes after this the cracking of a whip and the neighing of horses were heard, and finally we saw the sledge appear before us. There were three occupants, and as it drew near we distinguished among them General Rachieff as the one who was urging on the horses. The conveyance dashed up to the hut; then one of the officers sprang out and restrained the animals, while a second, who carried a couple of swords, followed close behind Rachieff, with whom Denviers was soon to try conclusions.

"The weapons are here," said General Rachieff, frigidly, as Denviers approached and bowed slightly. "There is no time to lose: we fight with swords as you see. Choose!" and he motioned to his second, who held them out. Following out the plan which we had determined to adopt, Hassan quickly placed our horses in our own sledge and drew them a little ahead, so that the conveyance should be ready for us to enter when the duel was ended, if my companion did not fall in the encounter.

"We fight there," said Denviers calmly, as he motioned to the part of the plain to the right of where Hassan had already stationed our sledge.

"As you will," responded Rachieff indifferently, and, accompanied by his second, he moved to the spot Denviers pointed out. There the usual formalities were settled by the other officer and myself, whereupon the two duellists made ready and waited for the signal to begin, which fell to my lot to give.

I fluttered a handkerchief in the biting air for a moment, dropped it, and the swords

were rapidly crossed. The reputation which Rachieff had won as a duellist was certainly well deserved, since his feints and thrusts were admirable, while Denviers, whose coolness in critical circumstances never deserted him, acted mainly on the defensive, parrying his enemy's lunges with remarkable skill.

More than once the duellists stopped as if by mutual consent, to regain breath, then quickly facing each other again, fought more determinedly than ever. Rachieff saw that for once he had apparently met his match with the sword, and grew by degrees more cautious than he had been when the fight began; yet repeatedly he failed to completely ward off the quick lunges from my companion's weapon, and I saw the crimson stains of blood which marked where the sword point had touched him. Then he rained in his blows with lightning speed, pressing hard upon Denviers several times, and glaring furiously at him, while his distorted features showed plainly enough the mark of the blow he had received from the whip the day previous.

"Rachieff wins!" cried the Russian's second, and I saw, to my dismay, Denviers's weapon suddenly twisted from his hand and flung into the air, while an exultant exclamation burst from Rachieff's lips as he rushed upon his defenceless opponent! Before he could make use of the advantage which he had unexpectedly gained, Marie Lovetski uttered a wild, mournful cry, and started forward from the pine forest, standing pale with momentary fear before him!

The superstitious Russian stared incredulously, his sword-arm dropped to his side, while he gasped out:—

"Lovetski's daughter, and yet she is surely dead!"

Taking full advantage of the Russian's dismay, Denviers instantly flung himself upon his foe, dashing him backwards to the ground. Kneeling upon his enemy's chest and gripping him by the throat, as he held the sword he had seized before the startled Russian, my companion hissed in his ear:—

"Yield, or you are a dead man!"

The Russian's face turned to a purple hue as he almost choked for breath, then he muttered brokenly the exiled woman's name.

"She is living!" cried Denviers, as he lowered the point of the sword till it touched the Russian's breast. "Swear that you will not attempt to hinder her flight, and I will release your throat."

General Rachieff raised his hand in sign of assent, for his voice had failed him.





"HE RUSHED UPON HIS DEFENCELESS OPPONENT."

Denviers rose, whereupon the Russian staggered to his feet, then, mad at his defeat, moved over to where his sledge was.

"Get the woman into our sledge," cried Denviers to me. I started forward to where Hassan was; we snatched up the exile and immediately drove off.

"After them, men!" cried Rachieff, caring nothing for his promise. "We will take Marie Lovetski, or shoot her down!"

"Never trust a Russ, sahibs!" exclaimed Hassan, as he lashed our horses on, while our enemies followed furiously behind. "The only way to secure his silence would have been a sword thrust through the false one's heart."

Away our sledge was whirled across the plain, faster and faster still, yet Rachieff, whose horses were more numerous than our own, drew gradually nearer. Marie Lovetski, who had forgotten her alarm now that Denviers was safe, turned her pale-set countenance towards our pursuers, and, as she did so, the report of a pistol rang out, while a bullet whizzed past her head! I saw Rachieff holding the smoking weapon in his hand as Denviers cried to me:—

"If he fires again, I will shoot him like the dog that he is!"

"No," cried Marie Lovetski, snatching a pistol from my sash before I could prevent her. "Rachieff slew Somaloff, my lover, and I will avenge him." She pointed the weapon full at the Russian, and I barely had time to brush her arm aside before the frenzied exile

fired. Fortunately, the shot was deflected, and Rachieff was saved from the fate that he certainly deserved.

"Shoot their horses!" exclaimed Denviers, and as our own dashed along he leant over towards the pursuing sledge and fired at the foremost of them. The animal reared for a moment, then fell dead, throwing the rest into confusion. Out the Russians sprang, and cut the traces through, and having in this way speedily managed to disencumber their steeds of the dead one, they immediately began the pursuit again. We waited for them to get near again, then fired in quick succession and brought down their other horses, in spite of the bullets which the Russians rained upon us, and which, fortunately, struck none who were in the sledge. Baffled in their pursuit, we saw our enemies standing knee-deep in the snow watching us as we dashed along.

"Well," remarked Denviers, as we slackened our speed at last, "we have had a strange running fight, such as I least of all expected."

"The sahibs have saved the woman," said our guide. "Their slave the Arab believes that even the Great Prophet would approve of what they have done. The promise to convey Marie Lovetski to the mujik's hut will now surely be kept"; and so it came about, for the daughter of Lovetski the Lost lived to find freedom hers on another soil and under another flag.



## Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXIII.—MR. HARRY FURNISS.



"INTERVIEWED!"

**I**T is the proud boast of every married man, and more particularly so when his quiver is fairly full, that he presides over the happiest home in the land.

But there is a corner of Regent's Park where stands a house whose four walls contain an amount of fun and unadulterated merriment, happiness, and downright pleasure that would want a lot of beating. The fact is that Mr. Harry Furniss is not only a merry man with his pencil. Humour with him may mean a very profitable thing—it unquestionably does; fun and frolic as depicted on paper by "Lika Joko" brings in, as Digby Grant would put it, many "a little cheque." But I venture to think that the clever caricaturist would not have half as many merry ideas running from the mind to the pencil if he sold all his humour outside and forgot to scatter a

goodly proportion of it amongst his quartette of children.

I had not been in the house five minutes



"MY LITTLE MODEL."





"LITTLE GUY—OR, A FIDGETY MODEL."

before they made their presence known. I had not been there a quarter of an hour before the discovery was made that they were small but impressive editions of their father. Have you heard of Harry Furniss's little model—"My Little Model"? She is Dorothy, who sits for all the little girls in her father's pictures. A clever, bright young woman of thirteen, with glorious auburn tresses. For two or three years past she has not forgotten to write her father a story, illustrated it herself, and duly presented it on his birthday. "Buzzy," for that is her pet name, is retained as a model at

a modest honorarium per sitting. Should she be indisposed, she must find a substitute! Then there is Frank, the eldest, home for his holidays just now from Cheltenham; young Lawrence, who also draws capably; and little Guy, the youngest, who creeps into the pictures occasionally. Guy is a very fidgety model. "I have drawn him in twenty different moves, when trying to bribe him with a penny to sit!" said Mr. Furniss. And it seemed to me—and one had an excellent opportunity of judging during a too-quickly-passed day spent at Regent's Park—that not a small amount of Mr. Furniss's



humour was caught from the children. He has brought them up to live a laughing life, he ignores the standing-in-the-corner theory, and believes that a penny discreetly bestowed on a youngster during a troubled moment will teach him a better lesson than a shilling's-worth of stick. It is also evident that the brightness and jollity of the children are inherited, not only from father, but mother as well; and it was easy to discern, from the remarks that fell from the subject of my interview, that the touches of artistic taste to be seen about the place were due to the "best of wives and mothers"—immaculate

housewife and capital hostess—Mrs. Furniss. And, as Mr. Furniss himself acknowledges, half the battle of life is overcome for a hard-worked professional man by the possession of a sympathetic and careful wife.

Just run through this budget of letters from father to children. When I arrived at Regent's Park—ten minutes before my time, by-the-bye—Mr. Furniss was out riding, a very favourite exercise with him. "Buzzy" and Frank and Lawrence and Guy brought out their treasured missives. When "Lika-Joko" gets a pen or pencil in his hand he can't help caricaturing. These juvenile

missives were decorated with sketches in every corner. Here is a particularly merry one. Frank writes from Cheltenham for some fretwork patterns. Patterns are sent by return of post—the whole family is sent in fretwork. Mr. Furniss goes away to Hastings, suffering from overwork. He has to diet himself. Then comes a letter illustrated at the top with a certain gentleman greatly reduced in face and figure through following Dr. Robson Roose's admirable advice. There are scores of them—all neatly and carefully kept with their envelopes in scrap-books.

Some few days afterwards I discovered that Mr. Furniss delights in "illustrating" his letters to others besides his children. My photo was needed by Mr. Furniss for the purpose of making a sketch. I sent him a recent one. He wanted a "profile" too. The "profile" was taken when I was sadly in need of the application of the scissors of the tonsorial artist. I posted the "profile" with a request that perhaps Mr. Furniss would kindly apply his artistic shears and cut off a little of the surplus hair. By return comes an illustrated missive. I am sitting in a barber's chair, cloth round neck; the artist is behind me with the customary weapon, and laying

7. Carlise Parade  
Hastings

March 28<sup>th</sup>  
1892



Your ma  
and Pa  
in  
fretwork

My dear Fretwork—Frank

Here are Patterns for  
you! nothing could be  
better to follow. But I  
send you The Catalogue I



low the locks. The whole thing probably only took a minute or two to do, but it is a capital little bit of drawing. It is reproduced at the end of this article.

This quarter of an hour spent with the youngsters over their paternal letters was not lost. It prepared me for the man himself, it gave me the true clue to his character, and when he rushed into the house—riding boots and whip included—it was just the one the children had unanimously realized for me. A jolly, hearty, "give us your hand" sort of individual, somewhat below the medium height, with a face as merry as one of his own pages in *Punch*. He is restless—he must be always at it. He thinks and talks rapidly: there is no hesitation about him. He gets a happy thought. Out it comes—unique and original in its unvarnished state. He is as good and thorough a specimen of an Englishman as one would meet—frank and straight-spoken, says what he thinks and thinks what he means. An Englishman, notwithstanding the fact that he was born in Ireland, his mother was a Scotchwoman, and he married a lady of Welsh descent! But, then, his father was a Yorkshireman! So much for the man—and much more. Of his talents we will speak later.

We all sat down to lunch, and the children simply did for me what I could not have done for myself. Frank ran his father on funny stories. Then it all came out. Mr. Furniss is an excellent actor—had he not been a caricaturist he must have been a



*We have become great rascals  
here. playing cards, quite  
new for me. Here you have  
us three - which you see is  
poetry.' Charlie sat  
Mama lean  
I am just halfway between*

comedian. His powers of imitation are unlimited. He will give you an Irish jarvey one moment and Henry Irving the next, and the children led him on. But it all at once dawned upon Mr. Furniss that it was interfering with the proper play of knife and fork, so we dispensed with the mimicry and went on with the mutton.

"Lika Joko" is suggested at once on entering the hall. Here are a quartette of quaint Japanese heads, which their owner calls his "Fore Fathers!" His Fellowship of the Zool is typified by pictures of various animals. A fine etching of St. Mark's, at



Venice, is also noticeable, the only two portraits being a Rembrandt and Maroni's "Tailor."

"I always hold that up as the best portrait ever painted," said Mr. Furniss, as he glances at Maroni's masterpiece.

In the dining-room Landseer, Herkomer, Alma Tadema, and Burton Barber are repre-

recalls to Mr. Furniss the first time he sketched him.

"I was making a chalk drawing of him," said the caricaturist. "He sat with his back to me for half-an-hour writing, and suddenly turned round and wanted to know if I had finished! Perceiving a piece of bread for rubbing-out purposes in my hand, he objected to my

having lunch there! And finally, when I induced him to turn his head my way and I finished the sketch, he looked at it critically and cried out, 'Splendid likeness, remarkable features, fine head, striking forehead, characteristic eyebrows, splendid likeness; somebody I know, but I can't remember who!' Encouraging, wasn't it?"

"But I remembered it. Some years after I gave a dinner at the Garrick Club to the *Punch* staff and some friends.



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

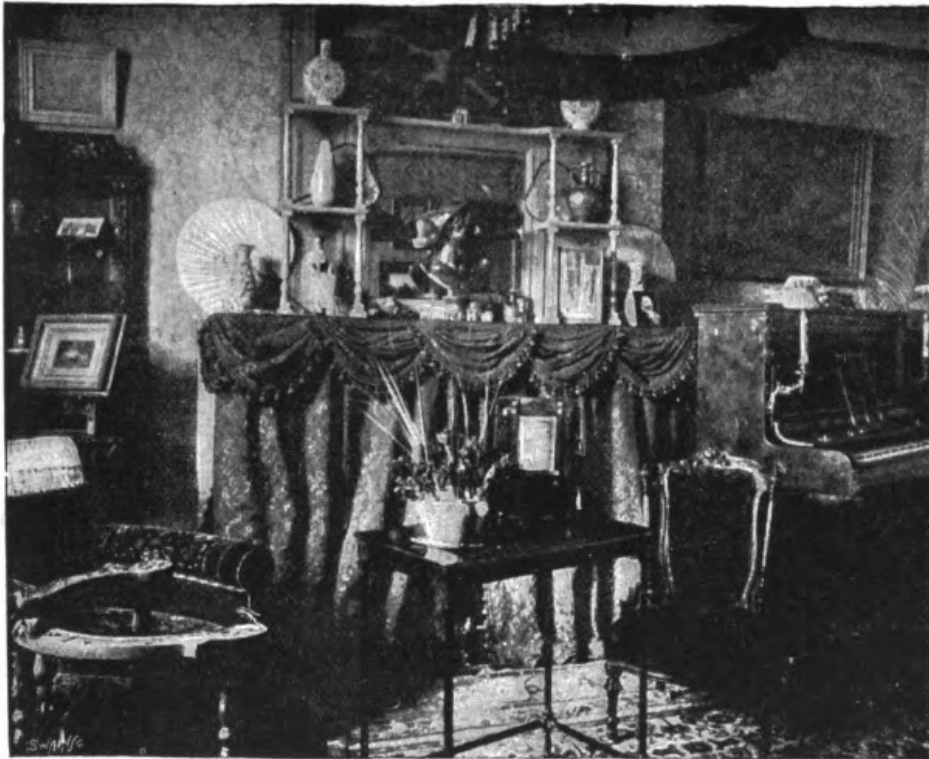
[Elliott & Fry.

sented—little Lawrence was the original study for the child in the latter artist's "Bethgelert." Fred Barnard's work is here, and some quaint old original designs on wood by Boyd Haughton are pointed out as curios. *Punch* is to the front, notably in Du Maurier, by himself, which cost its possessor thirty guineas; a portrait group of the staff up the river, some delicate water-colours by C. H. Bennett, and a fine bit of work by Mr. Furniss of the jubilee dinner of the three-penny comic at the Ship Hotel, Greenwich. Upstairs the children's portraits, and pictures likely to please the youngsters, reappear. The nursery is full of them, though perhaps the most interesting apartment in this part of the house is the principal bedroom. It is full of the original caricatures of M.P.'s and other notabilities, and the occupant of the bed has Bradlaugh and the Baron de Worms on either side of him, whilst from a corner the piercing eye of Mr. George Lewis is constantly on the watch.

A striking portrait of Mr. F. C. Burnand

sat at the head of a long table. It was understood that there was to be no speaking. Suddenly I saw the editorial eyebrows wriggling. I knew what it meant—Burnand was going to make a speech. I hurriedly got about a dozen sheets of note-paper, and tore them in bits. I jumped up very nervous, produced 'notes'; terrible anxiety on part of diners—suppressed groans. I spoke, got fearfully muddled, constantly losing notes, etc. 'Art amongst the Greeks,' I said—notes; 'yes, your sculptors of Athens were, unquestionably'—notes again. 'And what of it? *Punch* is a—*Punch* is a—well, you all know *what Punch* is!' Then it began to dawn upon them that this was a little lark. So I hurriedly threw notes under the table and suggested that on an occasion like the present it was our duty to first propose the health of the Queen! We did. Then the Prince of Wales, the Army and Navy, the Reserve Forces, the Bishops and Magistrates. All these were replied to, and Burnand didn't get a chance!"





From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

another excellent example of photographic work being a large head of Mr. Irving as "Becket," bearing his autograph. In a corner is a queer-looking wax model of Daniel O'Connell addressing the crowd, and amongst a hundred little odds and ends spring flowers are peeping out. Mr. Furniss finds little time now to use his paint-box. The example—an early one, by-the-bye—he has con-

tributed to this apartment is by no means prophetic. It is a trifle in water-colours—a graveyard of a church with countless tombstones! Now, who would associate the caricaturist with tombstones?

Passing down a glass corridor—from the roof of which the grapes hang in great and luscious clusters in the autumn—you reach

There are many delightful water-colours in the drawing-room, bronzes and quaint Japanese ivories. The first meet of the "Two Pins Club" at Richmond, June 8th, 1890, gives excellent back views of Sir Charles Russell, F. C. Burnand, Frank Lockwood, Q.C., Linley Sambourne, Chas. Matthews, Q.C., and the caricaturist himself. The "Two Pins" is a riding club named after Dick Turpin and Johnny Gilpin. Works by Goodall and Rowlandson are here, a fine Albert Dürer, and a most ingenious bit of painting by a man who never had a chance to get to the front—he has used his brush with excellent effect on the back of an old band-box. Mary Anderson has written on the back of a photo, "Better late than never," for the picture was a long time coming;

tributed to this apartment is by no means prophetic. It is a trifle in water-colours—a graveyard of a church with countless tombstones! Now, who would associate the caricaturist with tombstones?

Passing down a glass corridor—from the roof of which the grapes hang in great and luscious clusters in the autumn—you reach



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDIO.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.



the studio. It is a big, square room. Run your eyes round the walls, try to take in its thousand and one quaint treasures. You can see humour in every one of them—merriment oozes out of every single item. Stand before this almost colossal statue of Venus. She of the almost faultless waist and fashion-plate divine rests on a coal-box. Sit down on the sofa. It is the stuffed lid of another receptacle for fuel. Golf is one of the artist's hobbies, and he invariably plays with clergymen—excellent thing for the character. We light our cigars from a capital little match-stand modelled out of a golf-ball, and the next instant "Lika Joko" is juggling with three or four balls. A clever juggler, forsooth. And the battledore and shuttlecock? Excellent exercise. After a long spell of work, the battledore is seized and the shuttlecock bounces up to the glass roof. It went through the other day, hence play has been postponed owing to the numerous engagements of the local glazier. Fencing foils are in a corner; a quaint arrangement of helmets, masks, and huge weapons *à la* Waterloo suggests "scalping trophies." The china is curious—there

Nelson's Funeral Car," and Joey Grimaldi grins at you from the far corner of the room.

All this and much more is characteristic of the humour of the famous caricaturist. We look at "Lika Joko's" skits and laugh; we take a delight in picking out from his ingenious pictorial mazes our own particular politician or favourite actor; we roar at "Lika Joko's" comicality, and only know him as a caricaturist. But there is another side to this studio picture—Mr. Harry Furniss's pencil is such that it can make you weep; so realistic, indeed, that when in his early days he was sent to sketch scenes of distress and misery, they were so terribly real and dramatic that the paper in question dared not publish them. No artist appreciates a "situation" better than he. I looked through portfolio after portfolio, drawer after drawer—full of character studies and work of a serious character done in all parts of the world. These have never been given to the public. Should they ever be published, Mr. Harry Furniss will at once be voted as serious and dramatic an artist as he is an eminently refined yet outrageously

humorous caricaturist. He is a great reader—he once collected first editions. We begin to talk seriously, when he suddenly closes the portfolio with a bang, shuts up once more his hidden and unknown talents, and hastens to inform you that he is a member of the Thirteen Club—Irving and he were elected together—and believes in helping other people to salt, dining thirteen on the thirteenth, with thirteen courses, etc. Always passes



From a Photo. by]

SCALPING TROPHIES.

[Elliott & Fry.

is even an empty ginger jar—picked up in country places, of a rare and valuable old-fashioned type. He has the finest collection of old tinsel pictures of the Richard III. and Dick Turpin order in the kingdom, and values an old book full of tinsel patterns of the most exquisite design and workmanship. Old glass pictures are scattered about, "Lord

under ladders, and swears by peacocks' feathers.

We stand before the great easel in the middle of the room—though not much work is done there. He prefers to work standing at a desk. He draws all his pictures very large; they are studies from life. It prevents the work from getting cramped.





From a Drawing by Mr. Furniss.

The same model has stood for all his principal people for the last ten years, and he has a wardrobe of artistic "props" big enough to fit out every member of the House of Commons. He is a perfect business man. His ledger is a model book. Every one of his pictures is numbered. In this book spaces are ruled off for—Subject, Publisher, When delivered, Published, Price, When paid, When drawing returned, Price of original, and What came of it. Humour by no means knocks system out of a man. Look at the score of pigeon-holes round the studio. As we are talking together now his secretary is "typing off" his illustrated weekly letter which finds a place in the *St. James's Budget*, *New York World*, *Weekly Scotsman*, *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, *Liverpool Weekly Post*, *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, *South Wales Daily News*, *East Anglian Times*, and in Australia, India, the Cape, etc. He writes children's books and illustrates them. His impressions of America are in course of preparation. There is his weekly *Punch* work; he is dodging about all over the country giving his unique "Humours of Parliament" entertainment, and he found time to make some special sketches for this little article.

We sat down. Tea was brought in—he believes in two big breakfast cups every afternoon—and with "Bogie," the Irish deerhound—so called owing to his very solemn-looking countenance—close by, Mr.

Furniss went back as far as he could possibly remember, to March 26th, 1854. That is the date of his birthday.

"I am always taken for an Irishman," said Mr. Furniss. "Nothing of the kind. My father was a Yorkshireman. He was in Ireland with my mother, and I believe I arrived at an unexpected moment. Possibly my artistic inclinations came through my mother. Her father was Æneas Mackenzie, a well-known literary man of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and proprietor of several newspapers. He founded the Newcastle School of Politics, and Mr. Joseph Cowen—as a boy—got his first tuition in politics from

sitting at the knee of my grandfather. A bust of him is in the Mechanics' Institute—which he founded."

Little Harry was brought up in Wexford. He remembers being held up in his nurse's arms to see the *Great Eastern* pass on its first voyage, whilst an incident associated with the marriage of the Prince of Wales is



From a Photo. by

Original from  
"AT WORK."  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

[Elliott & Fry.]



vividly impressed upon his mind. He was struck on the top of his hat by a "fizzing devil" made out of moist powder, which burnt a hole through it. He says that he would rather have this recollection on his mind now, than the "fizzer" on his head at the time. The young artist in embryo was a rare young pugilist at school. He was forced to use his fists, as friction was strong between the Irish and English lads at the school he went to. But he did well in athletic sports, and was never beaten in a hundred yards race. He firmly believes that this early athletic training is responsible for the rapid way in which he does everything to-day—he is it walking or talking, eating or working, all is done on the hundred yards principle—to get there first.

He was a spoilt boy—first of all because he was sent to a girls' school, but mainly from a very significant incident which happened at the Wesleyan College School in Dublin—a collegiate establishment from which pupils (not necessarily Wesleyans, for Mr. Furniss is not of that sect) passed to Trinity College—where he obtained all his education. He was not a studious lad. He found the editing, writing, illustrating, publishing, and entire bringing-out of a small journal

he founded far more agreeable to his taste than Latin verbs and algebraical problems.

"I was in knickerbockers at the time," he said, "and introduced to the school-boy public—*The Schoolboy's Punch*. It sounds strangely prophetic as I think of it now. The entire make-up of it was à la *Punch*, and it had its cartoon every week. At that time the Davenport Cabinet Trick was all the rage, and the very first cartoon I drew was founded

on that. Here is the picture: myself—as a schoolboy—being tied up with ropes depicting of Greek, Latin, Euclid, and other cutting and disagreeable items. I am placed in the cabinet—the school. The head-master, whom I flattered very much in the drawing, opens another cabinet and out steps the young student covered with glory and scholastic honours thick upon him! From that moment my school-master spoiled me. I left school and started work. I got a pound for my first drawing.

A. M. Sullivan started a paper in Ireland on very similar lines to *Punch*. There was a wave in Ireland of better class journalism at this time which had never existed before or since. I slipped in. For some years I drew on wood and engraved my own work. I was given to understand that all black and white men engraved their own efforts, so I offered myself as an apprentice to an engraver.

"He said: 'Don't come as an apprentice. If you will undertake to look after my office, I'll teach you the art of engraving.'"

It meant a hard struggle for young Furniss. He was loaded down with clerical work, but in his own little room, when the day's labours were done, he would sit up till two and three in the morning. There was no

quenching his earnestness. Work then with him was a real desire. It is so to-day. To rest is obnoxious to him.

He worked away. The feeling in Ireland against Englishmen at that time was very strong. Tom Taylor, then the editor of *Punch*, saw some of his sketches in Dublin, and advised him to go to the West of Ireland to make studies of character. He was in Galway, and he had persuaded a number of Irishmen who were breaking stones to pause in their work



STUDY OF AN IRISHMAN.



and let him sketch them. They consented. The overseer came up.

"What d'yer mane," he cried, "allowing this hathen Saxon to draw yer?"

"I've never been out of Ireland in my life," said the artist; but the overseer had seized him, and but for the intervention of the men, whom he had paid liberally for the "sitting," he would have thrown him into the river.

Then a great trouble came. His father was stricken with blindness. The young man came to London, and with something more than the proverbial half-crown in his pocket. He was nineteen years of age when he hurried out of Euston Station one morning and stood for a moment thinking—for he did not know a soul in the Metropolis. But he soon found an opportunity.

"My first work was on *London Society*, for Florence Marryat," he said; "then for the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. The *Illustrated London News* employed me. I did such things as the Boat Race, Eton and Harrow cricket match, and similar subjects—all from a humorous point of view. I have had as many as three full pages in one number. Then came that terrible distress in the mining districts. I was married that year. I was sent away to "do" the Black Country,

and well remember eating the first Christmas dinner of my married life alone in a Sheffield hotel.

"Those sketches were never published. They were too terribly real. The people dying in rooms with scarcely a stick of furniture, the children opening the cupboards and showing them bare, appealed to me, and my pencil refused to depict anything else. It was the same kind of thing that was afterwards made notorious by Sims and Barnard in "*How the Poor Live*." I came back and was selected to do some electioneering work for the same paper. This necessitated the putting off of a little dinner party to some friends, and I wired one of the invited to that effect. When I was starting, imagine my surprise to meet a *Graphic* artist on the platform, and to hear that my friend had unwisely given away the contents of my telegram! However, we chummed up. He stayed with friends—I at an hotel. I sat up all that night working after attending the meetings. At four o'clock I heard a knock at the door. A journalist. I was just about to put into my picture the large figures. I made him very much at home, and told him I would give him any information I knew as to the previous night's proceedings if he would act as my model.

He did. We worked on till breakfast time, and we sat down together. I sent off my page—it was in a week before the *Graphic*! It was a good return. I had started on the Tuesday, got home on the Thursday, and never had my boots off the whole time! I'd rather keep my boots on for a week than disappoint an editor."

*Punch!*

I asked Mr. Furniss if Tom Taylor helped him to any considerable extent. Oh! dear, no. Tom Taylor wrote a terrible fist, spattered the page all over with ink, and invariably replied on the back of the letter sent him. At least, it was so in Mr. Furniss's case. He would send sketches to *Punch*; they were acknowledged as "unsuitable." They invariably turned up a week or so later—the idea



From a Photo. by]

MR. FURNISS ON "RHODA."

[Elliott & Fry



re-drawn by a member of the staff! He began to despair. But that first cartoon in the schoolboy's periodical was always before him.

"When Mr. Burnand became editor," continued Mr. Furniss, "I was working on the *Illustrated London News*. He saw one of the sketches and asked me to call—the result was that I have worked for them ever since. I started at very small things; my first was a small drawing of Temple Bar. Then, when Parliament opened, Mr. H. W. Lucy commenced *Toby*—by-the-bye, Lucy and I both joined the *Punch* table, the weekly dinner, together—and I worked with him. I have special permission at the House; as a matter of fact, I have the sanction of the Lord Great Chamberlain to sketch anywhere in the precincts of Westminster. My right there is an individual one."

"But supposing, Mr. Furniss," I said, "they put a stop to you and your pencil entering?"

"I'd go into Parliament!" came the ready reply. And, indeed, he has been approached on this subject by constituencies two or three times.

We spoke of some of the eminent statesmen and others Mr. Furniss has caricatured. Mr. John Morley is the most difficult. He is not what an artist would call a black and white man. You must suggest the familiar red

tie in your picture and then you have "caught" him.

"I have seen Mr. Morley look a boy, a young man, and an old man—and all in an

hour," said Mr. Furniss. "Mr. Asquith is difficult, too. But I don't think I have ever missed him, as there's a Penley look about his face and a decided low comedian's mouth that help you immensely. Sir Richard Temple

is the easiest. Many members have some characteristic action which assists you materially. For instance, Mr. Joseph Arch always wipes his hands down his coat before shaking hands with you, whilst Mr. Goschen delights to play with his eyeglass when speaking. Lord Randolph Churchill likes to indulge in a little acrobatic exercise and balance himself on one foot, whilst Mr. Balfour hangs on persistently to the lapel of his coat when talking. All these little things help to 'mark' the man for the caricaturist. I invented Gladstone's collar and made Churchill small. Not because he is small, but because I think it is the caricaturist's art not so much to give an absolutely correct likeness, but rather to convey the character and value of the man through the lines you draw. Gladstone! A wonderful man for the caricaturist, and one of the finest. I have sat and watched the rose in his coat droop and fade, his hair become dishevelled with excitement, and his tie get round to the back of his neck."

"And what do the wives of our estimable M.P.'s think of all

this?" I hinted.

"Oh! I get most abusive letters from both sides. Wives of members write and ask me not to caricature their husbands.



From a Photo, by] THE FURNISS FAMILY. [Elliott & Fry.



One lady wrote to me the other day, and said if I would persist in caricaturing her husband, would I put him in a more fashionable coat? Now, this particular member is noted for the old-fashioned cut of the coats he wears. Another asked me to make the sharer of her joys and sorrows better looking; whilst only last week a lady—the wife of a particularly well-known M.P.—addressed a most plaintive letter to me, saying that since some of the younger members of her family had contrived to see my pictures they had become quite rude to their papa!

"Why, members often *ask* me to caricature them. One member was very kindly disposed to me, and suggested that I should keep my eye on him. I did. Yet he cut me dead when he saw his picture! It's so discouraging, don't you know, when you are so anxious to oblige."

I asked Mr. Furniss if he thought there was anything suggestive of cruelty in caricature.

"Not in this country," he replied; "in Spain, Italy, and France—yes. Caricaturists there score off their cruelty. Listen to this. One night I was in the House. Mr. Gladstone rose to speak. He held his left hand up and referred to it as 'This old Parliamentary hand.' I noticed a fact—which men who had sat in that House for years had never seen. On that left hand Mr. Gladstone has only three fingers! Think of it—think of what your caricaturist with an inclination towards cruelty might have made of that fact, coupled with those significant words! I ask you again—think of it!"

He spoke in thorough earnestness. He told me that he looked forward to the time when he should consign to the rag-basket the famous Gladstone collar and cease to play with Goschen's eye-glass. He is striving to accomplish something more—he would do it now, but it isn't marketable. Mr. Furniss is a sensible man. He caricatures to live; and, if the laughs follow, well, so much the better.

The afternoon passed rapidly, and the studio became darker and darker. Venus on the coal-box looked quite ghostly, and a lay figure in the far corner was not calculated to comfort the nervously-inclined when amongst the "props" of an artist's studio. "Buzzy" merrily rushed in and announced dinner, and "Bogie" jumped up and barked his raptures at the word. "Bogie" knew it meant scraps. Mrs. Furniss and the children met us at the dining-room door. The youngsters' faces

were as solemn as the Court of Queen's Bench. Little Lawrence looked up at me very demurely, the others waiting anxiously.

"Please could you tell us what a spiral staircase is?" he asked.

A dead silence.

"Oh!" I answered, anxious to show a superior knowledge of these peculiarly constructed "ups and downs," "It's—it's—it's one of those twirley-whirley"—here I illustrated my meaning by twirling my finger round and round.

A shout of laughter went up.

If the reader will try this little joke on a score of people, by the time the twentieth is arrived at he will then discover why the happiest quartette of youngsters in the immediate vicinity of Primrose Hill laughed so gaily.

Then we all went in to dinner. How well the shirt-cuff story went down with the soup.

"Pelligrini," said the artist, "used to remark somewhat sarcastically to his brother artists: 'Ah, you fellows are always making sketches. I carry all mine here—here in my brain!' Pelligrini wore very big cuffs. He made his sketches on them. Until this came out we thought his linen always dirty!"

Then Burnand came on with the beef.



BALLYHOOLY, M.P., GETS EXCITED.





"THE ASSASSINATED SCARECROW, SOR!"

The two fellow-workers on *Punch*—Mr. Burnand and Mr. Furniss—run pretty level in their ideas. A happy thought is often suggested to both of them through reading the same paragraph in a newspaper, and they cross in the post. We spoke of *Punch's* Grand Old Man—John Tenniel—of clever E. J. Milliken, whose really wonderful work is yet but little known. Mr. Milliken wrote "Childe Chappie"—and is "Arry." Of Linley Sambourne, whom Mr. Furniss once saw walking down Bond Street, and had the strange intuition that he was the artist, connecting his work, and walk, and bearing together. He had never seen or spoken to him before. Charles Keene's name was mentioned. It was always the hardest matter to get Keene to make a speech. He far preferred the famous stump of a pipe to spouting. Mr. Furniss hurt Keene's feelings once with the happiest and kindest of compliments. It was at a little dinner party, and Mr. Furniss linked Keene's name with that of Robert Hunter—who did so much to provide open spaces for the people. He referred to Keene as "the greatest provider of open spaces!" Keene said he was never so grossly insulted—he never forgave Mr. Furniss. He failed to see the truly charming inference to be drawn from this remark.

We went into the drawing-room, and together ran through the pages of a huge volume. It contained the facsimiles of the pictures which comprised one of Mr. Furniss's biggest hits—what was in reality an attack on the Royal Academy. His "Artistic Joke"—a sub-title given to this exhibition by the *Times* in a long preliminary notice—created a sensation six years ago. He attacked the Royal Academy in a good-natured way, because he was not himself a member of that influential body. But there was a more solid and serious reason. "I saw how cruel they were to younger men," he said; "the long odds against a painter getting his work exhibited, the indiscriminate selection of canvases."

This really great effort on the part of Mr. Furniss—this idea to caricature the style of the eminent artists of the day—kept him at work for more than two years. There were eighty-seven canvases in all. His friends came and went, but they saw nothing of the huge canvases hidden away in his studio. He worked

at such a rate that he became nervous of himself. He would go to bed at night. He would wake to find himself cutting the style of an R.A. to pieces in his studio at early morn—in a state of semi-somnambulism. He fired his "Artistic Joke" off, the shot went home, and the effect was a startler for many people and in many places. It advanced Mr. Furniss in the world of art in a way he never expected, and did not a little for those he sought to benefit. One of these "jokes"—and a very dramatic one—is reproduced in these pages.

The hour or two passed in the little drawing-room after dinner was delightful. We had his unique platform entertainment. Mr. Furniss was induced by the Birmingham and Midland Institute to appear on the platform as a lecturer. This was followed by his lecturing for two seasons all over the country, but finding that the Institutes made huge profits out of his efforts, and that his anecdotes and mimicry were the parts most relished, he abandoned the rôle of lecturer for that of entertainer with "The Humours of Parliament." As soon as he had crushed the idea that it was a lecture, people flocked to hear his anecdotes and to watch his acting, the result of his first short tour resulting in a clear profit of over £2,000.





DRAWING FROM "AN ARTISTIC JOKE."

So it came about that young Frank closed his foreign stamp book, and "Buzzy" settled down in a corner by her mother's side and looked the little model she is. "Bogie" lay on the hearth-rug. Suddenly—we were all in "The House." We heard the young member make his maiden speech; we watched the mournful procession of the Speaker. Mr. Gladstone appeared upon the scene—he walked the room, and in a merry sort of way played with "Buzzy's" long curls—and took an intense interest in Frank's collection of foreign stamps. "Bogie" was evidently inclined to break out in a loud bark of presumable applause when the Irish member rose to his legs—the member for Ballyhooly—who had a question to ask the Chief Secretary for Ireland regarding an assassinated scarecrow! The reply did not satisfy him, and

the Ballyhooly M.P. poured forth such a torrent of abuse upon the Chief Secretary's head that "Bogie's" bark came forth in boisterous tones just as the Speaker called the Irish representative to order!

"What a hissing there was at one of my entertainments at Leicester," said the humorist-caricaturist looking across at me with twinkling eyes. "A terrible hissing! I showed Mr. Gladstone on the sheet. Immediately it burst forth like a suddenly alarmed steam-engine. The audience rose in indignation—they tried to outdo it with frantic applause, but in spite of their lusty efforts it continued for several minutes.

"'Turn him out—turn him out!' they cried. But we couldn't find the party who was acting so rudely.

"Imagine my feelings next morning when I saw in the papers leading articles speaking



in strong terms of this occurrence, which, one of them stated in bold type—'was a disgrace to the people of Leicester.'"

"Bogie" rose from the hearth-rug, wagged his tail, and made his exit.

"Good night, Buz."

"Good night, Frank."

"And did they ever discover this very unseemly person?" I asked Mr. Furniss when we were alone.

"Oh! I forgot to tell you," he said, "that it was the hissing of the lime in my magic lantern!"

HARRY HOW.

Telegraphic Address, "Likajoko, London."

23, ST. EDMUND'S TERRACE,  
REGENT'S PARK.

LONDON, N.W., *21<sup>st</sup> April 1898*



*Dear Mr. How When I have cut your hair I'll make interesting gags of both of us & also sketch - I return you sketch of "Bogie" altered with thanks. Ever yours Harry Furniss*



## Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



From a Photo. by] AGE 10. [W. Andrews, Dublin.

HARRY FURNISS.

BORN 1854.



Ten years old Mr. Furniss was a pupil at the Wesleyan College School at Dublin, where he started and edited *The Schoolboy's Punch*, in the manner described in the extremely interesting interview which appears

in the present number. At twenty he had just come up to London, and was working



AGE 26.

From a Photo. by C. Watkins, Camden Road, N.W.

for the illustrated papers. At twenty-six he joined the staff of *Punch*, with which his name has ever since been intimately connected.



From a Photo. by] AGE 20. [W. & D. Downey.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Debenham & Gould.

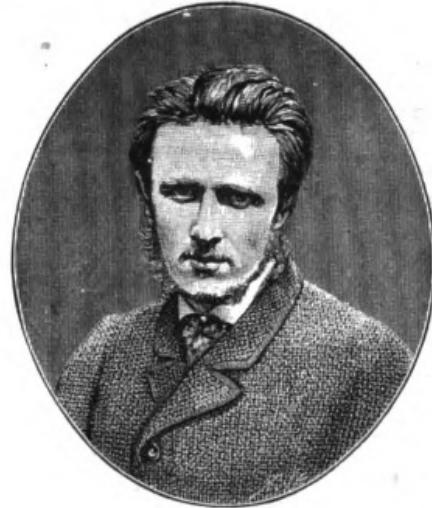
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AGE 17.

*From a Photo. by A. Adams, Aberdeen.*



AGE 24.

*From a Photo. by John Lamb, Aberdeen.*

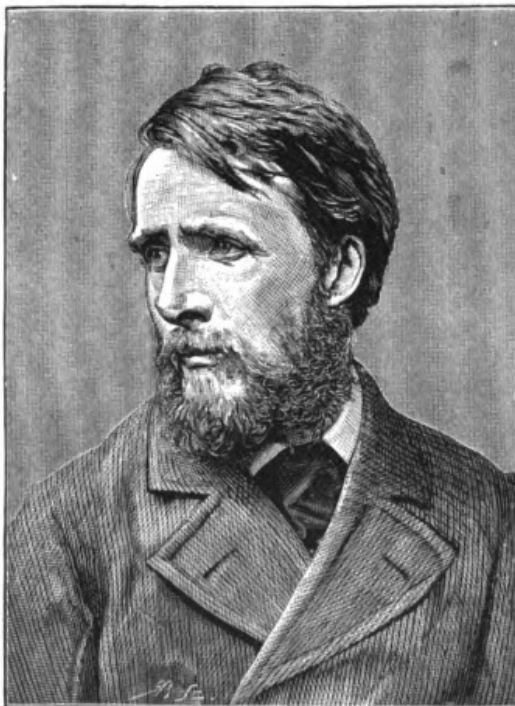
SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.

BORN 1842.



SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A., was born in Aberdeen, N.B., in the year 1842, and when nineteen years of age commenced his artistic studies at the "Trustees' Academy," in the City of Edinburgh, and shortly afterwards in Utrecht, under Mollinger. In 1870 he quitted the latter place for Paris, where he continued his studies; and for several months in 1871 com-

pleted his student life with Israels, at The Hague. He has proved himself a true artist, and proficient in all departments—both figure and landscape. Latterly he has applied himself to portrait painting, in which he finds few competitors. He has done much in the way of book illustrating. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1870, and a full member seven years afterwards, receiving on the death of Sir W. Fettes Douglas the unanimous call of his brethren to occupy the chair as President.



AGE 36.

*From a Photo. by John Lamb, Aberdeen.*



PRESENT DAY.

*From a Photo. by A. Inglis, Edinburgh.*



## COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

BORN 1841.

**C**OLIN HUNTER, A.R.A., was born in Glasgow, July 16, 1841, and is the son of John Hunter, bookseller and postmaster, of Helensburgh. He was educated in that town, and began painting at twenty



AGE 15.

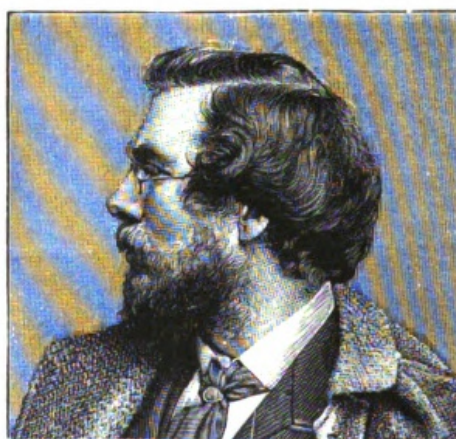
From a Daguerreotype.

years of age, after four years' clerkship. His education as a painter was derived from Nature. Mr. Hunter was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in January, 1884, and is also a Member of the Royal Scottish Water Colour Society.



AGE 24.

From a Photo. by Orinius-Davis, Glasgow.



AGE 32.

From a Photo. by Frazer &amp; Marshall, London.



From a

PRESENT DAY

[Photograph.]

Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY





AGE 20.  
From a Drawing by Carl Hartmann.

SIR FREDERICK  
AUGUSTUS  
ABEL, BART.,  
K.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S.

BORN 1827.

**S**IR FREDK.  
A. ABEL,  
BART., who  
has lately  
been promi-

nent before the public  
in connection with  
the recent opening  
of the Imperial Insti-  
tute, of which he has  
been Organizing Secre-  
tary from 1887, was  
born in London in  
1827, and is known

principally in connection with chemistry and explosives. His published works are: "The Modern History of Gunpowder," 1866; "Gun Cotton," 1866; "On Explosive Agents," 1872; "Researches in Explosives," 1875; and "Electricity Applied to Explosive Purposes," 1884. He



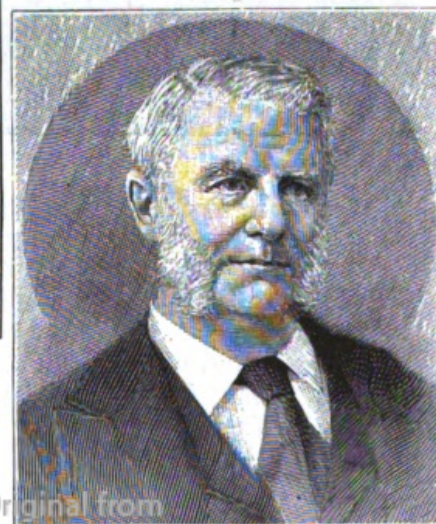
AGE 28.  
From a Photo. by Maull & Co., London.

is also joint-author with Colonel Bloxam of a "Handbook of Chemistry." Sir Frederick Abel has been President of the Institute of Chemistry, the Society of Chemical Industry, and the Society of Telegraph Engineers and



AGE 50.  
From a Photograph.

Electricians. He was appointed Associate Member of the Ordnance Committee in 1867; and is Chemist to the War Department and likewise Chemical Referee to the Government. In 1883 he was one of the Royal Commissioners on Accidents in Mines, and was President of the British Association at the Leeds meeting, 1890. He was created C.B. in 1877, Hon. D.C.L., Oxford, in 1883, knighted in the same year, and raised to the rank of Baronet at the opening of the Imperial Institute.



AGE 65.  
From a Photo. by Barraud, London.



## LORD KELVIN.

BORN 1824.



WILLIAM THOMSON, LORD KELVIN, was born at Belfast on the 26th of June, 1824. His father was a distinguished mathematician, and was Professor of Mathematics, first in Belfast, and afterwards in Glasgow University. At a very early age, Lord Kelvin showed extraordinary mathematical ability; and he passed with great distinction, first through the University of Glasgow, and then through Cambridge, where



AGE 45.

From a Photo by John Fergus, Larga.



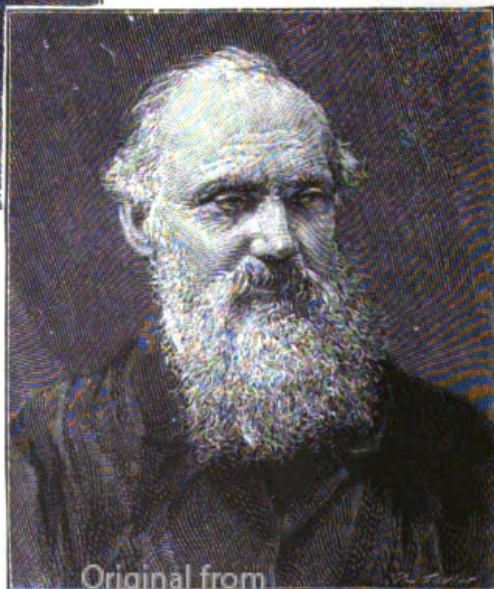
From a]

AGE 28.

[Photograph.

he gained the Second Wranglership and the first Smith's Prize. He became Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow in 1846, at the age of twenty-two; and he still holds that office. He was one of the pioneer band who laid the first successful Atlantic cable, in 1858. In 1866 Her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on him for his distinguished services to the science and practice of submarine telegraphy. Lord Kelvin is the author of many inventions. His mariner's compass and sounding machine

have done good service to seamen. His electrical instruments are the standards all over the world. He is President of the Royal Society and member of every important scientific society at home and abroad. In January, 1892, the Queen conferred upon him his peerage. He held the Colquhoun Sculls, at Cambridge, for two years. He is a sailor at heart and an enthusiastic yachtsman; and, among amateurs, a more keen lover of music it would be difficult to find.



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From a Photo. by W. &amp; D. Downey.





*From a Painting.]* AGE 2.

CARDINAL - ARCH-  
BISHOP VAUGHAN.

BORN 1832.

**H**IS EMINENCE  
HERBERT  
VAUGHAN,  
D.D., is the  
eldest son of  
the late Lieut.-Colonel  
Vaughan, of Courtfield,  
Herefordshire, born at  
Gloucester, April 15,  
1832, and was educated



AGE 40.  
*From a Photo. by M. Gutten-  
berg, Manchester.*



AGE 8.  
*From a Photo. by R. Tudor Williams,  
Monmouth.*

at Stonyhurst College,  
Lancashire, on the Con-  
tinent, and in Rome. On  
the death of Bishop Turner,  
he was elected Bishop of  
Salford, a post which he held  
until his recent elevation to  
the rank of Cardinal-Arch-  
bishop.



AGE 25.  
*From a Photo. by Jules G6ruset, Brussels.*



PRESENT DAY.  
*From a Photo. by G. Felici, Rome.*





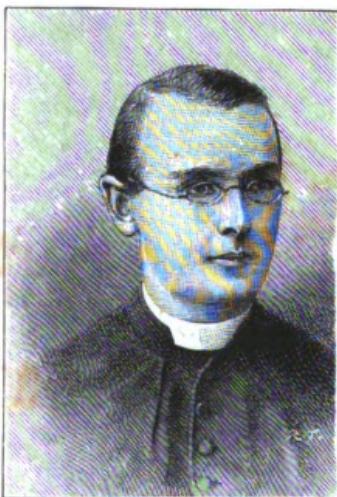
COLONEL VAUGHAN.  
From a Photo. by G. Borelli.



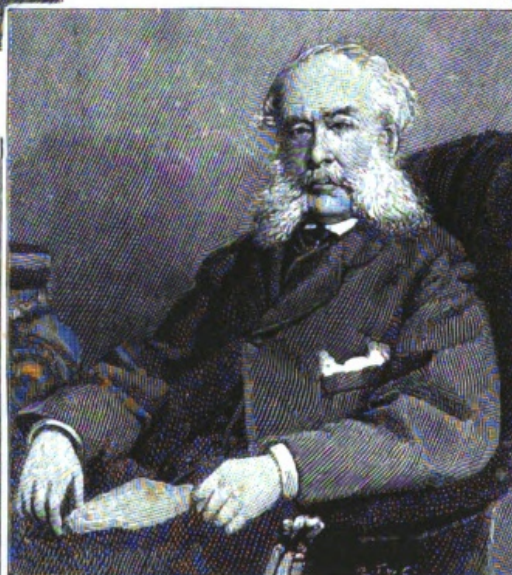
REGINALD VAUGHAN.  
From a Photo. by Bradley & Rulofson.



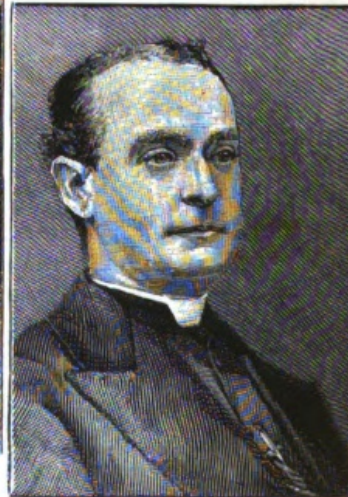
JOSEPH JEROME VAUGHAN.  
From a Photo. by Bara.



JOHN S. VAUGHAN.  
From a Photo. by A. Sauey.



THE LATE COLONEL VAUGHAN.  
Father of Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster.  
From a Photograph.



BERNARD VAUGHAN.  
From a Photo. by G. Jerrard.



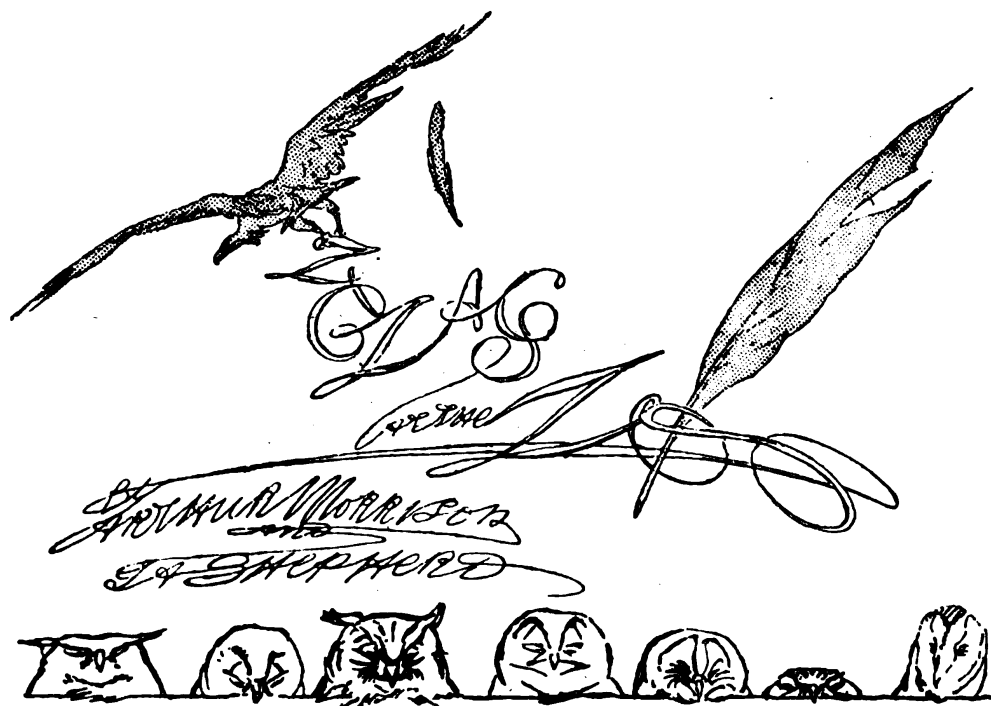
KENELM VAUGHAN.  
From a Photo. by Southwell Bros.



ROGER BEDE VAUGHAN.  
From a Photo. by J. H. Newman.

THE FATHER AND BROTHERS OF CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN.





## XII.—ZIG-ZAG ACCIPITRAL.

THE accipitral birds are the eagles, the vultures, the falcons, the owls—all those birds that bite and tear unhappy mammals as well as birds of more peaceful habits than themselves. They have all, it will be observed, Roman noses, which may be the reason why the Romans



adopted the eagle as a standard ; as also it may not. They have striking characteristics of their own, and have been found very useful by poets and other people who have to wander off the main subject to make plain what they mean. The owl is the wisecrack of Nature, the vulture is a vile harpy, and the eagle is the embodiment of everything great and mighty, and glorious and free, and swooping and catoptrical. There is very little to say against the eagle, except that he looks a deal the better a long way off, like an impressionist picture or a volcano. When the eagle is flying and swooping, or soaring and staring impudently at the sun, or reproaching an old feather of his own in the arrow that sticks in his chest, or mewing his mighty youth (a process I never quite understood)—when he is doing noble and poetical things of this class at an elevation of a great many thousand feet above the sea level he is



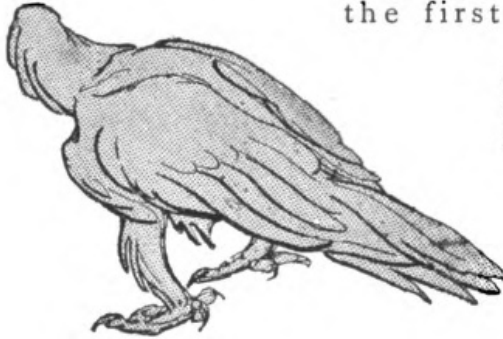


sublime. When you meet him down below, on his feet, much of the sublimity is rubbed off.

There is only one eagle in the world with whom I can claim anything like a confidential friendship, although I know many. His name is Charley. If, after a chat with Bob the Bactrian, you will turn your back to the camel-house and walk past the band-stand toward the eagles' aviaries, you will observe that the first



CHARLEY.



CORNES,—

corner cage is occupied by wedge-tailed eagles—a most disrespectful name, by-the-bye, I think. There are various perches, including a large tree-trunk, for these birds; but one bird, the oldest in the cage, doesn't use them. He keeps on the floor by the bars facing the place where Suffa Culli and Jung Perchad stand



BUNIONS,—



CHILBLAINS, OR—

to take up passengers, and looks out keenly for cats. That is Charley. He is all right when you know him, is Charley, and I have it on the best authority that there are no flies on him. A rat on the straggle has been known to turn up in this aviary and run the gauntlet of all the cages—till he reached Charley; nothing alive and eatable ever got past him. I have all the esteem and friendship for Charley that any eagle has a right to expect; but I can't admit the least impressiveness in his walk. An eagle's feet are not meant to walk with, but to grab things. An eagle's walk betrays a lamentable bandy-leggedness, and his toe-nails click awkwardly against the ground. This makes him plant his feet gingerly and lift them quickly, so that worthy old ladies suppose him to be afflicted with lameness or bunions, an opinion which disgusts the bird, as you may observe for yourself; for you will never find an eagle in these Gardens submitting himself to be fondled by an old lady visitor. It is by way of repudiating any suggestion of bunions that the eagle adopts a raffish, off-hand, chickaleary sort of roll in the gait, so that altogether, especially as viewed from behind, a walking eagle has an appearance of perpetually knocking 'em in the Old Kent Road. On Charley's next birthday I shall present him, I think, with a proper pearly suit, with kicksies cut saucy over

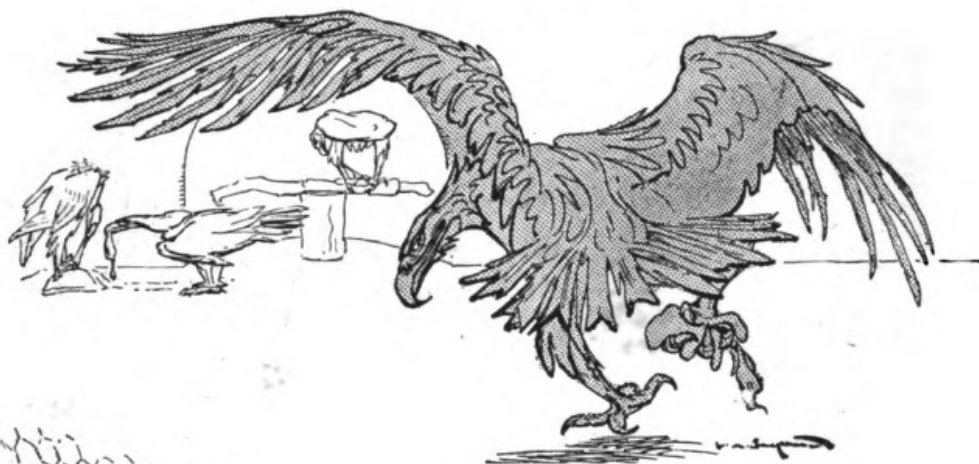
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leggedness, and his toe-nails click awkwardly against the ground. This makes him plant his feet gingerly and lift them quickly, so that worthy old ladies suppose him to be afflicted with lameness or bunions, an opinion which disgusts the bird, as you may observe for yourself; for you will never find an eagle in these Gardens submitting himself to be fondled by an old lady visitor. It is by way of repudiating any suggestion of bunions that the eagle adopts a raffish, off-hand, chickaleary sort of roll in the gait, so that altogether, especially as viewed from behind, a walking eagle has an appearance of perpetually knocking 'em in the Old Kent Road. On Charley's next birthday I shall present him, I think, with a proper pearly suit, with kicksies cut saucy over



IKINESS?





A PASSING SNACK.



DINNER AHoy!

big Triton cockatoo—who abuses him horribly. The fact is, they both occupy a recess which once Cocky had all to himself, and now Cocky bullies the intruder up hill and down dale; although little Scops would gladly go somewhere else if he could, and takes no notice of Cocky's uncivil bawlings further than to lift his near wing apprehensively at each outburst.

He has for next-door neighbour a sad old reprobate—Cocky, the

the trotters, and an artful fakement down the side, if the Society will allow me.

There is nothing in the world that pleases an eagle better at dinner-time than a prime piece of cat. Charley tells me that, upon the whole, he prefers a good, plump, mouse-fed tabby; he adds that he never yet heard of a tame eagle being kept at a sausage shop, though he would like a situation of that sort himself, very much. The stoop of a free eagle as it takes a living victim is, no doubt, a fine thing, except for the victim; but the grabbing of cut-up food here in captivity is merely comic. The eagle, with his Whitechapel lurch, makes for the morsel and takes it in his stride; then he stands on it in a manner somehow suggesting pattens, and pecks away at the hair—if, luckily, he has secured a furry piece. I am not intimate with any eagle but Charley, but I am very friendly with all of them—golden, tawny, white-tailed, and the rest, with their scowls and their odd winks—all but one other of the wedge-tailers, who stays for ever at the top of the tree trunk and looks out westward, trying to distinguish the cats in the gardens of St. John's Wood; he is reserved as well as uppish, and I don't know him to speak to.

I am pretty intimate with many of the owls. The owl I know least is a little Scops owl, kept alone in the insect-house.







WHAT!



WELL—



DID YOU EVER!



OF ALL THE—!

He and I have not been able to improve our acquaintance greatly, partly because he is out of reach, and partly because Cocky's conversation occupies most of his time.

The Zoo owls are a lamentably scattered family. Another Scops owl, with one eye, lives in the eastern aviary, in Church's care. He is a charming, furious little ruffian (I am speaking of the owl, and not of Church), and perfectly ready to peck any living thing, quite irrespective of size. Where he lost his eye is a story of his own, for he was first met with but one. He sits on his perch with a furious cock of the ears—which are not ears at all, but feathers—with the aspect of being permanently prepared to repel boarders; and the only thing that could possibly add to his fierceness of appearance would be a patch over the sight of the demolished eye; a little present I would gladly make myself, if he would let me.

He lives just underneath a much less savage little Naked-foot Owl, who doesn't resent your existence with his beak,

but gazes at you with a most extreme air of shocked surprise. He doesn't attack you bodily for standing on this earth on your own feet—he is too much grieved and scandalized.

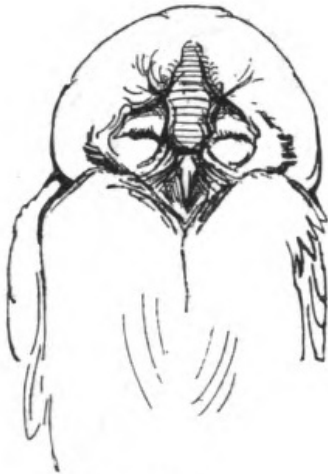
He looks at you as a teetotal lady of the Anti-Gambling League would look at her nephew if he offered to toss her for whiskies. He follows you with his glare of outraged propriety till you shrink behind Church and sneak away, with an indescribable feeling of personal depravity previously unknown. Why should this pharisaical little bird make one feel a criminal? As a matter of fact, he is nothing but a raffish fly-by-night himself; and his pious horror is assumed, I believe, as much to keep his eyes wide open and him awake as to impose on one.

The owls' cages proper are away behind the llamas' house, and here you may study owl nature in plenty; and you may observe the owls, like people sitting through a long sermon, affecting various concealments and excuses for going to sleep in



THE SCOWLING SCOPS.





MILKY REPOSE.

parent deception so long that he does it now mechanically, and sleeps, I believe, or nearly so, through the whole process. The oriental owl does it rather differently. He



WHAT A NUISANCE !

carries raw meat with it, like a keeper ; a creature beneath the notice of *Bubo orientalis*.

As a song-bird, the owl is not a conspicuous success.



OH, HANG IT !

so far as his body—his jar or pepper-reservoir—is concerned ; indeed, if he is not disturbed, he sits immovably altogether, and sleeps. When he is disturbed he wakes in

the daytime. The milky eagle-owl pretends to be waiting for a friend who never keeps his appointment. You come upon him as he is dozing away quietly ; he sees you just between his eyelids, and at once stares angrily down the path as if he were sick of waiting, and the other owl already half an hour overdue. Of course there is no owl coming, so he shakes his head testily and half shuts his eyes. If you go away then, he goes to sleep again. If you stay, he presently makes another pretence of pulling out his watch and wondering if that owl is ever coming.

He has practised the trans-



IS HE COMING?

He doesn't open his eyes when you first wake him—this in order to give greater verisimilitude to his pretence of profound meditation ; he wishes you to understand that it is not your presence that causes him to open his eyes, but the natural course of his philosophical speculations.

As a pundit, he disdains to appear to observe you ; so he gazes solemnly at a vast space with nothing whatever for its centre. He sees you, but he knows you for a creature that never



NOT YET ?

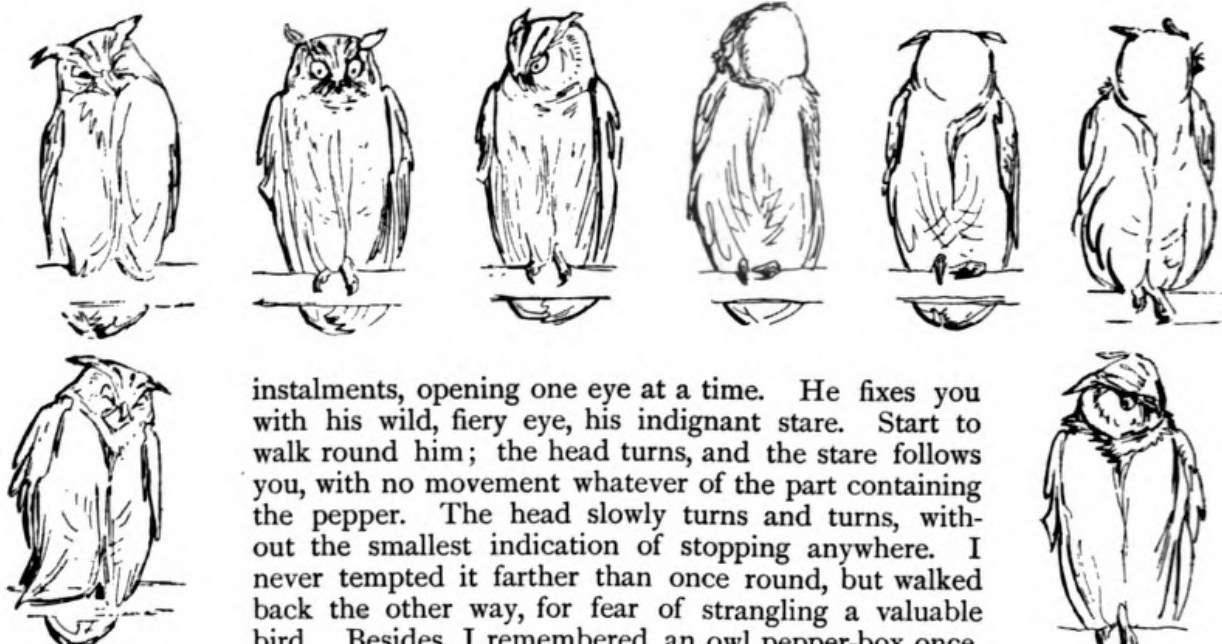
Perhaps he has learned this in the Zoo, for he cannot be induced to perform during visiting hours. He is a reserved person, and exclusive.

If you, as a stranger, attempt to scrape his acquaintance, he meets you with an indignant stare—confound your impudence ! Nothing in this world can present such a picture of offended, astounded dignity as an owl. I often wonder what he said when Noah ordered him peremptorily into the Ark. As for myself, I should as soon think of ordering one of the beadles at the Bank.

Many worthy owls, long since passed away as living things, now exist in their astral forms as pepper-boxes and tobacco-jars. They probably belonged, in life, to the same species as a friend of mine here, who exhibits one of their chief physical features. He sits immovably still,

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instalments, opening one eye at a time. He fixes you with his wild, fiery eye, his indignant stare. Start to walk round him; the head turns, and the stare follows you, with no movement whatever of the part containing the pepper. The head slowly turns and turns, without the smallest indication of stopping anywhere. I never tempted it farther than once round, but walked back the other way, for fear of strangling a valuable bird. Besides, I remembered an owl pepper-box once, which became loose in the screw through continual turning, so that the head fell off into your plate, and all the pepper after it.

The biggest owls are the eagle-owls. The eagle-owls here occupy a

similar sort of situation to that of the hermit in an old tea-garden. In a secluded nook behind the camel-house a brick-built cave is kept in a wire cage, which not only hinders the owls from escaping, but prevents them taking the cave with them if they do. The cave is fitted up with the proper quantity of weird gloom and several convenient perches; the perches, however, are indistinct, because the gloom is obvious. In the midst of it you may see two fiery eyes, like the fire-balls from a Roman candle, and nothing else. This is the most one often has a chance of seeing here in bright day. Often the eagle-owls are asleep, and then you do not even see the fireworks. I know the big eagle-owl fairly well; that is to say, I am on snarling terms with him. But once he has settled in his cave he won't come out, even when I call him Zadkiel.

There is nothing much more grotesque than a row of small barn owls, just awakened from sleep and curious about the disturber. There is some-



THE EAGLE-OWLS' RETREAT.



thing about the odd gaze and twist of the neck that irresistibly reminds me of an illustration in an Old Saxon or Early English manuscript.

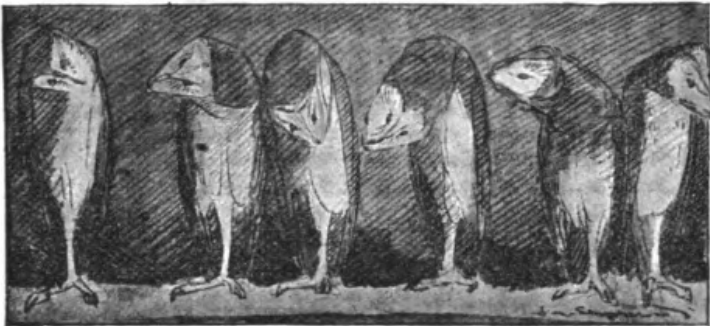
I am not particularly friendly with any of the vultures. Walk past their cages with the determination to ingratiate yourself with them. You will change your mind. There are very few birds that I should not like to keep as pets if I had the room,

but the vulture is the first of them. I don't know any kind of vulture whose personal appearance wouldn't hang him at a court of Judge Lynch.

The least unpleasant-looking of the lot is the little Angola vulture, who is put among the kites; and she is bad enough: a horrible eighteenth-century painted and powdered old woman; a Pompadour of ninety. The large bearded vulture is not only an uncompanionable fellow to look at, but he doesn't behave respectably. It is not respectable



SLEEP.



WHO SAID RATS?

to hurt yourself bodily against anybody looking over a precipice and unaware of your presence, so as to break him up on the rocks below, and dine off his prime cuts. I have no doubt that Self—(Self, by-the-bye, keeps eagles and vultures as well as camels)—has any amount of sympathy for his charges, but who *could* make a pet of a turkey-vulture, with its nasty, raw-looking red head, or of a cinereous vulture, with its unwholesome eyes and its unclean-looking blue wattle? No, I am not over-fond of a vulture. He is always a dissipated-looking ruffian, of boiled eye and blotchy complexion, and you know as you look at him that he would prefer to see you dead rather than alive, so that he might safely take your eyes by way of an appetizer, and forthwith proceed to lift away your softer pieces preparatory to strolling under your ribs like a jackdaw in a cage much too small. He sits there placid, unwinsome, and patient; waiting for you to die. But he has his little vanities. He is tremendously

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THE ANGOLA.



proud of his wings—and they certainly are wings to astonish. On a warm day he likes to open them for coolness, but often he makes this a mere excuse for showing off. He waits till some easily-impressed visitor comes along—not a regular frequenter.



Then he stands up and spreads his great pinions abroad, and perhaps turns about, and the visitor is duly impressed. So the vulture stands and receives the admiration, hoping the while that the visitor has heart disease, and will drop dead where he



stands. And when the visitor walks off without dying the old harpy lets his wings fall open, ready for somebody else.





*Beauties.*



*Miss Ella Banister.*



*Miss A. Hughes.*



*Miss Alice Ravenscroft.*



From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street.

From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.





From Photos, by Messrs. Fassano, Old Bond Street.

Miss L. Harold.

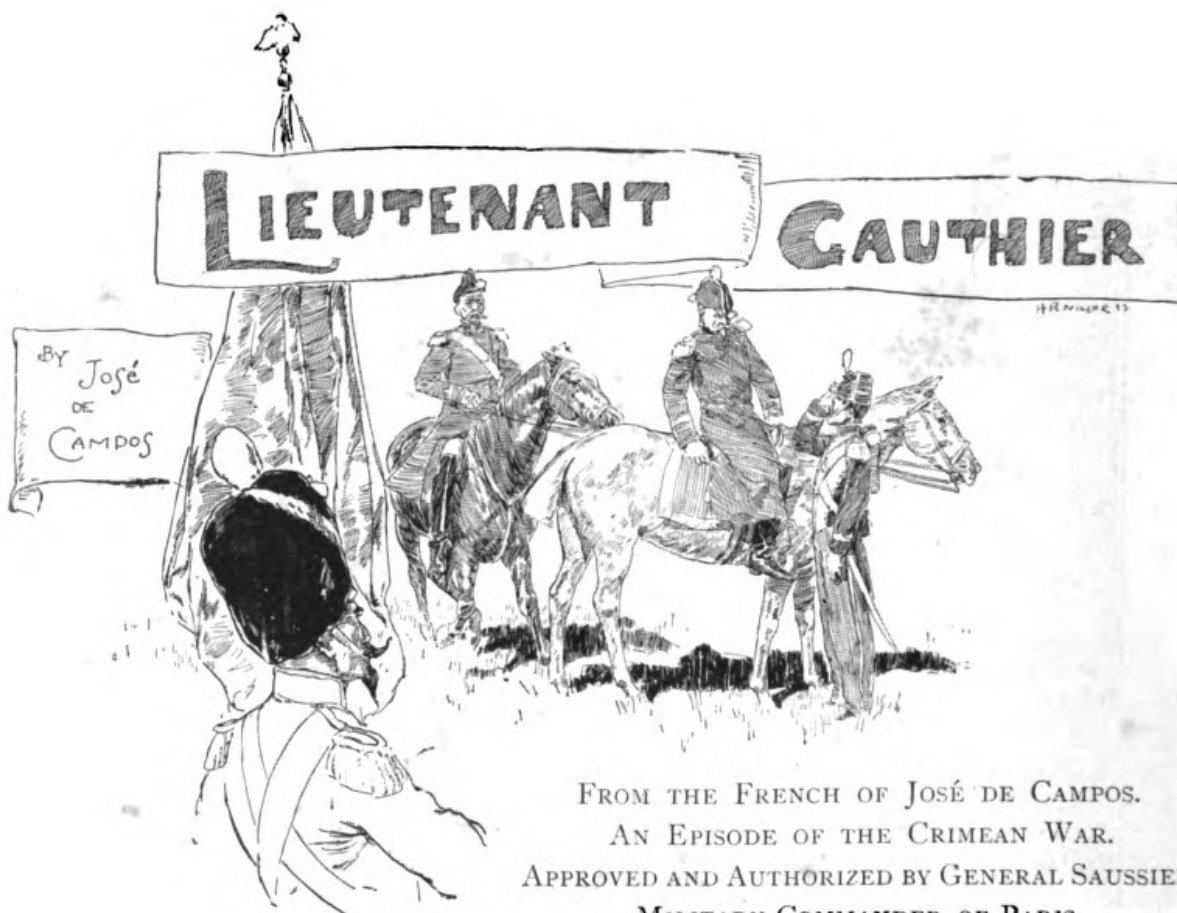
Miss Norah Williams.



Lady Aberdeen.

Photo, by Barraud





FROM THE FRENCH OF JOSÉ DE CAMPOS.  
AN EPISODE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.  
APPROVED AND AUTHORIZED BY GENERAL SAUSSIER,  
MILITARY COMMANDER OF PARIS.

**N**ICOLAS GAUTHIER, Sergeant-Major in the Foreign Legion, was about twenty-six years of age. He was strikingly handsome, with black hair and moustache and a pale complexion. His dark eyes were perhaps somewhat dreamy and intensely sad, but they had a certain expression of gentleness and candour which won all hearts.

He was above the medium height, upright and broad-shouldered, and was altogether more fitted for a cuirassier than for a foot-soldier. As, however, he had entered the army from choice, it was for him to select the arms he preferred.

He had undoubtedly military tastes, but he had evidently some family trouble or some love affair which had made him anxious to leave Paris and to go to Africa with the Foreign Legion (which, as everyone knows, is always the first regiment to be called out in case of war).

He had been in the garrison at Constantine, and while there had been a great favourite with all the ladies, and the men had envied him.

It could scarcely be wondered at, for he was so handsome, and then, too, he had such a martial bearing and such pleasant, attractive manners.

All the sensation he caused was lost upon him, for he did not even seem to notice it himself.

He was a good soldier : subordinate to his superiors, and always indulgent to the men under his command, and, consequently, a great favourite in the Legion.

When Napoleon III. was reviewing the troops, he noticed Gauthier, who was at that time only a sub-officer. He made inquiries about him, and a fortnight later Gauthier was appointed sergeant-major.

It was evident that some great sorrow was weighing on him, for when he was free from his military duties, instead of going out with his comrades to any places of amusement, he would go off by himself for long, solitary walks.

Several times, on seeing him strolling along far from the walls of the city, the other officers had warned him of the risk he ran of being surprised by one of those bands of Arabs who wander about outside the Algerian cities,



and who take their revenge on any European who falls into their hands for the yoke that has been put on to them.

Sergeant Gauthier took very little notice of these warnings. He loved solitude and was perfectly fearless. No one knew why he was so sad. Certainly he had lately lost his mother, and still wore a badge of crape on his arm. Of course, this had increased his melancholy, but it was not the original cause of it.

The war with Russia had just been declared. Gauthier, like a great many other officers and sub-officers, was tired of the monotony of garrison life, and volunteered to join the regiments which were to be sent to the Crimea. The Minister of War dispatched the Foreign Legion, to the great joy of Gauthier. His brother officers noticed that he was almost gay, not at all like his former self.

He soon distinguished himself; was always foremost in the fight. His courage and *sang-froid* won the admiration of all. He was wounded, but he cared little for that; and shortly after he was promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant.

Gauthier was very intimate with Lieutenant Saussier, another hero who had gone through the "baptism of fire" in Africa, and whose great valour and integrity have won for him the high office he now holds.

These two soldiers were of the same metal: they were able to understand and appreciate each other, and were almost inseparable.

One day during the siege of Sebastopol, Lieutenant Saussier said to his friend:—

"Gauthier, may I ask you a question?"

"Two questions, if you like."

"You won't think it mere curiosity?"

"Are we not friends, Saussier?"

"Yes, but perhaps this is a secret——"

"I have only one secret in the world, and as you do not know *that* and could not even have an idea of it, there is no fear, so you can speak out."

"Well, will you tell me what is the cause of your sadness, I might almost say bitterness? When we left Africa I thought you had left it behind you; but now in Russia it is worse than ever."

At this unexpected question Gauthier started, then trying to smile he answered:—

"It must be a kind of complaint born in me, and perhaps the change of climate aggravates it."

"Perhaps so," said Lieutenant Saussier, slowly, and watching the expression of his friend's face.

"This cold goes right through me to my very bones," said Gauthier, shivering.

Saussier quite understood that his friend meant, "Let us change the subject," but he continued:—

"May I ask you another question?"

"You seem to have a few to ask to-day," said Gauthier, looking rather annoyed.

"I have often wanted to speak to you, but have never dared before."

"Well, to-day you don't seem afraid of running the risk."

"If it vexes you, don't answer me."

"Oh, I don't mind. I have had one; I may as well have the next."

"Well, will you tell me why, every time there is an engagement, you take such pains to find out the name of the chief who commands the enemy?"

This time Gauthier was visibly annoyed. He answered, after a few minutes' hesitation, "Because some day I intend writing the history of the Crimean War. It is only natural I should want to know the names of the commanders on the other side."

"Oh! of course," said Saussier, feeling rather disconcerted.

For some minutes the two friends continued their walk in silence. There was no sound but the crunching of the snow under their heavy boots, for it had been snowing hard in the district of Simferopol, and a thick white mantle covered the ground.

Lieutenant Saussier looked at Gauthier, and in spite of his friend's attempt to turn away his head, Saussier saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"Forgive me for asking you!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea of causing you pain."

"How do you know you have?" asked Gauthier, passing his arm through that of his friend.

"Don't try and hide it. I can see that, quite unintentional as it was, I have pained you with my questions."

"It is nothing, nothing at all; or rather your questions brought to mind something in my past life. It is only natural that you should have asked me, and as a proof of my friendship I will tell you all."

"No, no! Indeed I do not want you to. We will not talk about it. I am awfully sorry to have spoken of it."

"After all, you are my greatest friend. Why should I not tell you about it? Perhaps, too, it might relieve me to speak of my trouble."

"If it will be any relief to you, tell me;





Henry:

"YOU ARE MY GREATEST FRIEND."

but if not, why, do not let us say any more about it."

"I would rather tell you. Life is very uncertain on the battle-field, and I would rather not die with this secret untold. Perhaps, too, if you knew it you might be able to help me."

"If I could help you in any way, you know you have only to tell me how."

"Well, you shall hear all. You know that, before leaving Algeria, I went to Paris with a three months' leave."

"Which you never stayed out, for you were back again in six weeks."

"What could I do with myself in that Babylon, where everyone was gay while I was so wretched? How could I stand the sardonic laughter and gaiety around me when my heart was aching bitterly? As soon as my poor mother was buried I was only too anxious to get from that city of luxury, where the artificial lights only blinded and dazzled me."

"I wanted to get away from the noise and the vice and the hypocrisy, and go to

the desert and be alone with Nature and with reality, where I could breathe pure, wholesome air, and not that atmosphere which bewilders and poisons you. I left what we *call* the civilized world to go to the savages whom I prefer.

"I gave up society for solitude, peace for war. I despise my life and long for death, but death does not come at my call."

Gauthier stopped for a minute, overcome with emotion.

"You are too sensitive," said Saussier.

"Perhaps so, but I have had something to bear."

"Is it a love affair, Gauthier?"

"No, no! I have never loved anyone, and besides, I am one of those who must not, who dare not love——"

"I do not understand."

"No, I will explain.

My mother, who was dying of consumption, brought on by some great

grief that she had always suffered alone, sent for me to bid me farewell. Three days before her death I was at her bed-side.

"My son," she said, 'I have sent for you to tell you something which I feel you ought to know before my death. I have always led you to believe that your father was dead.'

"And he is not dead. I have felt sure of that for a long time."

"How could you have guessed it?" exclaimed my mother.

"By your sadness, and, too, because you have never taken me to his grave, nor even spoken of it. My poor mother, did he leave you?"

"No, no! Do not blame him; it was not his fault that he had to leave us."

"He is in prison, then; but surely he is innocent?"

"No, he is quite free."

"How is it, then——"

"Listen, but do not interrupt me, for I have not strength for much. The name you have, Gauthier, was my father's and mine, but not your father's, Nicolas. My father



was a wealthy shipbuilder at Havre. He died in 1825. My mother sold everything, and then she and I went to Paris to live.

"She was ambitious for me and wished me to marry well. We had plenty of money, and as that opens most doors she managed to get introductions and invitations to her heart's content.

"I was nineteen, and people said I was beautiful. My mother paid great attention to my toilette, and by mixing in society I soon lost all traces of having been brought up in the provinces. There was a young Russian captain, Prince Nicolai Porthikopoff, whom I used to meet at different houses. He belonged to the Czar's Imperial Guard, and was an *attaché* of the Russian Embassy in Paris.

"He was very handsome, and was as noble at heart as he was by birth.

"He loved me, and I returned his affection. At the end of six months he came to my mother and asked for my hand. Our engagement caused a great stir in Paris, it scandalized the aristocracy and caused jealousy in our own circle. Prince Nicolai cared nothing for the storm that he had roused.

"There was so much gossip, and there was so much scheming to break off our engagement, that the Ambassador himself felt it his duty to inform the Czar. It appears the Czar only laughed at it all until the Princess Porthikopoff, your father's mother, wrote herself asking for his intervention, and declaring that she would never give her consent to our union. The Czar wrote a letter of advice to the Prince, but as it took no effect, and the Princess still insisted, the Czar objected formally to the marriage. Your father saw that it was hopeless, that there was no chance whatever of winning the consent of his mother or of his Sovereign. He proposed to me a desperate expedient, and I, young and inexperienced as I was, and believing that it would be for our mutual happiness, consented.

"We were to be married privately, but, as your father told me, the marriage would not be legal, as we could not have the necessary papers, and should even have to be married under assumed names, and in another country. He believed that then, when his mother saw that the honour of a Porthikopoff was at stake, she would take steps to have

the ceremony performed again with the necessary formalities. He thought that she would do for the honour and pride of her family what she would not do for love of her son.

"I consented to everything; but, alas! a month later, seeing that your father continued to brave all authority, the Czar recalled him to St. Petersburg.

"Your father pleaded our cause, but in vain! Nicholas I., proud autocrat as he was, and the Princess were both inexorable. Your father was exasperated, and he gave vent to his indignation. The result was that he was ordered to start the next day for Irkoutsk, in Siberia.





He was to be exiled! Exiled because he had loved me, because he wished to do his duty and make me his lawful wife! My mother and I went away to Lille, where you were born.

"The Prince, your father, was not allowed to write or receive letters without sending them first to the Governor to be read and approved. I happened to meet with someone who was going to Irkoutsk, and begged him to take a message to your father and to tell him of your birth. When this man returned he brought me a letter from your father, in which he said he was going to try and make his escape, and that he would never again set foot in Russia.

"Just at this time my mother died. Your father was not able to put his plan into execution, and a year later he was allowed to write to me, but merely to tell me the conditions on which Nicholas I. offered to allow his return from exile. The Czar had chosen a wife for him, and he was to renounce me for ever. Your father added that he was refusing such terms; that he would never break his vow to me, and preferred exile to what was offered him.

"He was right!" I exclaimed, proudly, for I was glad to find that I had no cause to blush for my father.

"It was noble of him!" said my mother, and her eyes filled with tears. "It was noble, but how could I accept such a sacrifice? I could not; it would have been too selfish. There was only one thing to do, and although in doing it I had to sacrifice all my womanly pride, my courage held out. I wrote to your father, telling him to accept the Czar's offer, as I myself was about to marry."

"It was not true?"

"No! No! It was to save him. I wanted him to be free, to be happy if possible. As for me, all was over. He wrote to me, reproaching me, and it broke my heart. I did not reply to his letter. I went back to Paris, where I lived quietly and unknown, devoting myself entirely to you. . . . Six months later I heard that he had married a Princess according to the will of the Czar, and that he was appointed captain."

"Is he happy?"

"I have never heard another word about him, and as he has no idea of my whereabouts, he could never have made inquiries about me. Now you know all, you know the cause of my sadness and the secret of your birth. You must now judge between your father and your mother, and either

pardon or condemn us, for, alas! my poor boy, you have no name and no future."

"My poor mother hid her face in her hands and sobbed in an agony of grief.

"I have nothing to forgive, mother; but if you wish me to judge my father and you, I can only say that you both did your duty and that your sacrifice was sublime. Society makes laws at its own pleasure, but in the sight of God, who surely is over all, your marriage was valid, and I have nothing to be ashamed of. On the contrary, you were both victims, and you suffered through your loyalty to each other—and your love was surely truer and more ideal than many which society recognises."

"My poor mother could not speak for some time, her emotion was so great. Later on she told me where I should find some papers, which I was to read after her death, and she added:—

"You will also find in the same drawer two things by which your father would always recognise you, if you should ever meet him and if you wished to make yourself known. I leave it entirely to you to act as you think best; but if you ever should see him, tell him that I was true to him, explain all, and tell him that I loved him to the last."

"Two days later my poor mother passed away. I was thus left an orphan and nameless. I was utterly alone in the world. I had not a creature to love me, and I knew that I must never dare to love anyone. Left to myself, I cursed the whole world and its prejudices and baseness."

Gauthier covered his face with his hand, and Saussier, respecting his friend's grief, did not speak for some time. The two officers walked on through the snow without noticing where they were going.

Suddenly Gauthier said, bitterly: "You understand now the cause of the melancholy that is always weighing on me?"

"I do, indeed," replied Saussier.

"The tortures of the Inquisition are nothing to what I endure, when I think of my poor mother suffering through all those years without a word of consolation from any living soul."

"It must have been terrible!"

"Then, too, you know now why I always find out the name of the Russian commander before every attack; for by now he must be at least a General."

"Yes, it is indeed fearful!"

Sebastopol had been besieged ever since October 9th, 1854. Marshal Canrobert commanded the troops with Lord Raglan.





"TELL HIM THAT I LOVED HIM TO THE LAST."

Prince Mentschiskoff and Prince Todleben resisted the attack bravely.

The sight of the city, which was all in ruins, exasperated the Russian Commander-in-Chief, and he ordered a sally, but the French and the English were well on guard and repulsed this desperate attempt.

The attack was terrible, and the heroism on every side sublime.

The most warlike of the besieged troops rushed against the French, preferring to have to do with the *furia francesca* rather than with the British deliberation and *sang-froid*. The combat was sustained and desperate.

Profiting by the confusion amongst the French troops, caused by the death of their Commander-in-Chief, the Russians succeeded in obtaining the first trench. The besiegers, however, got reinforcements and the struggle was continued.

Two young officers, who were fighting side by side, attracted everyone's notice. They were in the first rank, and they led their soldiers into the thickest of the fray and cut down the enemy right and left.

One of them was rather in advance of the other, and was encouraging his soldiers to

follow him. Suddenly with his pistol he took aim at a Russian commander, who, on seeing that the enemy was gaining ground, had spurred his horse forward and was calling to his soldiers to advance. Another horseman, seeing the danger his chief was in, rushed before him, exclaiming:—

"Take care, General Porthikopff!"

On hearing this the French officer dropped his murderous weapon and stood as if paralyzed, looking at his enemy.

On receiving the warning the Prince had drawn out his pistol and fired at the French officer. The ball struck him, and he fell. His friend, who had just reached him, and who had also heard the Russian General's name, drew his men to the right where the enemy was strongest, exclaiming, in desperation: "Follow me! Follow me!"

The Russian soldiers rushed at the young officer, who had fallen, and would have killed

him, but, waving them off, he said he must speak with their General before he died.

The Prince, astonished at the request at such a moment, consented.

"What is it you have to say, and why did you not attempt to shoot me?"

"I could not."

"But what prevented you?"

"Duty."

"I do not understand."

The young officer drew from his tunic a letter, a locket, and a small box, and handed them to the General.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed the Prince.

"Look inside the locket."

The Prince opened it and started. "My portrait and Madeline's!" Then, opening the box: "And her engagement ring! Where did you get these from?"

"The letter will explain all."

The Prince opened it, and, after glancing at it quickly, said: "And you are——"

"Nicolas Gauthier."

"And your mother?"

"She is dead. Her love for you killed her."



"That is not true, for she married another."

"Never! She loved you to the last, and died with your name on her lips. Read the letter to the end."

Mechanically the General read the letter, and then kissing the locket passionately: "I knew, I felt that Madeline was true!" he said, and then bending over Gauthier, he continued: "How did you recognise me, though?"

"I heard them call you by your name."

"That was why you would not fire?"

"Yes. A son could not kill his father, even though he be his enemy."

"But you allowed a father to kill his son?"

"I could not help it. It was fate."

"No, no, my son! You shall not die! You *must* live!"

"God wills otherwise, father. Farewell! I have only seen you for a minute, but I am satisfied."

Gauthier made a great effort to get up, smiled at the Prince, and then fell back dead.

"My boy, my boy!" exclaimed the Prince, in desperation, stooping over the dead body of his son. "Dead, dead, and killed by me, his father! And this is the work of our Czar! Oh, cruel fate!"

The General remained some minutes kneeling by the side of his son in mute despair, and then for the last time he sprang on to his horse and rushed into the thickest of the fray.

"Prince! Prince! what are you doing there?" exclaimed a French officer at his side.

"I am seeking death! I have killed my son, and I will not survive him——"

He had scarcely finished when a ball struck him and he fell down dead.

"Who can say there is no Providence! The father has not waited long to join his son," exclaimed the French officer, as he rushed on at the head of his men.

For some time the result of the combat seemed uncertain, but at last the French won the day, and the Russians had to take refuge in Sebastopol.

When Marshal Canrobert went over the battle-field, he asked where the young officer was who belonged to the Foreign Legion, and who had fought so bravely.

"He fell by the retrenchments," was the reply.

The Commander-in-Chief rode over to the spot named and ordered the surgeon to examine the young officer who was lying on the ground. It was, however, too late.

"There was another officer of the same Legion whom I saw fall there, to the left," said the Marshal.

The young officer was brought and was told that his friend was dead.

"It is a pity," he said to the Marshal, "for you have lost a true soldier."

"What was his name?"

"Nicolas Gauthier."

"And yours?"

"Félix Saussier."

The Commander-in-Chief ordered the army



"THE GENERAL REMAINED KNEELING BY THE SIDE OF HIS SON."



to fall into rank, and then as they presented arms he took the Cross of the Legion of Honour which he was wearing himself and placed it on Lieutenant Saussier's breast.

"Wear it proudly," he said; "it is the recompense that France accords to her bravest sons, and you well deserve it."

Then taking another Cross from one of the officers who belonged to the *État Major*, he placed it on the body of Gauthier. "You, too, have well earned

it," he said, "and shall take it with you to your grave."

The troops filed off, after passing in front of the two officers, the one wounded and the other dead. Marshal Canrobert himself raised his sword and saluted the two heroes (the one, alas! had died too soon, and the other was destined to become one of the bravest Generals of France), and then passed on deeply moved, but satisfied with the victory, and ignorant of the drama which had taken place so near to him.





## *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

### VI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

**SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT** has been so long a familiar figure in the House of Commons, and has established so high a reputation, that it seems odd to speak of him as one of the successes of the new Session. But the phrase accurately describes his position. Circumstances connected with the personality of the Premier have given him opportunity to show what potentialities as Leader of the House modestly lurk behind his massive figure, and the result has been



"MODESTLY LURKING."

eminently satisfactory to his party and his friends. Sir William's early reputation was made as a brilliant swordsman of debate, most effective in attack. The very qualities that go to make success in that direction might lead to utter failure on the part of a Leader of the House.

If one sought for a word that would describe the leading characteristics of Sir William Harcourt in Parliament it would be found in the style aggressive. Perhaps the most fatal thing a Leader of the House of Commons could do would be to develop aggressiveness. The Leader must be a strong man—should be the strongest man on his side of the House. But his strength must be kept in reserve, and if he err on either side of this particular line, submissiveness

should be his characteristic. The possession of this quality was the foundation of Mr. W. H. Smith's remarkable success as Leader. It is true he could not, had he tried, have varied his deferential attitude towards the House by one of sterner mould, and the House enjoys the situation more keenly if that alternative be existent. It took Mr. Smith as he was, and the two got on marvellously well together.

Nothing known of Sir William Harcourt's Parliamentary manner forbade the apprehension that, occupying the box-seat, there would be incessant cracking of the whip. It was difficult in advance to imagine how he would be able to resist the opportunity of letting the lash fall on the back of a restive or a stubborn horse. The opportunity of saying a smart thing, at whatever cost, seemed with him irresistible. If only he had his jest they might have his estate; in this case the estate of his party.

Reflection on an earlier experience of Sir



"AGGRESSIVE."

William in the seat of the Leader might have caused these forebodings to cease. Four



years ago, towards the close of the Session of 1889, the temporary withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone from the scene gave him his chance. It happened that the Government under the leadership of Mr. Smith, and, it was understood, on the personal instruction of Lord Salisbury, were pressing forward the Tithes Bill. They had an overwhelming, well-disciplined majority, and being pledged up to the hilt to carry the Bill, the issue seemed certain. Through a whole week Sir William led the numerically-overpowered Opposition, fighting the Bill at every step. The hampered Government were determined to get some sort of Bill passed, and, hopeless of achieving their earliest intention, fore-shadowed another measure in a series of amendments laid on the table by the Attorney-General. The Opposition were not disposed to accept this with greater fervour than the other, and finally Mr. Smith announced a total withdrawal from the position.

Nothing was finer throughout the brilliant campaign than Sir William Harcourt's lamentations over this conclusion. Having inflicted on a strong Government the humiliation of defeat upon a cherished measure, he, in a voice broken with emotion, held poor W. H. Smith up to the scorn of all good men as a heartless, depraved parent, who had abandoned by the wayside a promising infant.

In the present Session Sir William, as Deputy Leader, finds himself in a position different from, and more difficult than, the one filled in August, 1889. He was then in the place of the Leader of the Opposition, and had a natural affinity for the duty of opposing. In the present Session he has been frequently and continuously called upon to perform the

duties of Leader of the House, and his success, though not so brilliantly striking as in the short, sharp campaign against the Tithes Bill, has stood upon a broader and more permanent basis. The House of Commons, as Mr. Goschen learned during the experiments in Leadership which preceded his disappearance from the front rank, may be led, but cannot be driven.

It is curious that two of the most aggressive controversialists in the House, being temporarily called to the Leadership, have shown themselves profoundly impressed with this truth. Like Lord Randolph Churchill, when he led the House, Sir William Harcourt appears on the Treasury Bench divested even of his side-arms. Like the Happy Warrior, his helmet is a hive for bees. His patience in time of trial has been pathetic, and, whatever may be his own feelings on the subject, the House has been amazed at his moderation. He has sat silent on the Treasury Bench by the hour, with Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Randolph Churchill, and other old familiar adversaries, trailing tempting coat-tails before him.

One night this Session, in debate on Uganda, Mr. Chamberlain interposed and delivered a brilliant, bitter speech, which deeply stirred a crowded House. It was drawing to the close of an important debate, and Mr. Chamberlain sat down at half-past eleven, leaving plenty

of time for the Leader of the House to reply. To an old Parliamentary war-horse the situation must have been sorely tempting. A party like to be sent off into the division lobby with a rattling speech from the Front Bench. There was ample time for a brisk twenty minutes' canter, and the crowded and excited House were evidently in the vein to be shown sport. But there was nothing at stake on the division. Though Mr. Chamberlain could not withstand the opportunity of belabouring his old friends and colleagues, he did not intend to oppose the vote for Uganda, which would receive the hearty support of the Con-



"THE HAPPY WARRIOR."



servatives. Half an hour saved from speech-making would mean thirty minutes appropriated to getting forward with other votes in Committee of Supply. Sir William followed Mr. Chamberlain, and was welcomed with a ringing cheer; members settling themselves down in anticipated enjoyment of a rattling speech. When the applause subsided the Chancellor of the Exchequer contented himself with the observation that there had been a useful debate, the Committee had heard some excellent speeches, "and now let us get the vote."

There was something touching in the depressed attitude of the right hon. gentleman as he performed this act of renunciation. What it cost him will, probably, never be known. But before progress was reported at midnight half-a-dozen votes had been taken.

Of the various forms THE ambition takes in WHIPS. political life the most inscrutable is that which leads a man to the Whip's room. In Parliamentary affairs the Whip fills a place analogous to that of a sub-editor on a newspaper. He has (using the phrase in a Parliamentary sense) all the kicks and few of the half-pence. With the sub-editor, if anything goes wrong in the arrangement of the paper he is held responsible, whilst if any triumph is achieved, no halo of the resultant glory for a moment lights up the habitual obscurity of his head. It is the same, in its way, with the Whip. His work is incessant, and for the most part is drudgery. His reward is a possible Peerage, a Colonial Governorship, a First Commissionership of Works, a Postmaster-Generalsip, or, as Sir William Dyke found at the close of a tremendous spell of work, a Privy Councillorship.

Yet it often comes to pass that the fate of a Ministry and the destiny of the Empire depend upon the Whip. A bad division, even though it be plainly due to accidental circumstances, habitually influences the course of a Ministry, sometimes giving their policy a crucial turn, and at least exercising an important influence on the course of business in the current Session.

An example of this was furnished early in the present Session by a division taken on proposals for a Saturday sitting made neces-

sary by obstruction. Up to the announcement of the figures it had been obstinately settled that the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill should be moved before Easter. The Opposition had pleaded and threatened Mr. Gladstone stood firm, and only three days before this momentous Friday had almost impatiently reiterated his determination to move the Second Reading of the Bill on the day appointed when leave was given to introduce it. The normal majority of forty reduced to twenty-one worked instant and magic charm. The falling-off had no political significance. Everyone knew it arose from the accidental absence of a number of the Irish members called home on local business. But there it was, and on the following Monday Sir William Harcourt, on behalf of the Premier, announced that the Home Rule Bill would not be taken till after Easter.

For other members of the Ministry there is occasional surcease from work, and some opportunity for recreation. For the Whip there is none. He begins his labour with the arrival of the morning post, and keeps at it till the Speaker has left the chair, and the principal door-keeper standing out on the matting before the doorway cries aloud: "The usual time!"

That ceremony is a quaint relic of far-off days before penny papers were, and the means of communicating with members were circumscribed. It is the elliptical form of making known to members that at the next sitting the Speaker will take the chair at the usual time. For

ordinary members, even for Ministers, unless they must be in their place to answer a question, "the usual time" means whatever hour best suits their convenience. The Whip is in his room even before the Speaker takes the chair, and it is merely a change of the scene of labour from his office at the Treasury. He remains till the House is up, whether the business be brisk or lifeless.

In truth, at times when the House is reduced almost to a state of coma, the duties of the Whip become more arduous and exacting. These are the occasions when gentle malice loves to bring about a count-out. If it is a private members' night the Whips have no responsibility in the matter of keeping a House, and have even been sus-



SIR WILLIAM DYKE.





MR. JARRETT, DOOR-KEEPER.

pected of occasionally conniving in the beneficent plot of dispersing it. But just now private members' nights stand in the same relation to the Session as the sententious traveller found to be the case with snakes in Iceland. There are none. Every night is a Government night, and weariness of flesh and spirit naturally suggests a count-out. The regular business of the Whip is to see that there are within call sufficient members to frustrate the designs of the casual counter-out.

Mr. Gladstone and "BOBBY" other members of SPENCER. the Cabinet, on many dull nights of this Session, have been cheered on crossing the lobby by the sight of Mr. "Bobby" Spencer gracefully tripping about, note-book in hand, holding an interminable succession of members in brief but animated conversation. He is not making a book for the Derby or Goodwood, as one might suspect. "Do you dine here to-night?" is his insinuating inquiry, and till he has listed more than enough men to "make a House" in case of need, he does not feel assured of the safety of the British Constitution, and therefore does not rest.



"BOBBY" SPENCER.

This is part of the ordinary work of the average night. When an important division is impending, the labour imposed upon the Whip is Titanic. He, of course, knows every individual member of his flock. With a critical division pending he must know more, ascertaining where he is and, above all, where he will be on the night of the division. It is at these crises that the personal characteristics of the Whip are tested. A successful Whip should be almost loved, and not a little feared. He should ever wear the silken glove, but there should be borne in upon the consciousness of those with whom he has to deal that it covers an iron hand.

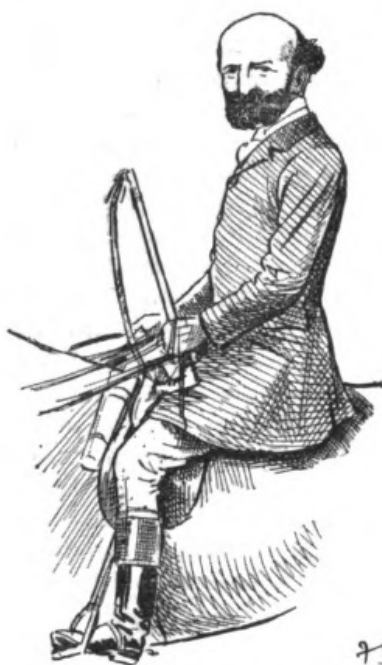
It happens just now that both political parties in the House of Commons are happy in the possession of almost model Whips. As was said by a shrewd observer, no one looking at Mr. Marjoribanks or Mr. Akers-Douglas as they lounge about the Lobby "would suppose they could say 'Bo!' to a goose." The goose, however, would do well not to push the experiment of forbearance too far. All through the last Parliament Mr. Akers-Douglas held his men together with a light, firm hand, that was the admiration and despair of the other side. Mr. Marjoribanks has, up to this present time of writing, maintained the highest standard of success in Whipping.

MR.  
MARJORI-  
BANKS.

With a Ministerial majority standing at a maximum of forty, it is of the utmost importance to the Government that there shall be no sign of falling off. If the forty were diminished even by a unit, a storm of cheering would rise from the Opposition Benches, and Ministerialists would be correspondingly depressed. With the exception named, due to circumstances entirely beyond the Whip's control, Mr. Marjoribanks has in all divisions, big or small, mustered his maximum majority of forty, and has usually exceeded it.

That means not only unfailing assiduity and admirable business management, but personal popularity on the part of the Whip. Aside from party considerations, no Liberal would like to "disoblige Marjoribanks," who is as popular with the Irish contingent as he is with the main body of the British members. He is fortunate in his colleagues—





MR. MARJORIBANKS.

Mr. Ellis, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Causton, and Mr. McArthur. The Whip's department has not always been a strong feature in a Liberal Administration. In the present Government it is one of the strongest.

Why Mr. Marjoribanks should be content to serve as Whip is one of the mysteries that surround the situation. He does not want a peerage, since that will come to him in the ordinary course of nature. He is one of the personages in political life who excite the sympathy of Lord Rosebery, inasmuch as he must be a peer *malgré lui*. He served a long apprenticeship when the office of Whip was more than usually thankless, his party being in opposition. When Mr. Gladstone's Ministry was formed, it was assumed, as a matter of course, that Mr. Marjoribanks would have found for him office in other department than that of the Whip. But Mr. Gladstone, very shrewdly from the Leader's point of view, felt that no one would be more useful to the party in the office vacated by Mr. Arnold Morley than Mr. Marjoribanks. Mr. Marjoribanks, naturally disposed to think last of his own interests and inclinations, did not openly demur.

The Whip's post, though hard enough, is much lightened by adoption of the twelve o'clock rule. Time was, at no distant date, when for some months in the Session Whips were accustomed to go home in broad daylight. It is true the House at that time met an hour later in the afternoon, but the

earlier buckling to is a light price to pay for the certainty that shortly after midnight all will be over. Even now the twelve o'clock rule may be suspended, and this first Session of the new Parliament has shown that all-night sittings are not yet impossible. But so unaccustomed is the present House to them, that when one became necessary on the Mutiny Bill everyone and everything was found unprepared. In the old days, when Mr. Biggar was in his prime, the commissariat were always prepared for an all-night sitting. When, this Session, the House sat up all night on the Mutiny Bill, the larder was cleared out in the first hour after midnight.

It is not generally known how nearly the valuable life of the Chairman of Ways and Means was on that occasion sacrificed at the post of duty. Having lost earlier chances by remaining in the chair, it was only at four o'clock in the morning he was rescued from famine by the daring foraging of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who, the House being cleared for one of the divisions, brought in a cup of tea and a poached egg on toast, which the Chairman disposed of at the table.

Mr. Mellor is an old Parliamentary campaigner, and remembers several occasions



MR. MELLOR.

when, living injudiciously near the House, he was brought out of bed to assist in withstanding obstruction. Being called up one morning by an imperative request to repair to the House, he observed a man violently ringing at the bell of the house of a neighbour, also a member of the House of Commons. On returning two hours later, he found the man still there, diligently ringing at the bell.

"What's the matter?" he asked; "anyone ill?"



"No, sir," said the man. "Lord Richard Grosvenor sent me to bring Mr. — down to the House, and said I was not to come away without him."

"Ah, well, you can go off now; the House is up."

Mr. —, it turned out on subsequent inquiry, had gone down to Brighton with his family, and the servants left at home did not think it necessary to answer a bell rung at this untimely hour.

It was about the same time, in the Parliament of 1880, that another messenger from the Government Whip went forth in the early morning in search of a member. He lived in Queen Anne's Mansions, and the messenger explaining the urgency of his errand, the night porter conducted him to the bedroom door of the sleeping senator. Succeeding in awakening him, he delivered his message.

"Give my compliments to Lord Richard Grosvenor," said the wife of the still somnolent M.P.; "tell him my husband has gone to bed, and is paired for the night."

It is an old tradition, observed to this day, though the origin of it is lost in the obscurity of the Middle Ages, that a Whip shall not appear in the Lobby with his head covered. It is true Mr. Marjoribanks does not observe this rule, but he is alone in the exception. All his predecessors, as far as I can remember, conformed to the regulation. In the last Parliament the earliest intimation of the formation of a new Radical party was the appearance in the Lobby of Mr. Jacoby without his hat. Inquiry excited by this phenomenon led to the disclosure that the Liberal opposition had broken off into a new section. There was some doubt as to who was the leader, but none as to the fact that Mr. Jacoby and Mr. Philip Stanhope were the Whips. Mr. Stanhope was not much in evidence. But on the day Mr. Jacoby accepted the appointment he locked up his hat and patrolled the Lobby with an air of sagacity and an appearance of brooding over State secrets, which at once raised the new party into a position of importance.

Dick Power, most delightful of Irishmen, most popular of Whips, made through the Session regular play with his hat. Anyone

familiar with his habits would know how the land lay from the Irish quarter. If Mr. Power appeared hatless in the Lobby, a storm was brewing, and before the Speaker left the chair there would, so to speak, be wigs on the green. If his genial face beamed from under his hat as he walked about the Lobby the weather was set fair, at least for the sitting.

THE  
WINSOME  
WIGGIN.

Palace Yard. One of the duties of the junior Whips is to keep sentry-go at the door leading from the Lobby to the cloak-room, and so out into the cloak-room, and so out into the Lobby. When a division is expected, no member may pass out unless he is paired. That is not the only way by which escape from the House may be made. A member desirous of evading the scrutiny of the Whips might find at least two other ways of quitting the House. It is, however, a point of honour to use only this means of exit, and no member under whatsoever pressure would think of skulking out.

For many nights through long Sessions, Lord Kensington sat on the bench to the left of the doorway, a terror to members who had pressing private engagements elsewhere, when a division was even possible. There is only one well-authenticated occasion when a member, being unpaired, succeeded in getting past Lord Kensington, and the result was not encouraging.

One night, Mr. Wiggin (now Sir Henry), the withdrawal of whose genial presence from the Parliamentary scene is regretted on both



MR. JACOBY.





sides of the House, felt wearied with long attendance on his Parliamentary duties. There came upon him a weird longing to stroll out and spend an hour in a neighbouring educational establishment much frequented by members. He looked towards the doorway, but there was Lord Kensington steadfast at his post. Glancing again, Mr. Wiggin thought the Whip was asleep. Casually strolling by him he found that this was the case, and with something more than his usual agility, he passed through the doorway.

Returning at the end of an hour he found Lord Kensington still at his post, and more than usually wide awake.

"You owe me £25," said Mr. Wiggin.

"How?" cried the astonished Whip.

"If," said Mr. Wiggin, producing his unencumbered watch-chain and dangling it, "you hadn't been asleep just now, I wouldn't have got past you; if I hadn't got past you, I wouldn't have dropped in at the Aquarium; and if I hadn't looked in at the Aquarium, I shouldn't have had my watch stolen."

*Quod erat demonstrandum.*

REMARK-  
ABLE FEAT  
OF A  
COUNTRY  
PAPER.

It was stated at the time, to the credit of the provincial Press, that at the very moment Mr. St. John Brodrick was delivering in the House of Commons his luminous speech on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill, his constituents at Guildford, thanks to the enterprise of the local weekly paper, were studying its convincing argument, lingering over the rhythm of its sentences, echoing the laughter and applause with which a crowded House punctuated it. I enjoyed the higher privilege of hearing the speech delivered, and was probably so absorbed that I was not conscious of the crowd on the benches, and do not recollect the laughter and applause. Indeed, my memory enshrines rather a feeling of regret that so painstaking and able an effort should have met with so chilling a reception, and that an heir-apparent to a peerage, who has had the courage to propose a scheme for the reform of the House of Lords, should receive such scant attention in the Commons.

*Il y a*  
POWER *et*  
POWER.

Mr. Brodrick, however, got off his speech, and the local paper came out with its verbatim report, a concatenation of circumstances not always achieved. In the high tide of the Parnell invasion of the House of Commons, there happened an accident that excited much merriment. Mr. O'Connor Power—one of the ablest debaters the early Irish party brought into the House, a gentleman who has with equal success given up to journalism what was meant for the House of Commons—had prepared a speech for a current debate. Desirous that his constituents should be at least on a footing of equality with an alien House of Commons, he sent a verbatim copy in advance to the editor of the local paper, an understanding being arrived at that it was not to be published till signal was received from Westminster that the hon. member was on

his feet. It happened that Mr. O'Connor Power failed on that night to catch the Speaker's eye. Mr. Richard Power was more successful, and the local editor receiving through the ordinary Press agency intimation that "Mr. Power opposed the Bill," at once jumped to the conclusion that this was the cue for the verbatim speech. Mr. Power was speaking; there was not the slightest doubt that Mr. O'Connor Power,



"ABSORBED."

when he did speak, would oppose the Bill. So the formes were locked, the paper went to press, and the next morning County Mayo rang with the unuttered eloquence of its popular member, and Irishmen observed with satisfaction how, for once, the sullen Saxon had had his torpid humour stirred, being frequently incited to "loud cheers" and "much laughter."

SIR ELLIS  
ASHMEAD-  
BART-  
LETT'S  
DILEMMA.

In this same debate on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill, where the energy and enterprise of the provincial weekly Press was incidentally illustrated in connection with Mr. Brodrick's speech, there happened another episode which did not work out so well. Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett broke the long silence of years by delivering a speech in the House of Commons. It was a great occasion, and naturally evoked



supreme effort. It was, in its way, akin to the wooing of Jacob. For seven years that eminent diplomatist had worked and waited for Rachel, and might well rejoice, even in the possession of Leah, when the term of probation was over. For nearly seven years Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett had sat on the Treasury Bench wrapped in the silence of a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Now his time was come, and he threw himself into the enjoyment of opportunity with almost pathetic vigour. It was eleven o'clock when he rose, and the debate must needs stand adjourned at midnight. When twelve o'clock struck, Sir Ellis was still in the full flow of his turgid eloquence. His speech was constructed on the principle of, and (except, perhaps, in the matter of necessity) resembled, the long bridge in Cowper's "Task"—

That with its wearisome but needful length  
Bestrides the wintry flood.

The scene and the atmosphere were sufficiently Arctic to bear out the comparison. The audience had long since fallen away, like leaves in wintry weather. In ordinary circumstances Sir Ellis, an old Parliamentary Hand, would have wound up his speech, and so made an end of it, just before the stroke of midnight gave the signal for the Speaker's leaving the chair.

There were, however, two reasons, the agony of whose weight must have pressed sorely on the orator. One was the recollection of an incident in his career still talked of in the busy circles round Sheffield. One night in yesteryear he was announced to deliver a speech at a meeting held in Nottingham. "For greater accuracy"—as the Speaker says, when, coming back from the House of Lords on the opening day of a Session, he reads the Queen's Speech to hon. members who have two hours earlier studied it in the evening papers—Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett had written out his oration and supplied it to the Sheffield paper whose recognition of his status as a statesman merits reward. Proceedings at the Nottingham meeting were so protracted, and took such different lines from those projected, that the orator of the evening, when his turn came, found the

night too far advanced for his ordered speech, which would in other respects have been beside the mark. He accordingly, impromptu, delivered quite another speech, probably better than the one laboriously prepared in the seclusion of the closet. In the hurry and excitement of the moment he forgot to warn the Sheffield editor, with the consequence that the other speech was printed in full and formed the groundwork of a laudatory leading article.

That was one thing that agitated the mind of Sir Ellis, and probably gave a profounder thrill to his denunciation of Mr. Gladstone's iniquity in the matter of the Home Rule Bill. Another was that this later speech, with all its graceful air of ready wit, fervid fancy, and momentarily inspired argument, was also in print, and, according to current report, was in advance widely circulated among a friendly Press. It turned out to be impossible to recite it all before the adjournment; equally impossible to cut it down. That mighty engine, the Press, was already, in remote centres of civilization, throbbing with the inspiration of his energy, printing off the speech at so many hundreds an hour. It was impossible to communicate with the unconscious editors and mark the exact point at which the night's actual contribution to debate was arrested. There was only one thing to be done: that was boldly to take the fence. So Sir Ellis went on till twelve o'clock as if nothing were happening elsewhere, was pulled up by the adjournment, and, turning up bright and early with the meeting of the House next day, reeled off the rest regardless of the gibes of the enemy, who said some of the faithful papers had muddled the matter, reporting on Tuesday morning passages that were not delivered in the House of Commons till Tuesday night.

THESE accidents  
have their comical  
aspect. When it

comes to appropriating two hours of the time of a busy Legislature, they also have their serious side. The House of Commons is a debating assembly, not a lecture hall, where prosy papers may be read to sparse audiences. The House is seen at its best when masters



SIR ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.



of fence follow each other in swift succession, striking and parrying, the centre of an excited ring. A prevalence of the growing custom of reading laboriously - prepared papers will speedily bring it down to the level of the Congress meeting at Washington. There the practice has reached its natural and happy conclusion, inasmuch as members having prepared their papers are not obliged to read them. They hand them in to the printer, and, at a cost to the nation willingly borne in view of compensating circumstances, they are printed at length in the *Congressional Globe*.

Perhaps when we have our official report of debates in the House of Commons this also will follow. It is easy to imagine with what eagerness the House would welcome any alternative that should deliver it from the necessity, not of listening to these musty harangues—that, to do it justice, it never suffers—but of giving up an appreciable portion of its precious time to the gratification of ponderous, implacable, personal vanity.

THACKERAY There is one gleam of light  
ON THE flickering about this intrinsically  
SUBJECT. melancholy topic in connection  
with the name of Thackeray. I  
have read somewhere that it was a kindred



"REELING IT OFF."

calamity of a public speaker which led to Thackeray's first appearance in print. At a time when the century was young, and the author of "Vanity Fair" was a lad at Charterhouse, Richard Lalor Sheil, the Irish lawyer and orator, had promised to deliver a speech to a public meeting assembled on Penenden Heath. In those days there were no staffs of special reporters, no telegraphs, nor anything less costly than post-chaises wherewith to establish rapid communication between country platforms and London newspaper

offices. Sheil, rising to the height of the occasion, wrote out his speech, and, before leaving town, sent copies to the leading journals, in which it, on the following morning, duly appeared.

Alack! when the orator reached the Heath he found the platform in possession of the police, who prohibited the meeting and would have none of the speech. The incident was much talked of, and the boy Thackeray set to and wrote in verse a parody on the printed but unspoken oration. Here is the last verse, as I remember it:—

"What though these heretics heard me not?"  
Quoth he to his friend Canonical;  
"My speech is safe in the *Times*, I wot,  
And eke in the *Morning Chronicle*."

[The original drawings of the illustrations in this Magazine are always on view, and on sale, in the Art Gallery at these offices, which is open to the public without charge.]



## *A Work of Accusation.*

BY HARRY HOW.

“**S**UICIDE whilst in a state of temporary insanity.”

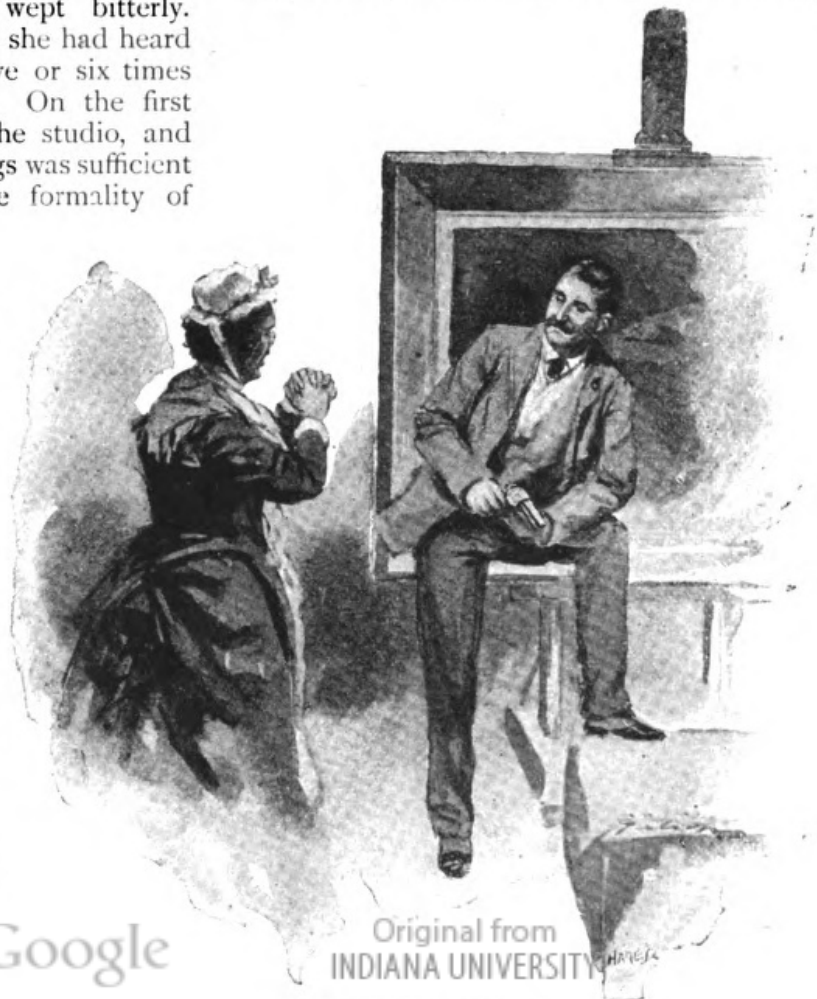
Such was the verdict of the coroner's jury, and they could scarcely have declared anything else—there was not a tittle of evidence implicating another as the perpetrator of the deed. The deceased was found lying in his studio at the foot of his easel, shot through the heart. The revolver—a six-chambered one—was tightly gripped in his hand. Four out of the six chambers remained undischarged. It must have been suicide, simple and premeditated! The inquiry into the death of the deceased revealed only one spark of anything approaching sensationalism. It was the evidence of the housekeeper—an old lady of distinctly nervous temperament—who wept bitterly. Previous to the sad occurrence she had heard the firing of a pistol some five or six times during a period of two days. On the first occasion she had hurried to the studio, and the alarmed state of her feelings was sufficient to cause her to overlook the formality of giving the customary tap at the door previous to entering. She entered the room, only to find the deceased artist holding a pistol—the one produced—and looking at its barrel, still smoking, earnestly. He burst into a hearty laugh when he saw her, and told her not to be frightened.

“It is nothing, Mrs. Thompson,” he said, “and should you hear the firing again, do not be alarmed. Don't be frightened.”

So the firing was frequent, and though it played pitifully with the old housekeeper's nerves and shook her seventy-year-old bones considerably, she quietly submitted to it and “hoped it was all right.”

I knew Godfrey Huntingdon well. He often chatted over his pictures with me.

As a medical man and a student somewhat beyond the range of physic and prescriptions, the pros and cons of an idea to be eventually carried to the canvas gave rise to many interesting and discussable points. I liked the man—he was so frank and true and positively simple in his unassuming manner. Poor fellow! He never dreamt for a moment that he was a genius, but what he did not know the public were quick to recognise. Every picture from his brush was watched and waited for—a canvas from him meant a vivid, striking, often sensational episode, which seemed to live. I have some of his work in my dining-room now. I often look at his figures. They are more human than anything I have seen by any other modern painter. They seem possessed of breath and beating



“DON'T BE FRIGHTENED.”

Vol. v.—



hearts of their own, with tongues that want to speak, and eyes that reveal a thinking brain. The trees in his landscapes appear to be gently shaken by the breeze from across the moorland, the clouds only need touching by the breath of the firmament to lazily move across the face of the blue sky. He was indeed a genius.

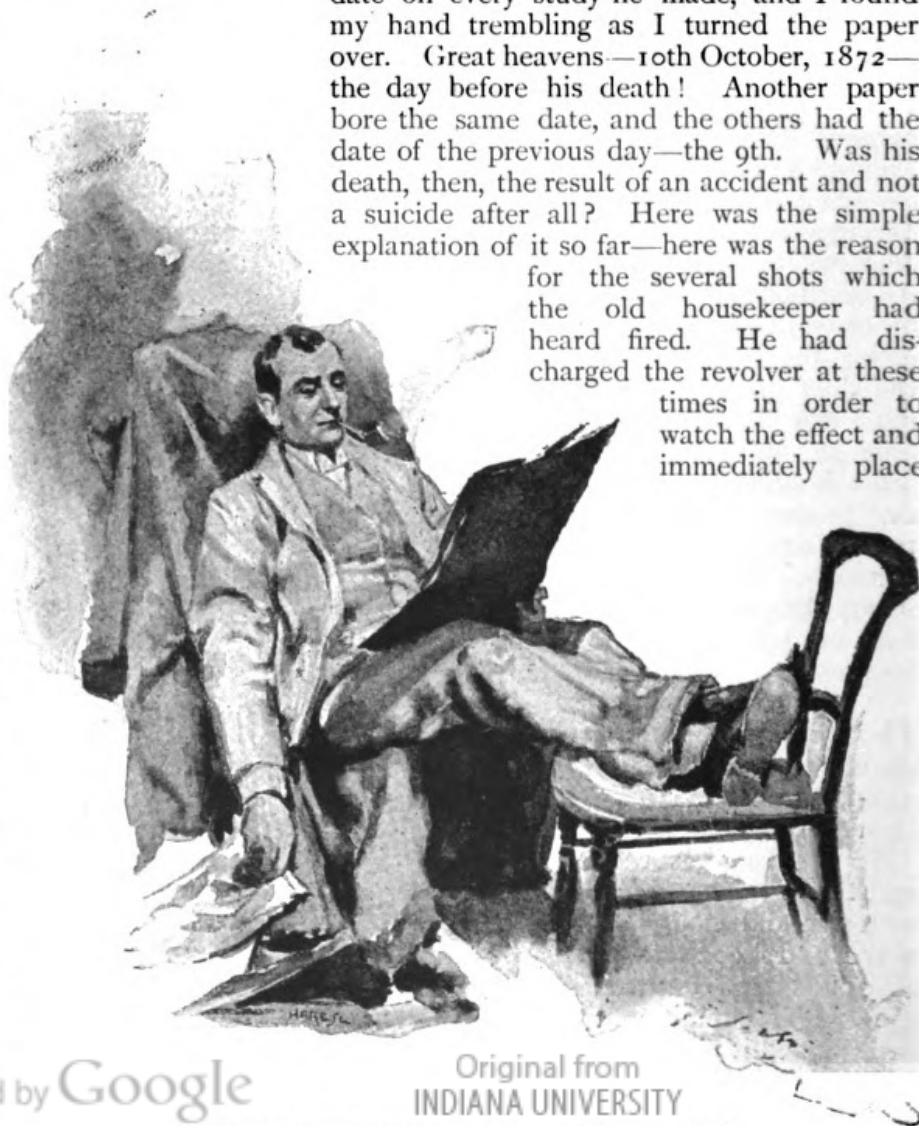
It was always an open question in the minds of the public and the judgment of the critics as to who excelled the other—Godfrey Huntingdon or Wilfred Colensoe. They both belonged to the same school of ideas. Their works were equally impressive, their figure and portrait painting particularly so, and the judges said it would be a lifelong race between them for supremacy with the brush. Huntingdon's sad death was a terrible blow to the artistic world. I went to his funeral.

He had not forgotten me. He left me all his studies. There were several hundreds of them. Many were familiar to me, for he had made them whilst we were smoking a pipe together, as I pointed out to him the necessary laws of science he must needs regard in order to insure accuracy in his work. The studies made quite a number of huge bundles, and in the evening I would delight in sorting them through. It was a long task, for I found something to admire and think over in every single one of them.

A fortnight had passed away since they first came into my possession. I had only another parcel to go through, and I should be finished. I was quietly sitting in my chair with my legs stretched out on another chair, as is my custom—I find it remarkably restful—and lighting up my brier I cut the string of the last bundle. Slowly, one by one, I lifted up those pieces of brown paper. They were still ob-

jects of reverence to me. Here was the head of a child, a sweetly pretty child, and next to it a study of a dissipated character, the face of a man fast losing every working power of his brain and body by liquor. I realized the genius of my dead friend more and more.

I had gone through quite a score of these play studies, when my hand stretched out for another from the pile by my side. I turned the piece of paper round and round, and it was some time before I grasped what the subject was intended for. It appeared to be a piece of round tubing from which smoke was protruding. The next half-dozen studies were of a similar character. In one the smoke was very small, just a thin streak; in another it was a full volume, as though to represent the after effect of the discharge of a bullet from a revolver. I looked again. The chalk drawing of the tubing was evidently intended for the barrel of a pistol! Huntingdon always put the date on every study he made, and I found my hand trembling as I turned the paper over. Great heavens—10th October, 1872—the day before his death! Another paper bore the same date, and the others had the date of the previous day—the 9th. Was his death, then, the result of an accident and not a suicide after all? Here was the simple explanation of it so far—here was the reason for the several shots which the old housekeeper had heard fired. He had discharged the revolver at these times in order to watch the effect and immediately place



Original from  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

"SLOWLY I LIFTED UP THOSE PIECES OF BROWN PAPER."



his impressions on the pieces of paper I now held in my hand. My knowledge of Godfrey Huntingdon—both medically and fraternally—told me that, at the time of his death, there was positively nothing on his mind to cause such an act, and I now began reasoning the whole within myself once again, as I had done many times since the occurrence.

"It's a mystery—a terrible mystery!" I exclaimed, jumping up and commencing to pace the room. I walked that room for over an hour, and was only aroused from my reverie by the announcement of a servant that supper was served. I ate my meal in silence, and the deliberate mouthfuls I took, and my more than ordinarily methodical manner of eating, must have told my wife that to disturb my present inward argument would have been disastrous to the immediate prospects of domestic harmony. I had come to a conclusion. There is nothing like science and its accompanying occupations for balancing a man's brain. A game of chess is recreative concentration. So the study of science was with me, whilst physic was my profession. Scientific research and the weighing of Nature's problems had steadied my thoughts and cooled my actions. It was a settled thing with me that poor Huntingdon had been murdered. By whom? Scientific investigation had transformed me into a calculating individual. Every action, to me, could be proved as a proposition in Euclid or an algebraical problem. I therefore said nothing about my startling discovery, and decided to wait the possibility of a further suggestion coming in my way, and "proving it."

I suppose it was the deep interest I took in all matters concerning art which brought so many artist-patients to my consulting room. Six months had passed since the fatal 11th October, and the public were loudly expressing their approval of a marvellously impressive bit of painting by Wilfred Colensoe, which was the feature—and very justly so—

of one of the early spring exhibitions. It was the picture of a duel—a very realistic canvas indeed. The young man—lying bleeding on the ground—almost told the story of the attempted avenge of an action towards someone dear to him on the part of an elderly *roué*, whose still-smoking revolver was in his hand. Colensoe came to see me one morning. He was a remarkably handsome man, classically featured, with hair picturesquely scattered with streaks of silver.

"Done up, eh?" I said to him.

"Done up is the word," he answered.

"You've been doing too much," I said, looking into his grey eyes as I held his hand a moment. "You must cease work for a



"YOU'VE BEEN DOING TOO MUCH," I SAID.

time. Get away from your easel, go abroad, and forget to take your brushes with you. Go anywhere, a hundred miles from a retail colourman's."

"My dear doctor," he answered, "your prescription is too strong. You forget I am an artist. It is like taking a man with

a dying thirst to a fountain of water and telling him he mustn't drink. I can't leave my work."

"When I tell you that it is either a case of your leaving your work or your work leaving you, my remark may not be very original, but it is undeniably true. Do you sleep well?"

"I can't say," was his reply. "When I fall asleep at night I never wake until my hour for rising. But I am more tired in the morning than when I turned in over-night."



"Quite so. Do you dream at all?"

"Yes, I dream."

"Feel sleepy now—eh?"

"Doctor, I could go to bed for a week," he replied.

"Again, I tell you—overwork," I said, with strong deliberation. "Now I'll make you a proposal, which I can couple most heartily with the name of Mrs. Gratton. Come away with us. We are going to Herne Bay for a few weeks. I have taken a house there. Most invigorating place. You want no medicine, you won't leave your work alone, I won't be hard in my treatment of your case. Bring your tools with you. I will prescribe so much colour for you during the day—your paints and brushes may become converted into agreeable physic, but—they must be taken at periodical times. What do you say?"

Colensoe consented—gratefully accepted my offer, stayed to lunch, and my wife took care to let him feel that the invitation was one of combined cordiality from both of us. I was a great admirer of Colensoe's work, and therefore took a deep interest in the worker. In a week's time we were at Herne Bay. A room—with a good light—was apportioned off as a small studio for Colensoe. A week passed by. Colensoe obeyed my instructions to the letter. I limited his working hours, and he began himself to be thankful when the periodical times for laying aside his brush came round. I noticed this, and lessened the hours of painting more, thinking that by degrees he would soon put his palette away completely and take the undisturbed rest he needed for a time to restore him thoroughly.

About a fortnight after our arrival I was sitting alone in the dining-room. My wife and visitor had retired an hour ago. It was a glorious night. I turned out the gas, walked to the window, and drew up the blinds. The sea was sparkling with gems thrown out by the moonbeams. The beauty of the night seemed to heighten the stillness of the surroundings. Although it wanted but a few minutes to midnight I determined to walk out to the cliffs—a couple of hundred yards from the house—and view the moonlit scenery to greater advantage. I turned from the window, opened the door, and, just as I was turning into the passage, I heard a footstep. It was a steady, deliberate step; there was nothing

uncertain or hesitating about it. I waited a moment; it came nearer. I drew back into the shadow. Now it was on the top stair. A form appeared in sight. It was Wilfred Colensoe.

"Colensoe," I cried, softly; "why, what's the matter?"

He made no answer. With monotonous step he descended the stairs and was now at the bottom. His blank, staring eyes at once told me that he was in a state of somnambulism. He was fully dressed. His face was deadly pale, his features stolidly set, and his lips were gently moving as though impressively muttering. When he reached the bottom stair, he turned and walked in the direction of the room we had converted into a studio for him. I followed on quietly. With all the method and mysterious discre-



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"HE STOOD BEFORE HIS EASEL."



tionary power of the sleep-walker he turned the handle of the door and entered. The room was flooded with light, for the roof was a glass one. I watched him take his palette in hand and play with the brushes on the colours. He stood before his easel, on which rested a half-finished canvas. And he painted—painted as true and as sure as if awake, blending the colours, picking out his work, working with all his old artistic touch and finish. All this time his lips were moving, muttering incoherent words I could not hear. At last he laid aside his tools with a sigh that almost raised compassion in my heart. Then walking towards the window at the far end of the room, he appeared to look out upon the sea. He was now talking louder. I crept up to him and tried to catch a word. It was a terrible brain-ringing word I heard—and uttered in a way I shall never forget.

"Murder!"

That was the word. "Murder, murder, murder!" he muttered, with agonized face. Yet another word came to his lips.

"Huntingdon!"

"Murder—Huntingdon!" I said within myself as I linked the two words together.

The sleeping man passed his hand across his forehead. It was evident that he was in the midst of an agonizing dream—a vision of conviction. Here stood the guilty man before me now, pale and motionless, the rays from the moon lighting up his face and revealing the word "guilt" written on every feature. I watched him and waited for something else to come from his lips. I stood by his side for nearly an hour, but he did nothing more than repeat these same two words. With measured tread he turned to go. I followed him to his bedroom and heard him turn the key. I sat up the whole night—thinking. None knew of the remarkable discovery which I had made amongst poor Huntingdon's sketches; none should know of what I had learnt to-night. By the morning I had fully determined upon my course of action. The ramblings of a sleep-walking man would not prove a conviction to those who would judge his deed. He should convict himself. He should witness against himself. He was a sleep-worker. I had met with many similar cases before, all of which tended to prove that sleep by no means deadens the faculties of labour. It is indisputable that the hands will follow the inclinations of the brains of somnambulists. They will act as they think—perform what they dream. If Colensoe would only work out his terrible night dreams!

My conduct towards him at the breakfast table and throughout the day was just the same as ever. It was far from a comfortable feeling, however, to pass the wine to one who had taken another's life, and to offer an after-dinner cigar to a murderer. The day passed. I slept during the afternoon, for I was tired with my over-night watching, and could I but put my inward plans into execution, it was more than probable that I should be awake for many nights to come. I told my wife that Colensoe was a somnambulist, and that he worked at the canvas equally as well whilst sleeping as waking. I impressed upon her the absolute necessity of silence on the subject, as I firmly believed that I was on the brink of a great discovery. Seeing that I was a medical man, her curiosity was in no way aroused. Indeed, she thought me foolish to give up my night's rest.

That night, after Colensoe had gone to bed, I went into his studio. My hand trembled somewhat as I placed on his easel a square piece of new canvas. This done, I waited patiently. A step on the stairs rewarded me. It was Colensoe walking again. His speech was louder this time, and more impressively distinct; his dream was evidently more agonizing than the night before. If he would only follow out the promptings of that dream—if he would but work to-night—to-night! I watched him breathlessly. He wandered about the room for some time, then suddenly, as though impelled by some mysterious force within, crossed to the cupboard where he kept his tools, took out his materials and walked to the canvas.

"Huntingdon—Huntingdon!" he cried, and the first lines of his everlasting vision were written on the hitherto untouched canvas. It was the outline of a man's face! For two hours he worked, and then, replacing his brushes and palette, went to bed. I took the canvas away. Night after night for ten days I placed the canvas in position. Night after night the artist got nearer to accomplishing his own condemnation. And as the picture grew more like the man he had murdered, so his dream became more intense. His features showed that. The rapidity of his brush revealed the rush of thoughts within, of an anxiety to complete his task. Never was such a true portrait painted, and when on the last night he put the finishing touches to it, the face of Huntingdon seemed to live on the canvas. It was the face which existed in the brain of the painter. The last night's work was



done. The sleeping man turned from his easel and went to his bedroom once more.

The morrow would tell me if Colensoe was guilty. I had little doubt of it in my own mind—but he should say so himself when waking as he had condemned himself whilst sleeping. I would take him to the studio and confront him with his own testimony. He should see the face of the man whose life he had taken, painted with his own hands. He was later than usual in coming down that morning. I left the breakfast-room with the intention of calling him, when, just as I got into the passage, I saw him at the top of the stairs. His hat was on. His face was ghastly pale, every feature was working. His eyes betokened some mad intention—their gaze appeared to kill. He almost flew down the stairs.

"Don't stop me," he cried. "I must go into the open. I want God's air. Let me go now—let me go, only for a little while!"

"Colensoe," I said, catching him by the arm, "what mad act do you contemplate?"

"Nothing—nothing." Believe me, nothing. I only want the refreshing breeze, that's all. I'm tired—worn out."

"Yes, you are truly tired," I said.

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"Your work."

"Work—what work?—who works?"

"Come with me," I said.

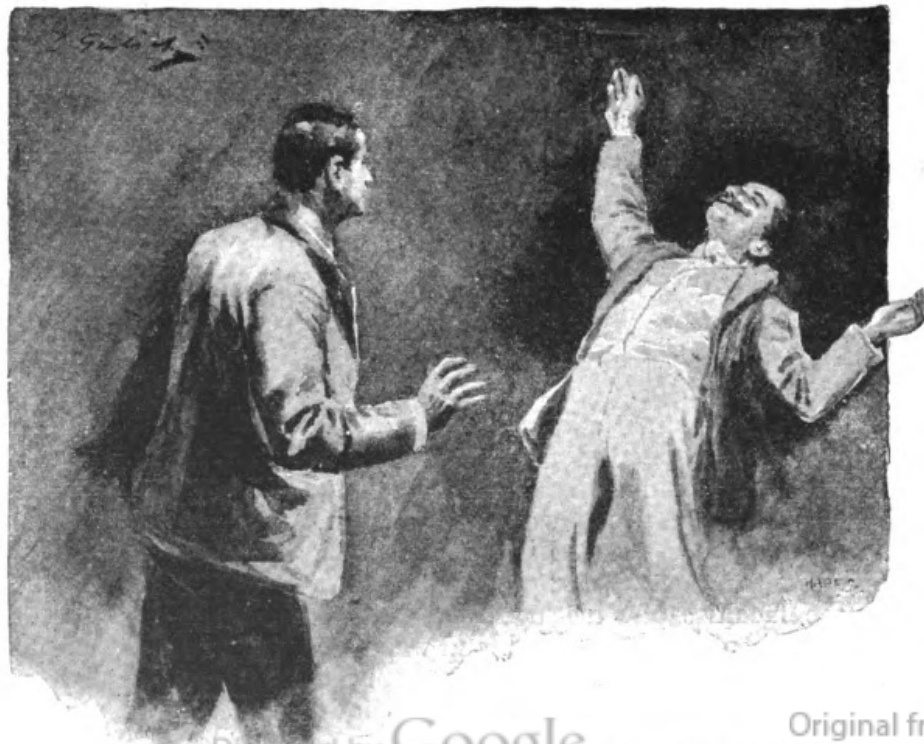
Like a child he followed me to his studio.

I opened the door. The portrait of Huntingdon rested on the easel. He saw it. The eyes he had painted pierced him to the heart, and the lips almost moved in accusation. He shrieked the murdered man's name and fell to the ground. He was dead!

The following letter was found on Wilfred Colensoe's dressing-table:—

"What good is life to me?—what good am I for life? Then why live? A guilty conscience only means a living death. You have been very good to me—both you and your wife. But I am going to end it all. Let me confess. It will bring me some small comfort even now in the dying hour I have given to myself. You remember poor Huntingdon? I shot that man—murdered him. Listen and then 'Good bye.' Huntingdon and I were friendly rivals. You remember my picture of 'The Duel'? Yes. One day I visited Huntingdon. That same morning I had been making some studies of a revolver in the act of being discharged. I had it in my pocket when I went to see Huntingdon, and one chamber remained loaded. I walked straight into his studio. As I entered Huntingdon had a pistol in his hand pointed immediately towards me and—fired. In an instant my revolver was in my grasp and a bullet had entered his heart. That is the simple history of the crime. I fled from the place and none knew. Thank

God this is written. A life for a life. I am passing through death all the day, and at night I do not cease to die. You do not know what that means. The guilty do. Angels of darkness play with you all day long and at night watch over you—watch over you that you do not escape, that they may gambol with you on the morrow. They are making merry now. They have got what they want—*Me*. Yes, a life for a life. I will deliver my own up. Good-bye."



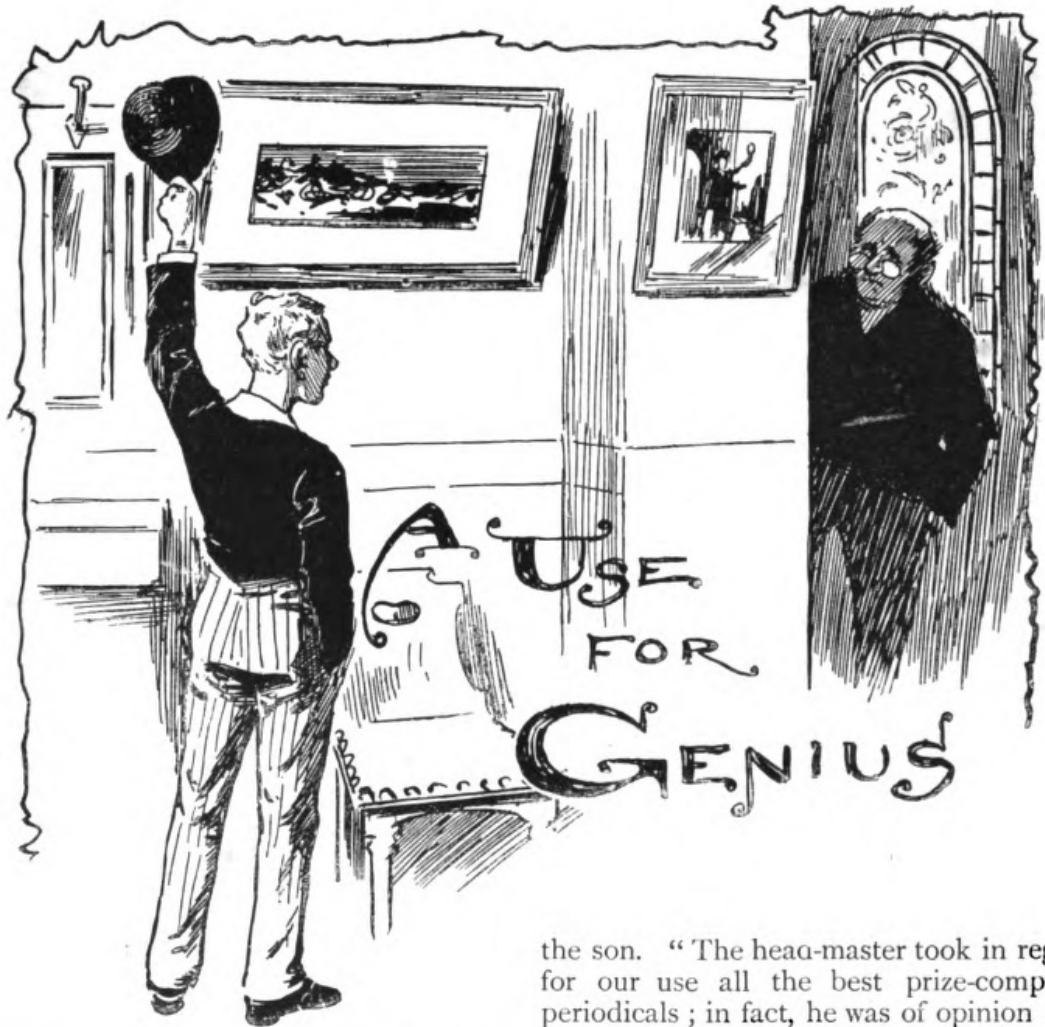
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"HE SHRIEKED THE MURDERED MAN'S NAME."

Original from  
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## The Queer Side of Things.



**Y**OUNG BANSTED DOWNS had finally arrived home from school; the cabman had placed his box in the front hall, and young D. was in the act of hanging up his hat on the stand, when the elder Bansted Downs, his father, put his head out of the library, and said:—

"And now, young Bansted Downs, what sphere in life do you propose to fill?"

"I have been thinking, old Bansted Downs," replied the youth, respectfully, "since I left school seventy-five minutes ago, that I should prefer to be something prosperous."

The father nodded his head approvingly at this evidence of foresight in his child, and said:—

"I think you have come to a very wise decision, young Bansted Downs. No doubt you have, while at school, selected such studies as were best fitted to prepare you for the struggle of life?"

"I think so, old Bansted Downs," replied

the son. "The head-master took in regularly for our use all the best prize-competition periodicals; in fact, he was of opinion that a complete selection of these rendered all other educational books superfluous. I myself have attained to such dexterity in guessing the right word, deciding on the best eight pictures and the two best stories, divining the correct number of pairs of boots made in London on a given day, and so forth, that Dr. Practiccle pronounced my education singularly complete."

"Good—very good! young Bansted Downs," said the father, thoughtfully; "and now as to a more specific choice of profession?"

"Well, old Bansted Downs," said the son, "I have been thinking that I should like to be apprenticed to a Genius, with a view to adopting his calling."

"Very well thought out," said the parent. "I must consider whether the necessary premium——"

"Pray do not trouble about that," said the son, "as my success at the word competitions has more than provided for the contingency." And young Bansted Downs drew



from his pocket a large bag filled with a mixture of sovereigns, marbles, and peppermint-drops.

"Very good! Then the matter's settled; and perhaps you would like something to eat."

All the friends by whose opinion old Bansted Downs set any store heartily approved of young Bansted Downs's choice of a calling; and the matter was fully discussed that evening. The advertisement columns of the newspapers were consulted as to the most suitable genius to undertake the charge of the youth; and the following seemed promising:—

*"To Parents and Guardians.—Young men of promise wishing to adopt the profession of genius will do well to apply to Brayne Power and Sons, of 3019A, George Street, Hanover Square, who have a vacancy for one apprentice. Telephone No. 7142863."*

The very next day young Bansted Downs called at the address given, and was shown into the presence of Power senior, a man of venerable appearance, whose high broad forehead, far-away gaze, long hair, and abstraction sufficiently revealed his calling.

"It will be fifty pounds—twenty-five down, and the rest in monthly instalments of one pound after you have got your H.A.W.," said the Master Genius.

"If you please, what is my H.A.W.?" asked young Bansted Downs.

"Your final degree—your Head Above Water."

"That will not be just yet?" asked the youth.

"Oh, dear, no! Not for a very long while, if ever. There are two preliminary degrees to get before that. "There are the F.I. and the E.P.—your Foot In and your Ear of the Public; and before you can obtain either of these you will have to Make your Mark."

"I can sign my name—will not that do as well?" asked the youth.

"That entirely depends upon the sort of name. If it's just a surname with a coronet over it, it entitles you to your F.I. and your E.P. without any examination. You have the same advantage if you can append to your signature either of the following affixes: P.P. (Pertinacious Pusher) or C.I. (Chum of the Influential).

"But if you can't sign these kinds of names, you will have to Make your Mark. It's a difficult mark, and requires a lot of learning.

"As the first instalment of twenty-five pounds down is all I am ever likely to get, I will take it now—no, that one won't do; it's a peppermint-drop, not a sovereign. *That's* not the way to get on, young man!"

"Isn't it?" asked young Bansted Downs thoughtfully. "I'm glad you told me. I thought perhaps it might be; but, of course, I've got to learn."

That very week young Bansted Downs commenced his studies under the Master Genius. He found he had a very great deal to learn.

"The difference between talent and genius is that talent does what it can and genius does what it must—you will find that in the poets," said the Master Genius. "Consequently, to be a genius, you need not feel that you have the *ability* to do a thing, but only that it is *necessary* to do it. A house-painter is a specimen of genius: he has not the ability to do his work; but he is compelled to do it in order to obtain the means for his Saturday drinks. But, of course, that's only one kind of genius. What we have to teach you first is to feel that you *must* do something transcendent—and then all you've got to do is to do it—see?"

So, acting on his instructions, young Bansted Downs went to the office and sat quite still day after day for a month or two, with his eyes fixed on space; and one afternoon at the end of that time he got up and rushed at Power junior (who took charge of him in these preliminary studies), and an-



"THE MASTER GENIUS."



nounced that he felt the irresistible impulse to do something great and wonderful.

"What sort of thing?" asked the Junior Genius.

"I don't know — anything—something stupendous and transcendent—a master-piece!" said young Bansted Downs.

"Knock it off, then. Don't make a labour of it, mind; that would spoil all the genius of it. Just knock it off—shed it—see?"

The apprentice went back to his stool in the corner and knocked off that scintillation of genius.

"Very good for a beginner," said the Junior Genius; "you show much promise. I shall soon be able to hand you over to my father for the Higher Grades."

And some time after that young Bansted Downs moved into the room of the Master Genius to learn the higher attributes of genius — eccentricity and obscurity. These were the most important parts of the qualifications, and he worked hard at acquiring them. The eccentricity had infinite ramifications extending into language, manner, dress, habits, appearance, and opinions. The teacher communicated a thousand little touches of eccentricity invaluable to a genius — such as the bringing out of a book of poems with the title printed upside down and the capitals at the end of the lines instead of the beginning; the wearing of the back hair tied in a bow under the



"A HOUSE-PAINTER IS A SPECIMEN OF GENIUS."

tip of the nose, and so forth. The pupil learned to hop backwards on to a public platform, wearing his dress-coat upside down, to paint his figures with their bones outside their skin, to sob audibly when performing on the piano; and many other things necessary to the obtaining of his degrees.

Having completed these studies, he was ready for the uphill work of trying to Make his Mark; and he found it a complicated bit

of drawing too, far worse than the signature of a Chinese emperor—everything lay in the flourish.

The Master Genius said that no one could Make his Mark without a great flourish; and the best way to make the flourish was to blow it on his own trumpet; so there was the expense of a trumpet.

But he didn't seem able to get on; and after he had worn out a gross of pens in the attempt to Make his Mark he felt that he would never obtain his degrees, and took a back cistern-cupboard under the roof in a poor street, and fell into a low state.

One day, as he was eating his weekly sausage at the Three Melancholy Geniuses, off Fleet Street, there entered a party whom he knew slightly and who had Made his Mark and passed all his degrees some time before.



"TO SOB AUDIBLY WHEN PERFORMING ON THE PIANO."

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"Haven't Made your Mark yet?" said this party. "Tell you what—why don't you get Boomed?"

"Does it hurt?" asked young Bansted Downs.

"Hurts your self-respect just a little and your respect for your fellow-creatures a little more—but it's nothing," replied the party.

"Where do you go?"

"To the Press Booming Department, of course. Just put your name down for Booming, and fill up a form, stating what you require said about you. You began all wrong: I never studied—I only went and put my name down the moment it occurred to me that I would be a genius. I called at the office every day,

he got his Boom, and several editors wrote to him; and he began to be a little successful.

He hired halls, and went before the public in person; and painted on the platform; and sang and played his own compositions to them; and recited his own poems, and acted his own plays; and told them about his own scientific researches, and his military, exploratory, judicial, political, and athletic achievements.

But the thing dulled off, for one day a deputation of the public called at the Booming office to ask something about him; and the office had forgotten his name, and said that he wasn't being Boomed now, as Smith was up; and so the public got on an omni-



"I CALLED AT THE OFFICE EVERY DAY AND SHOUTED MY NAME."

and shouted my name, and created disturbances, and got turned out; until at last they couldn't stand it any longer, and my turn came.

"They put a long article about me in every newspaper, all the same day—mostly interviews—and quoted me as a classic. Some of 'em described me as a painter, and others as a novelist: I never was either; but it answered all right."

So young Bansted Downs went to the Booming office, and put his name down, and shouted; and the end of it was

bus and went to Smith's hall, and Bansted Downs faded out.

After that he was to be found all day at the Three Melancholy Geniuses, drooping over fairs of Irish; and one day his late instructor happened to come in and find him thus, with his melancholy nose over the edge of his glass.

"Haven't got your Head Above Water, I see?" said the Master Genius. "Sorry you haven't Made your Mark."

"I've made a good many," said Downs, pointing to the wet rings on the counter.



"Ah, that sort of mark's no use—unless you make it in Company," said the Genius.



"HAVEN'T GOT YOUR HEAD ABOVE WATER, I SEE?"

One day, as young Bansted Downs sat in his cistern-cupboard biting his nails, a step was heard on the stair, and his late instructor entered.

"I've been all wrong," he said, sitting down on the cistern. "I put you all wrong—I've put all my pupils all wrong. I fell down stairs lately and knocked my head, and when I got up I saw everything—the light broke in upon me!"

"Why, you've cut your hair, and you're dressed quite neatly—I should hardly have known you for a Master Genius at all!" exclaimed young Bansted Downs.

"I am no longer a Genius—I am now the M.W.K.A.A.I.—the Man Who Knows All About It. I now know why genius fails to get the Ear of the Public, and is not appreciated——"

"Fault of the public—everybody knew that before," growled young Bansted Downs.

"Pardon me, it is not the fault of the poor public, but the fault of the system. We—the entertainers—have made the mistake of being geniuses; whereas we

had no business to meddle with genius at all.

"It is the public who ought to have the genius; *they* should have the lively appreciation, the keen sense of humour, the afflatus, and all that; and then those who cater for them would not need to trouble about those things—they would only have to cater, and leave the public to perceive, by means of their genius, the excellences of the fare provided. If a plain person does something, and geniuses perceive greatness in it, that's a right state of affairs; but if a genius does something great, and plain persons fail to appreciate it, that's a wrong state of things, and a waste of material—see?"

"And what do you propose to do?" asked young Bansted Downs.

"That's very simple—just make geniuses of the public. Of course the public, having their own affairs to attend to, will not wish to turn caterers and originate—their province is to appreciate, perceive, applaud, and pay at the doors—see? By this system any dullard is enabled, without effort, fatigue, or preliminary study, to Make his Mark and get his F.I., his E.P., and his H.A.W. A child could use it."

"But," objected young Bansted Downs, "under your system, dullardism paying so well, everybody would want to cater for the public, and there wouldn't be any audience—any public."

"Pooh! The system at present in vogue is all I require—compulsory education. Everybody will have to be educated as a genius, except a few who will be specially exempted from attendance at the Board schools to enable them to lie fallow and fit themselves for originators.

"Of course, you may say that it would not be *necessary* for the entertainer to be dull. Of course it would not; but, as it is not necessary for him to be a genius either, there would be a waste of public money in educating him as one. In fact, it might be a disadvantage for both originator and appreciator to be geniuses, and their conceptions might clash and create confusion. It's better for a conception to be lighted from one side only, as you get more contrast."

"But would not the genius of the spectator simply perceive the dulness of the originator?"

"Not in the least. It's just the sphere of genius to perceive, in a given production, excellences which the ordinary observer fails to detect; and it's only a question of degree of genius. I take it that perfect genius can de



fect perfect excellence in everything submitted to its discrimination. And now, will you be kind enough to come and vote for me, as for the furtherance of my scheme I am offering myself as Chairman of the School Board?"

In due course, the Man Who Knew All About It was elected to the School Board. He secured this by publishing handbills declaring his intention to squander the rate-payers' money like water, and provide free food, clothing, lodging, sweets, tobacco, drinks, theatres, and pianos to all the Board school children and their parents, relatives, and friends. The public judged by the proceedings of past candidates, all of whom had deliberately broken their promises on coming into office; and they concluded that this one would do so as well, and refuse to spend a penny. The Board were compelled to choose him as Chairman; and he at once commenced his work of reform.

Genius took the place of all the former studies at the Board schools: no pupil was permitted to leave until he had passed the fifth standard, which turned him out a full-

Young Bansted Downs now set himself to steadily forgetting all the genius he had learned, feeling that it would be nothing but an incumbrance in his new career; and he succeeded so well that in the course of a few years he had become as dull as ditch-water.

Meanwhile a new public were growing up, a public of such brilliant perceptions—so great a faculty of appreciation—that they were quite bewildered with the excellences they perceived in everything around them.

To take the sense of humour alone: they possessed it to so marvellous an extent that they could perceive a joke in the passing cloud, facetiousness in the growth of flowers, a choice witticism in the rates and taxes, an incentive to mirth in strikes. Not that they were incessantly giggling—that would have argued a something wanting; no, they drank in and appreciated and enjoyed the universal humour, and their eyes were bright.

So, when young Bansted Downs was middle-aged Bansted Downs he started all over again in quite a different way: he just wrote twaddle, and painted twaddle, and



"THE GENIUS CLASS AT THE BOARD SCHOOL."

fledged genius; and he had to attend until he *could* pass it, even if he became old and decrepit. This was a wise step; for, had this rule been relaxed, those unable to pass the standard would have joined the ranks of the originators, and thus flooded the market.

composed twaddle; and went on to a platform and twaddled about twaddle: and the public genius detected the brilliancy lurking in it all, and they were in ecstasies.

A terrible thing happened to the Boom Department of the Press. One day the





"A CHOICE WITTICISM IN THE RATES AND TAXES."

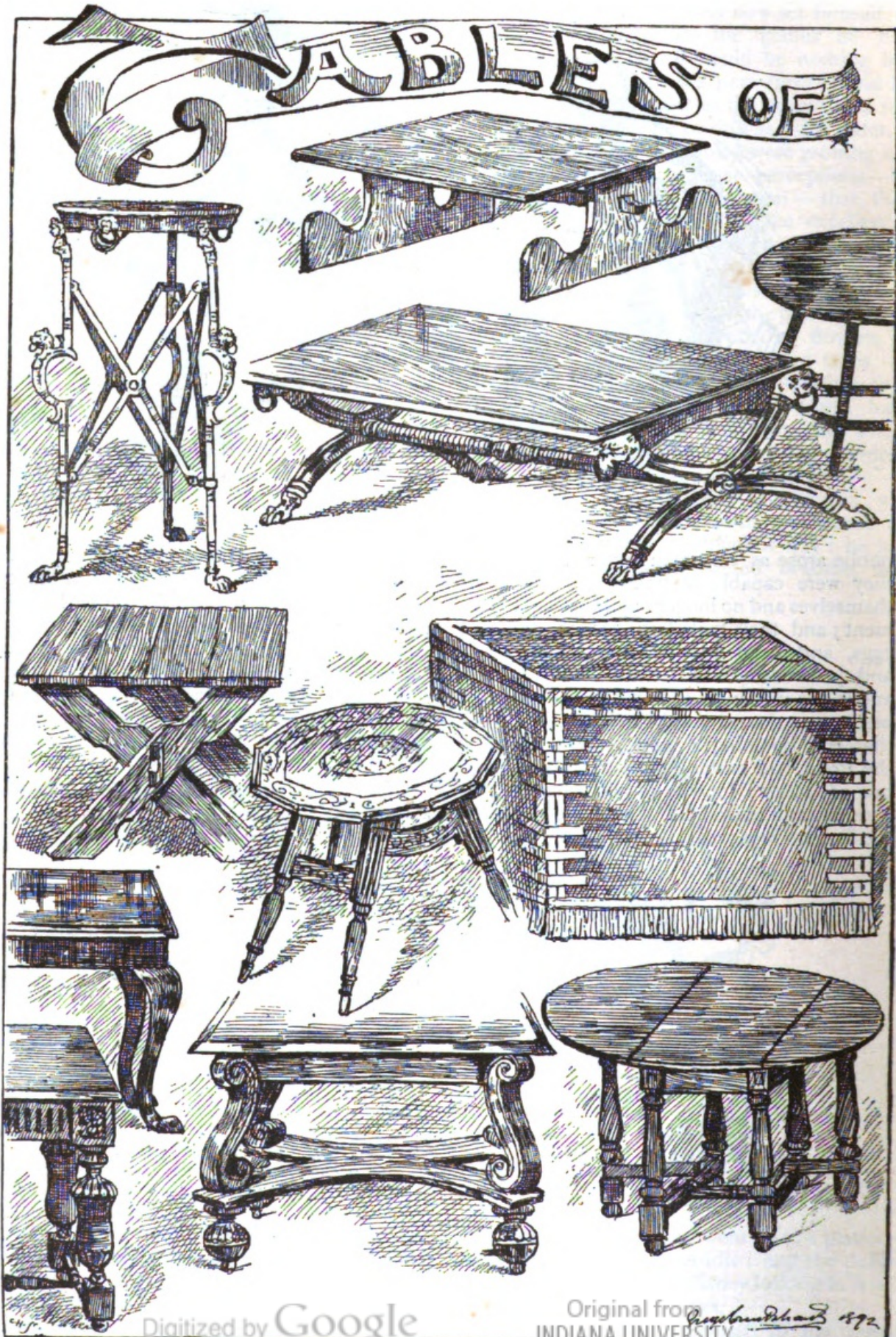
public arose as one man and remarked that they were capable of finding out merit for themselves and no longer required the Department; and they took large stones, and bad eggs, and dead cats, and fagots of wood, and proceeded to the Boom Department; and it was in vain that the head of the Department came out on the balcony and pleaded that the Booming System, as practised by the Press, had nothing to do with the finding-out of merit; for the public smashed the windows and burned the offices, and abolished the Boom Department.

However, nobody required Booming now, as absence of ability was no longer a bar to fame; and things worked far more happily than they ever had under the old system. Authors and others no longer pined under want of appreciation; on the contrary, they were always wildly surprised at the wonderful things the public discovered in their work; and as for the public, they were vastly contented.

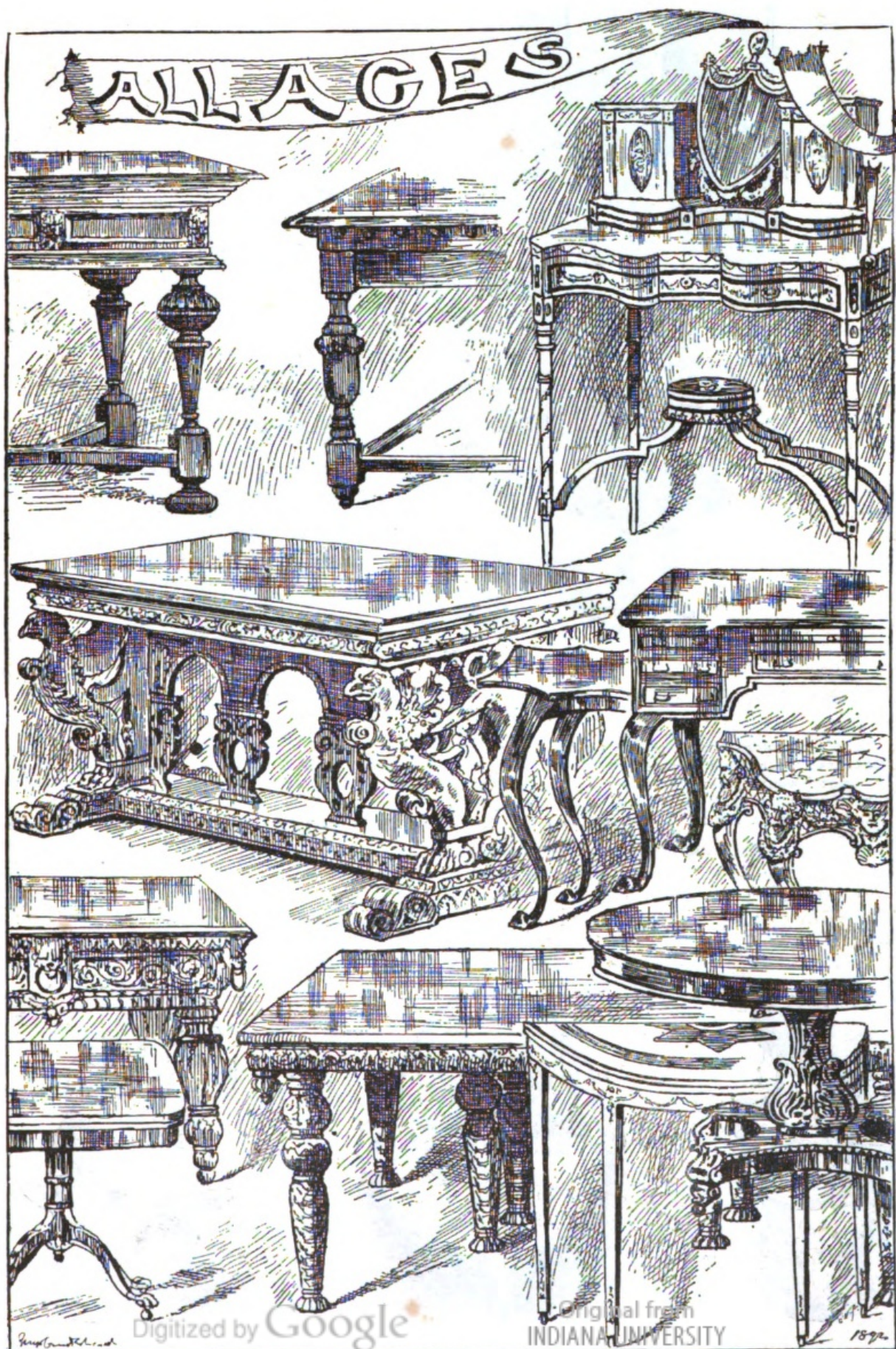
It's the true system—there's not a question about that.

J. F. SULLIVAN.













## COMPLIMENTARY (A FACT).

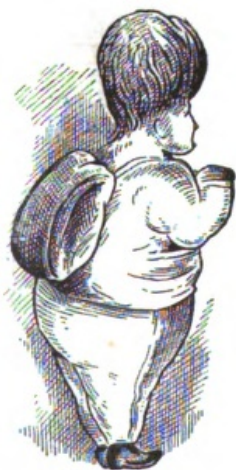
GLADYS: "GRANDPA, WHAT ARE THOSE STRINGS MADE OF?"

GRANDPA: "CAT-GUT, MY DEAR."

GLADYS: "WHAT'S THAT?"

GRANDPA (JOKINGLY): "OH, THE INSIDES OF PUSSIES DEAR."

GLADYS (AFTER A PAUSE): "I SUPPOSE THEY FOUND OUT THEY WERE GOOD FOR THAT ON ACCOUNT OF THE NOISE CATS MAKE!"





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